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A SALUTE T SLOPPY JOE

69 SEXIEST PEOPLE, PLACES AND POSITIONS OF 2001

Take Our Torture Test

P.O.W. SECRETS TO ENDURING UNSPEAKABLE PAIN

TV's Forgotten Stars

#10: LARRY FROM THREE'S COMPANY

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THE CRAZIEST CONSPIRACIES—REVEALED

PAMELA ANDERSON

SHAKES OFF HER SHYNESS

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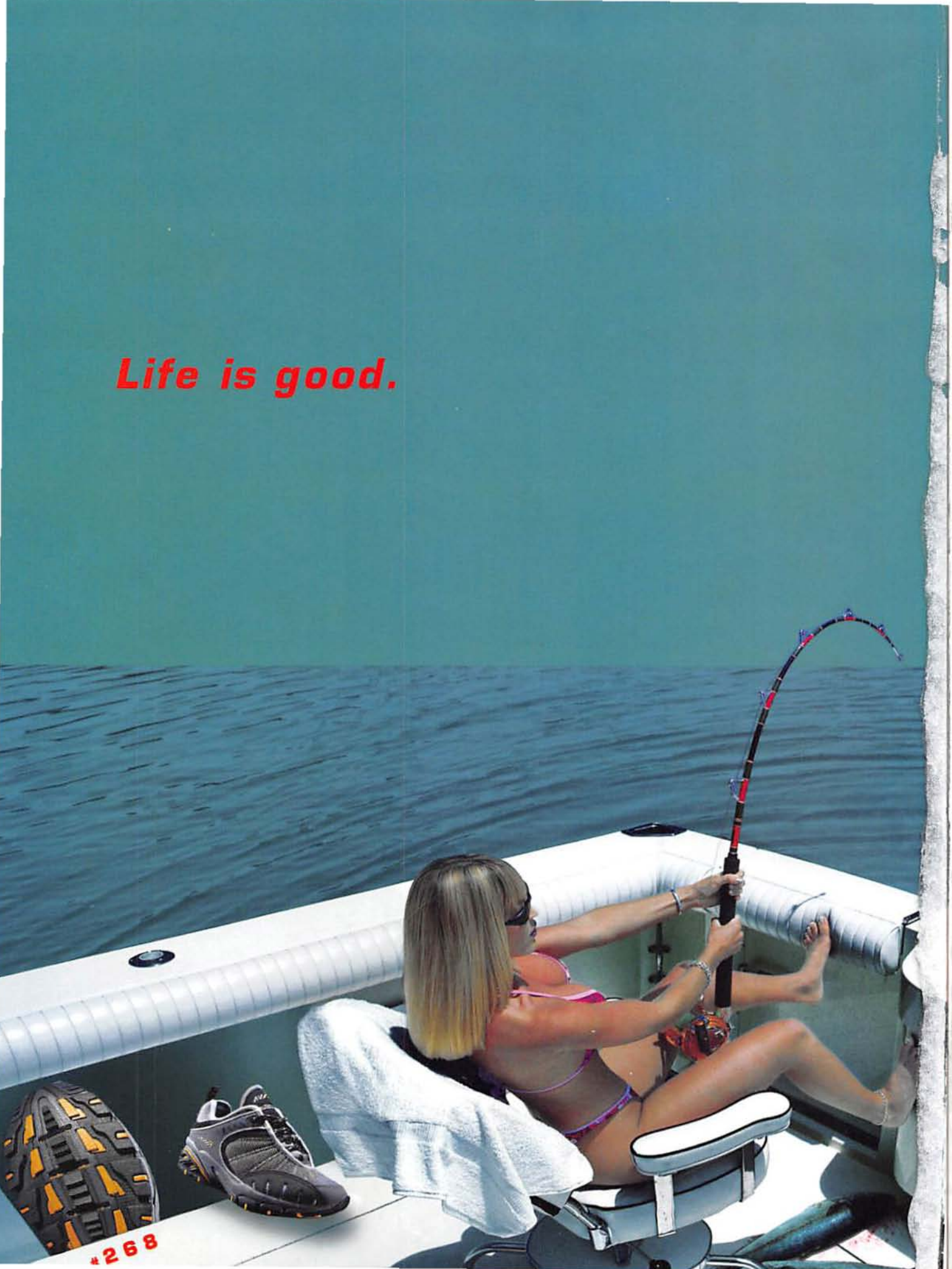
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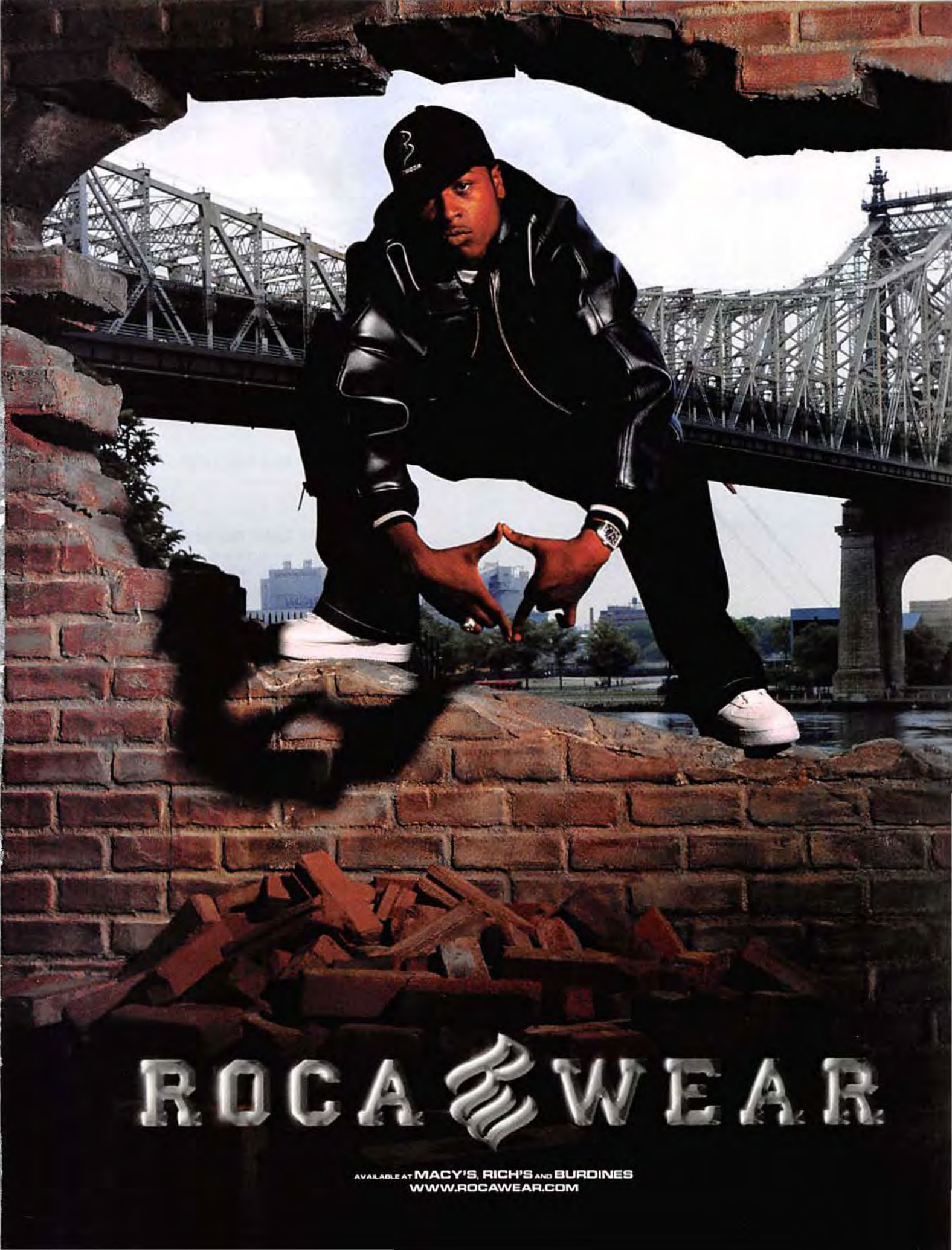
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A. Dick, p.98

Stuff

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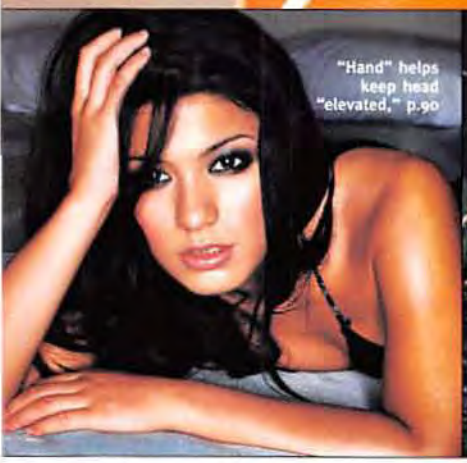

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Pamela Anderson

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TONY DURAN FOR ARTMIX THE AGENCY
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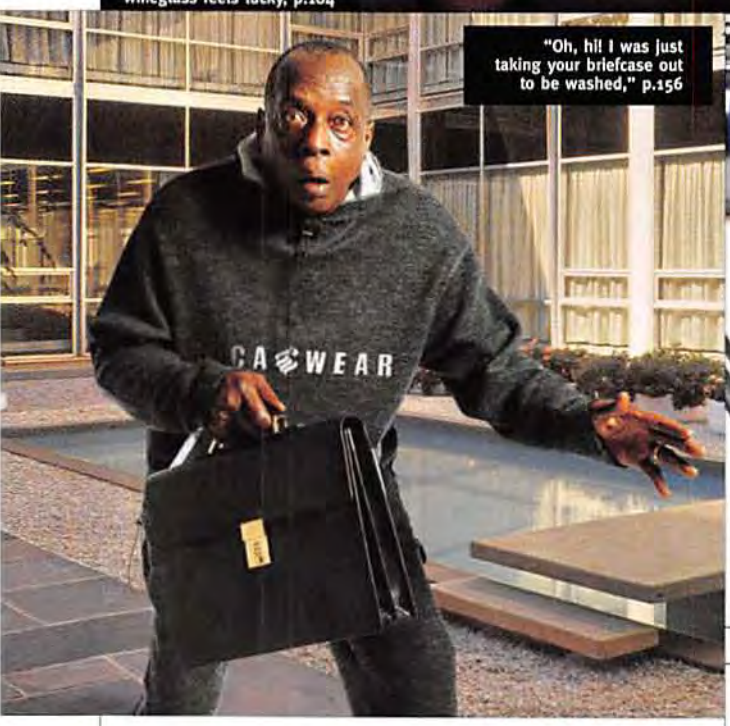

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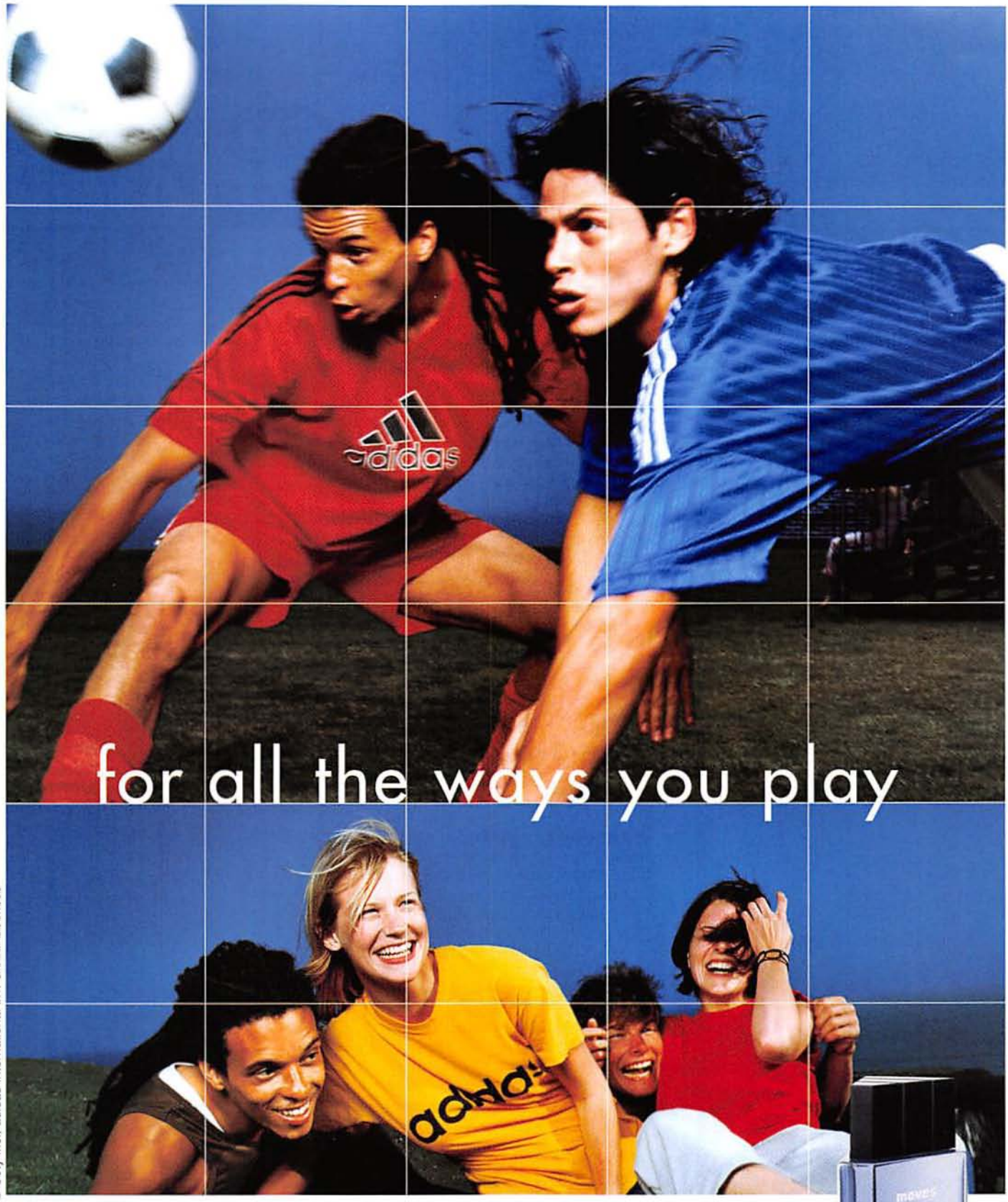

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STUFF TV SPECIAL

This Month: October

Have you ever walked into a stranger's house at, say, 3:30 in the morning, wearing nothing but a ski mask and carrying something that's the equivalent of a steak knife but made of bone? Suddenly you realize, *Whoa! It's not Christmas!* And then you leave quietly out the doggie door?

That's the kind of thing that reminds me that this is only October. Is it a scary month? Yes, of course. Because, as you know by now, it's one month closer to November, which sucks because of the beatings. October is like November, but without the beatings. The endless, senseless beatings. But November had JFK's assassination in it, just like this issue has the truth about all known conspiracies in it. Think that was an accident?

That's why this is a special issue, full of fright. They say that you use only 10 percent of your brains (for those of us with two) when you think, while the other 90 percent, like the French, does nothing. Or do I have it backward? Either way, "they" are half right. The lower half. I use half of my 10 percent of brain power to figure out word jumbles. Quickly try to unjumble this sentence:

October is special because of all the new TV shows.

If you were able to decode this, send it to me in a clear plastic baggie marked SAMPLE, along with a picture of your grandparents. If you also saw the secret word in there, send it to me at home.

This issue is special because it's all about TV. I love television. If it weren't for TV, I would have nothing to stare at while polishing my handguns. Plus, TV teaches me stuff that I would never learn from school. For example, TV taught me that:

- Women can become cops (*NYPD Blue*).
- Women can become judges (*Judging Amy*).
- Women can even become lawyers (*Ally McBeal*).

Yes, women can become all of these things, provided, of course, that they are really hot and skinny. See, it's not about equality among the sexes, friend. It's about inequality among really hot, skinny women and the rest of the sad, sad world. No one ever ponders that injustice. Except maybe Henry Kissinger, who can't get enough of the yoga instructors at his gym. "How do they do that? I am hopelessly in love!" he cries in his navy-blue 100-percent-cotton jumpsuit. That guy gets more tail than a rattrap.

TV has also taught me that almost everyone on the planet has a sympathetic gay neighbor. Unless, of course, you *are* that sympathetic gay neighbor. Then, in all likelihood, you live next door to an uptight heterosexual couple who, in the end, always come to you for advice. And you give it, in between outrageous asides about their poor fashion sense.

In addition, TV has taught me about diversity. TV taught me to love everyone. TV opened my eyes to all the goodness in the world and taught me that, basically, dolphins are smart. I learned that Robin Williams was once talented and that old rich guys are bad for our planet. I learned all of these things just sitting on my ass without ever leaving my room with Pamela Anderson, who is on our cover.

She is also inside this magazine, showing a side of her that she never, ever shows. She laughed. She cried. She made me baked ziti. It was so good, it was scary. Just like October.

GREG GUTFELD EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ANOTHER PHONE MESSAGE FROM MY MOM

"Thank you for the plant. It's a big garden in a basket, about five different plants. I can hardly lift it. Thank God it has a handle. It's got pinks and whites, and I can't think of the name, but they're pretty things...lots of ferns. Can I plant them later? The bridge ladies will be over, and they will be jealous. Especially Madge–she's a gardener. They're all gardeners. Your haircut was very nice. Even your sister liked it. How was Jennifer Lopez? Did she like you? She's Catholic. Maybe you should call her again."

THE STUFF HOT LIST

WHAT'S HOT

- Incline push-ups with feet locked on the toilet rim
- Carving your initials into your chest
- Shoving the guy who pushes the book cart
- Making a shiv out of old toenails
- The new skinny white guy with the long blond hair

WHAT'S NOT

- Breakfast
- The shower
- My old lady

Courtesy of the inmates at San Ysidro Prison, San Ysidro, California

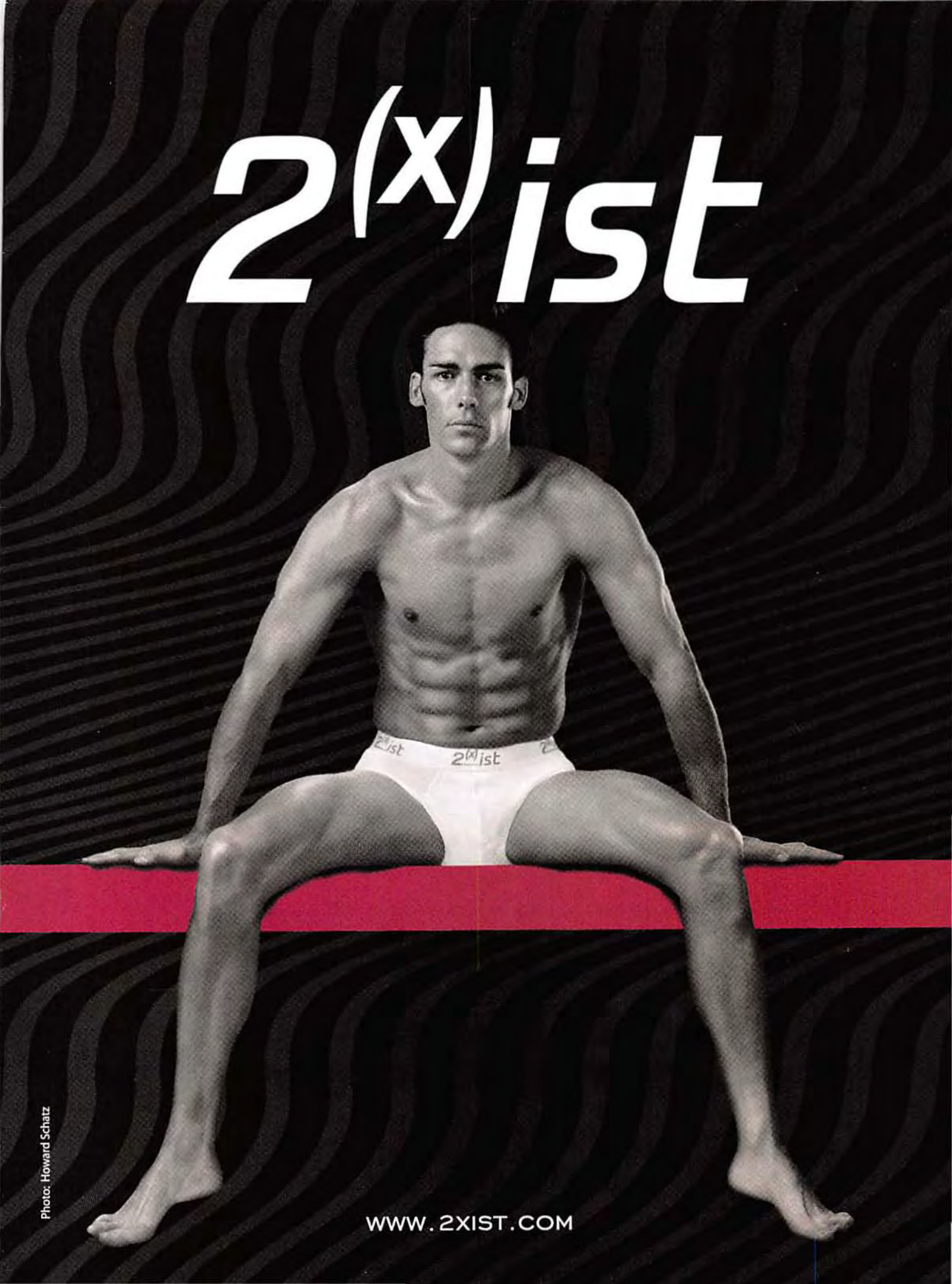
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Photo: Howard Schatz

Stuffland

Stuff invaded the Santa Monica Pier and invited all our closest friends for a night of stimulating conversation. But then all these celebs showed up!

This is his part-time job. During the day he juggles.

To be that pole! Seriously. It's a nice pole.

Our camera amazed Fred Durst. So shiny!

Aisha Tyler

Donna D'Errico = D'Elicious

Reggie Miller

Mark Wahlberg, just back from a real-estate sales seminar

Courtney Cox Arquette has three names. Do you?

Laura Prepon and the Mastersons

Cher couldn't stop smiling. Really. She tried.

Editor-in-chief Greg Gutfeld and some *Jackasses*

Natalie Raitano

Vince Vaughn

Keanu Reeves wore black. For proof, look at the photo.

Charlotte Ross

Bai Ling

Crispin Glover has no idea where he is

David Arquette and Stephen Dorff

Alexis Arquette, Rosanna Arquette and Candy Ass were odd, hot and odd, respectively

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What coffee tables are like in heaven

Letters

Dear Stuff

Your words *can* change this magazine, but they probably won't.

Vice versa

In your August issue, you sported some very nice pictures of Willa Ford. What struck me as odd was that she has a roaming tattoo. In one picture it's clearly visible on her right arm, but in all the rest it can be seen on her left arm. So what's up with that?

—Michael Taylor, Downsville, La.

Sometimes we do a little something called "art" and leave an incongruity to force people to question the very distinction between left- and right-wing geopolitics. In this case, though, we just screwed up.

Sheet music, now in skin form!

You know that tattoo on Willa Ford's arm, those music lines? Are those the notes to a real song or just a cheesy Christmas jingle?

—Cameron Brown, Alberta, Canada

They are actually musical notes to a little tune called "Amazing Grace." You know, the national anthem. So, anyway, you live in Canada. That's a state, right?

Death to millions endorsed by reader

I really enjoyed your article on disasters in the August issue. However, I was quite astonished to see that you completely ignored the ▷▷▷

Stuff answers other magazines' letters

From issue five of IKEA's in-store magazine, *Space*

It is so nice to know that a company that carries great products is also trying to educate its customers about our forests and the need to be aware of where our lumber products are coming from. "Forest Futures" (issue five) was stellar. I liked the way you kept the writing to the point and featured some very nicely done pictures.

–Carrie Clayton

Carrie, sounds like you're a real "enviro-nut"...us too! You'll be glad to know that IKEA's magazine, *Space*, is printed on paper that comes only from trees inhabited by birds, animals and insects that are very old and likely to die soon anyway. Thanks for writing–we just love your stationery!

Letter of the Month

Per your contest, I found seven gerunds in the "Music to Your Ears" section (August issue), aside from the *visiting* you circled:

kissing
starring
skittering
rapping
spinning
giggling
washing

Next issue, you ought to really challenge your erudite audience by asking us to pick out the pluperfects. The reason I read *Stuff* is for the linguistic prosody, naturally.

–Alex Moir, linguist, via e-mail

Interestingly, linguistic prosody is only the fourth-most-popular reason for reading *Stuff*. We'd list the other reasons, but we do not wish to give our competition more avenues by which to burgle us. For your fine attention to gerundic detail, you have won $200 worth of Birkenstock shoes. So now you can freak out all the penny-loafer-wearing linguists with whom you hang.

Photography: (Willa) Sheryl Nields; Styling: Kelly Rae; Hair: Scott McMann; Makeup: Nikki Paton at Independent NY.

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threat to New York City and the surrounding area from nutjobs with atomic weapons. Setting off a nuclear device in NYC on a busy day would kill millions of people. Plus, there are no evacuation routes out of the city or off nearby Long Island.

—Jason Fialkoff, Woodbury, N.Y.

Jason, you aren't supposed to write that shit down. Remember? The plan? Now you've ruined everything!

Turn that frown upside down

I read your August article "Why Don't Rock Stars Smile?" I play bass for a band, and we smile a good portion of the time we play. But in all our press photos we hardly smile, unless we're just trying to look stupid or something. It's the badass syndrome. What do famous musicians want to be? Badasses. I mean, in those pictures Green Day looked hard-core, as did Aerosmith, Metallica, Nirvana, etc. If they were smiling, it would ruin their image. I guess it's just a rock-star thing.

—Tom Bauer of Room 200

Rock stars don't smile because they're badass cool. *You* don't smile because of those teeth.

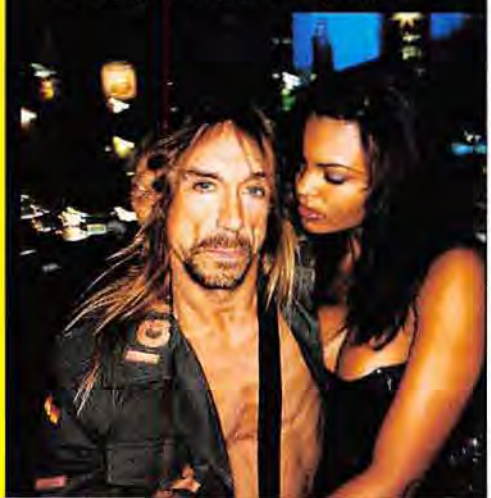
Probably a big fat lie, but so what?

You guys are crazy. I have read your magazine for a year and a half, and every month you print some crazy stuff that will get a guy in trouble or left without a girlfriend. So being a loyal *Stuff* reader, I gave in to temptation. I was talking to my girl on the phone, and she was telling me how she couldn't sleep 'cause of her neighbor's barking dog. So I directed her to the story in your August issue, "Revenge Is Yours." The next morning as the neighbor was halfway down the driveway on her way to work, she saw that she was dragging her dog—which was just a stuffed-animal look-alike—and collapsed behind the wheel. Thank you for the payback!

—Carmelo Vazquez, Sayer, Okla.

Ha-ha-ha! Well, Carmelo, the cool thing is that we also got a note from the "collapsed" neighbor, who was complaining about your girlfriend barking all night. Check your rearview mirror in the morning, amigo.

"Here, let me help you with that," said Iggy's girlfriend. And they opened the peanut butter jar together.



That Time of the Month

Revenge of the Hosers

I was shocked that in your August issue your magazine betrayed one of the greatest movies ever made, *Strange Brew*. In the article "Revenge Is Yours," writer Jacob Kalish suggests getting revenge by releasing moths in a movie theater and never credits Bob and Doug McKenzie for making this gag famous back in 1983. This suggests a disturbing moral failure in the psyche of the author.

–John Teschner, Charlottesville, Va.

No one saw *Strange Brew*, John.

Another reader lost

I just wanted to say thanks for the Mike Patton interview [August issue]. That's so cool of you! *Rolling Stone* and *Spin* wouldn't give him one word, but you guys hooked up all us "dozen" Patton fans out here! I posted what you guys said on www.ipecac.com. People attacked me, saying you guys were a bunch of hicks in the desert. Anyway, keep us posted on Patton! No one else will!

—Tony, via e-mail

You would think random people on the Internet would have more intelligent things to say.

Getting randy with Randy

Randy the Helpful Pineapple is probably the funniest thing I have seen in a while. You should print up some offensive T-shirts and sell them. Would it be OK if I did that? Giacomo is pretty funny, too, although not as helpful.

—Jim Murphy, via e-mail

Men who wax and the men who love them

I was so happy to see you guys busting on *Men's Health*. I get things from them all the time wanting me to subscribe. Why would any male want to subscribe to a magazine with pictures of guys on the front talking about how to lose weight? I read *Stuff* and enjoy it very much. You should send a copy to the people at *Men's Health* so they can see what a real men's magazine should be.

—Scott A. Moore, Indianapolis

Well, Scott, it would be unprofessional to say anything disparaging about another magazine. But your doing it is good, because it frees us up to shave our chests.

Photography: (Iggy) Chris Cuffaro; Styling: Kenneth Hash; Hair: Rheanne White for Artist; Makeup: Cyrus.

Why families are important

I just loved your August issue's story on Iggy Pop, "Iggy's Guide to Life." Wow! So cool! He's one cool old dude. I'd love to be his daughter, lover—anything associated with that man would be good.

—*Melissa Rae, Shepherdstown, W.Va.*

Living in West Virginia, you could be both his daughter *and* his lover—and still get elected to the Senate.

Free Willa!

Oh, good God(dess)! I am so thankful that you put my all-time biggest fantasy, Willa Ford, on your August cover! I have been begging (on my knees, I might add) for a mag to put my girl on their cover to no avail, until *Stuff* came through. If only you could hook up a girl-on-girl session between me and Willa! Now that would be "bad"!

—*Nikki, via e-mail*

No, "bad" would be a girl-on-girl-on-*Stuff*-editor session, and we're frankly hoping you stay on your knees long enough to put it together for us.

More ugly women, please

Not that I'm complaining or anything, but the recent Women's Studies applicants look more like your cover girls than the average girl next door. I remember when applicants were innocent, natural, approachable types rather than the recent professional-grade entries. How about a return to the good old days?

—*Will, New Rochelle, N.Y.*

Well, we live next door to a modeling agency. So technically they're all girls next door.

Corrections

- Due to a printer's error, a full-page photo in our September issue contained a nipple. The printing-press technician who lost the nipple, George Stanhope, is on indefinite medical leave. We're with you in spirit, George.
- Children in wheelchairs are not "deadweight" and "a drain on our precious resources," as stated in the full-page ad titled "Toward a Perfect Tomorrow" [September issue]. *Stuff* will no longer accept advertising from the League of Women Voters.
- Hair is not an ingredient in potatoes au gratin, as was reported in our September sports feature. How a recipe got in that feature still has us boggled.

- "Kill 'em all, and let God sort 'em out" is, in fact, not a central tenet of the Buddhist religion. We apologize for the confusion and bloodenings.
- In third grade we cheated on a spelling test. We later apologized. We now regret the apology, as the test's outcome has had no bearing on our present lives.
- The step-by-step plans accompanying August's "Build Your Own Deck" failed to mention the utter futility of life. And, let's face it, who would bother building a deck if not as a means to forgetting that very fact? If you said the Amish, then you're wrong. What, you think those people are happy? Frankly, we don't care to know.

WIN! Win a Panasonic Digital Audio Player and $400 Worth of Polo Clothes

Send your letters to: Letters, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or letters@stuffmagazine.com.

For rules, see the inside of your right eyelid or the Where to Buy page.

Generations of men have grown up sexually frustrated because of the repugnant nature of the digital audio players they carry on their persons, or even on their houseboys. But if your letter-writing skills are worth anything, you might be looking at the end of your sex-free existence–thanks to the benevolence of Panasonic electronics and Polo Jeans. By combining the minds of great scientists in a mixing bowl, Panasonic created an incredibly stylish digital audio player–the $430 e-wear SV-SD75–that will improve your appearance by providing you with the soundtrack to handsome. Plus, you can easily attach the player to any item of your $400 outfit from Polo Jeans, for a total prize package worth more than $800. Or ask for *Stuff*'s optional brainpan installation: It's the music of your mind! So send your pensive scribblings and you may get past the velvet rope to our hearts.

Okay, pal – get your mind out of the gutter. We're talking about the energy you get from goo, the stuff at the bottom of great-tasting Love Bus Brew, made with real milk and Dutch chocolate. It's packed with ginseng, calcium, protein and vitamins for that extra kick that helps you do just about anything. (Man, you are sick, sick, sick.)

SHAKE THE GOO!

www.sobebev.com

Sex with Adam Sandler

True stories from your twisted lives.

Charity case

After a first date, I decided to impress my lady friend by bringing her to the McDonald's drive-through window for a nightcap. I made sure she noticed as I slipped a crisp dollar bill into one of those charity boxes for the Ronald McDonald House. Unfortunately, I soon realized that I had mistakenly put in a $100 bill. After I dropped her off, I sped back to get my cash. I made a crude recovery instrument out of a clothes hanger and a wad of gum and stuck it into the box. All was going well until a police officer happened upon the scene. He wasn't too happy, but luckily he bought my strange true story and agreed to let me go without incident...provided that I leave my accidental donation safely in the box. I guess I learned a valuable lesson. I just don't know exactly what it is.

—Joe McGuinness, via e-mail

Very happy Gilmore

I was getting up to leave a bar when a gorgeous blonde approached me and said she'd been watching me all night. We got to chatting, and the conversation turned to celebrities. It was clear from the way she was talking to me that she thought I was somebody else—somebody famous. I'm not. But I played along, and soon she invited me back to her place. We were making out when she asked if I would like her to invite a friend over. Sure, I said. Half an hour later, an equally hot blonde appeared at her door. Within minutes, the three of us were on the bed in total hedonistic bliss. Afterward, as I got up and started putting on my clothes, I heard one of the girls whisper to the other, "I can't believe we just had sex with Adam Sandler!" I told the girls that I would love to stay but that I had to hop an early flight to L.A. I left a note on the fridge that read, "My name is Luis, by the way. And you're out of milk."

—Luis S., via e-mail

Room with a poo

One night I was at a restaurant taking a piss break. For some extra space, I decided to pee in the handicapped toilet instead of the urinal. The lock on the stall door didn't work, but I was the only one in there, so it didn't matter. Soon a blind man with a cane walked in the bathroom. He opened my stall door and came on in. Paralyzed with fear, I backed myself into the corner and didn't say a word. Finally, I blurted, "This seat is taken, sir," but he didn't react. Then I noticed that he also had a hearing aid. He proceeded to lower his pants and sit down, his face mere inches from my exposed crotch. As he began to do his business, I decided it was time to make my move. I slid alongside him, hoping I wouldn't touch him. But I did, and he struck me with his cane and proceeded to scream like a blind, deaf man trapped in a bathroom stall with a man who had his pants down.

—Jim R., via e-mail

"You lookin' at me?"

I recently went to a "gentlemen's club" in a small town where the girls weren't very pretty and the clientele was pretty, well, scummy. I sat down, and this dumpy naked chick came out and started dancing. Suddenly the music stopped and she asked, "Got any money?" while pointing to the jukebox. So I fed it some quarters, the music started back up and she continued dancing. After a few minutes of my watching her do her thing, she stopped again and glared at me. She barked, "Why are you looking at me? Do I look fat?" I said no and told her I would stop looking at her if it made her uncomfortable. She said, "Yes, I find it offensive. Very offensive." I spent the rest of the evening staring down at my beer.

—Sean Carter, Bethlehem, Pa.

WIN! AN APRILIA SR 50 SCOOTER

What has a two-stroke reed-valve intake engine, a magneto flywheel 85W-12W generator, an electronic CDI ignition, an automatic centrifugal clutch, a telehydraulic fork and a Dell'Orto PH BN 12 carburetor? If you said Stephen Hawking, you'd be only half right. So why not try to snag the Aprilia SR 50: It has all the above features, making it the world's most innovative racing scooter. Send us a reasonably true story (or an out-and-out lie) and if we deem it the best of the batch, the SR 50 will be yours. It's worth about three grand, which is more valuable than the stupid things you see those skinny helmet-wearing geeks riding on weekends. What do you call those things? Oh, yeah, bicycles. Jerks.

For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

Send your stories to: *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or letters@stuffmagazine.com.

Check out more True Lies at www.stuffmagazine.com.

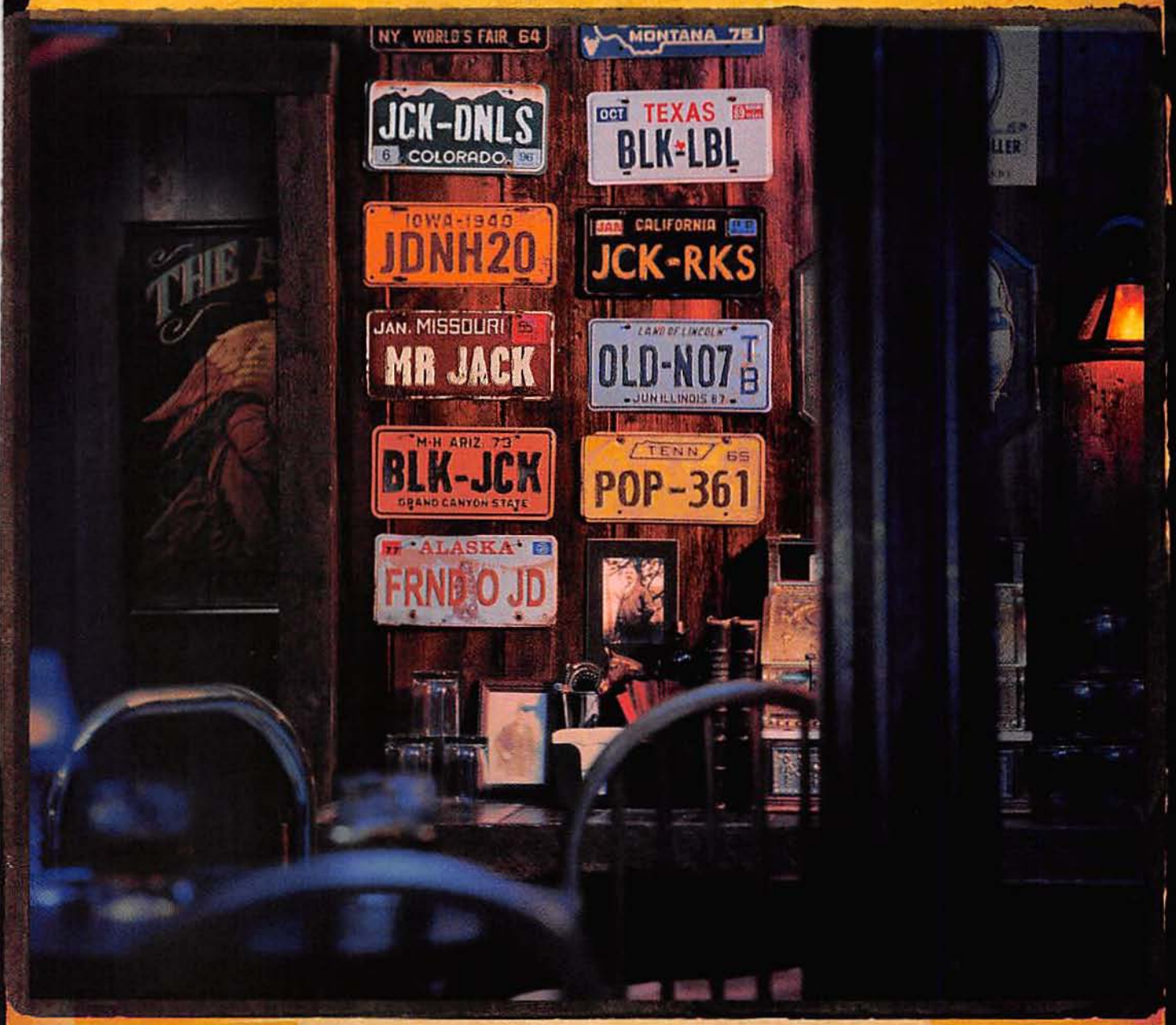
TRUE LIE OF THE MONTH

It was the Fourth of July, and I was at the beach partying and setting off fireworks with a few friends from college. After unleashing a pretty impressive bottle-rocket display, we noticed that an offshore boat decided to answer us with its own fireworks show. We lit a few M-80s, and the boat quickly responded with colorful red rockets. This prompted us to go all out and set off everything we had. Soon our rivals were silenced, and we celebrated, as always, by drinking large quantities of alcohol. Two hours later, a soaking-wet couple walked up to us and collapsed at our feet. They told us that their boat had sunk and they had just swum ashore. It turns out that we'd mistaken their emergency flares for fireworks.

—Tom Slater, Los Angeles

We once mistook a poodle for a really hairy streetwalker. Upon realizing our mistake we were first despondent but soon took advantage of the hilarious possibilities. Try to explain that to the ASPCA. Anyway, you win. You'll be receiving a case of Gosling's Black Seal Rum worth $200. That's real fireworks, we think. Just don't light the stuff.

Photography: Jens Mortensen Illustration: Jason Johnson



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If there's anything more stylish than a pink couch, it must be a fuchsia ottoman

Blitz!

A FULL-FRONTAL ASSAULT ON YOUR SENSES

Paige Turco plays a plain Jane in the new CIA spy series *The Agency*. But we've got startling photographic evidence that proves the role is just another cover-up.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT DIADUL

First lady

A Paige Turner

Who likes short shorts? Who *doesn't?!* Socialists and Fascists—they think they have bigger fish to fry.

Upon scoping out CBS's new spy thriller *The Agency*, you may have a tough time recognizing Paige Turco. On the show, the Massachusetts-born actress with sexy credentials (before this role, Paige played the delightfully accommodating lesbian on *NYPD Blue* and the orgasmic older woman who drove Scott Wolf to drink on *Party of Five)* has somehow been cast as a mousy forgery expert. A forgery expert? That, sir, is a fraud. Paige is so hot she could steam the serial numbers off a ten-spot. But with her obvious assets, it can't be long before *The Agency* reassigns her to a job that reveals more of her true self. And then we'll all be watching.

STUFF: So you're a Catholic-school vet. Any coming-of-age stories that involve flannel skirts, heavy petting and gallons of booze?
PAIGE: No, I was really good. We *did* have this movie theater that we'd go to. Our parents would drop us off, and we would pay our money and simply go out the theater's back door and hang out. Do you remember that button that said, MY MOM THINKS I'M AT THE MOVIES? That was kind of our story.

More, please.
Oh, I almost got kicked out of school. I'd sneak out, get into a car with a bunch of townies and drive to Roxbury, where we drank beer and hung out. That's as bad as it got.

Wow. Let me regain my footing. How bad do you get when you get bad now?
I'm a good girl.

Except when...
My favorite sexy thing to do now is salsa dancing. It's safe sex, really. I go to the Conga Room in L.A., Jimmy Smits' place.

I love Jimmy Smits!
And the Copa in New York. It's amazing. I am a sensualist. I like feeling a man's hand on the small of my back, a man who knows what he's doing—leading, but not pushing, anticipating but not being aggressive. Oh, my God! A good salsa is better than sex.

You should talk to a therapist—or a caterer. So what makes a guy a good dancer?
A guy who can control me. Because of my dance training, it takes a lot for me not to lead. It's a rhythm thing.

Speaking of which, how would you relate dancing to sex?
You can tell from how someone dances with you how he'll be in bed. He doesn't have to be a technically proficient dancer to be great in bed, but it helps. Sex is all about balance and sensitivity and being aware of where the other person's energy is. Great dancers are usually great lovers. Whether they're ▷▷▷

Styling: Andrea Cooker for the Montgomery Group. Hair: John Barrett for arTmix the Agency. Makeup: Malin for Laura Mercier/Artists. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page

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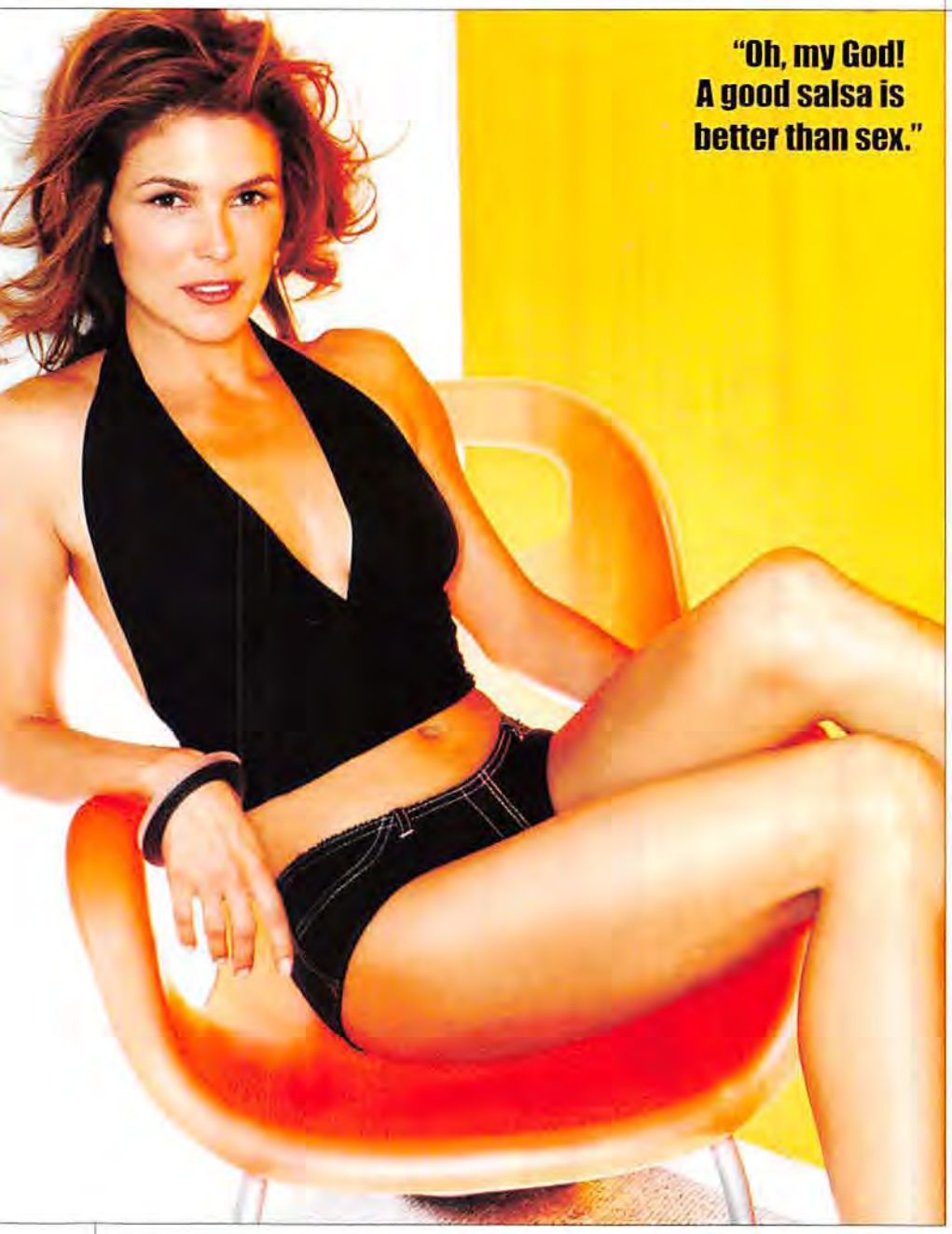


"Oh, my God! A good salsa is better than sex."

worth two cents as people is another story. I should make guys dance with me before they get any further.

Or make them beg.
I think sexuality and sensuality are very healthy. What's scary is when people hide it. I think sex is fun and, for better or worse, funny.

I get some of my biggest laughs during sex.
You need to talk about sex with a sense of humor, especially because sex is a sensitive area for a lot of people. The other thing is that you may not want to tell the world everything you do in bed.

Could you please talk about sex some more?
A lot of men like visceral sexuality, but that doesn't mean that sex only means big boobs in your face.

OK, you just lost me.
The quiet librarian can be sexy. I like being sexy in subtle ways. It takes time to learn as a woman to trust whatever it is you have. Playing Terri [in *The Agency*], I wanted to take a very shy, wounded person and make her sexy. I think she's very feminine and also very excited by the danger of espionage.

So...you played a lesbian on *NYPD Blue*. Guess what I'm going to ask next?
I don't know. I've been asked a lot of things, so shoot.

Way to not do my job for me. How many lesbian overtures have you received since your character first debuted on the show?
Direct ask-outs? None. Not one.

OK, well, did you do a lot of research to prep for this role?
Ah...ha. No, because I wanted to approach it from...it was very important for me to play her as a woman who had the same problems that we all have within our lives–and [lesbianism] just happens to be her sexual preference.

Uh-huh. Ever kiss a girl?
Have I ever? No. No, I'm telling you, I lead a very boring life. I guess I never realized it....

Let's pretend your name is spelled P-A-G-E, rather than P-A-I-G-E. As a page, what would you let me write on you?
Oh, wow! What would I let you write on me? *What* would I let you write or *where*?

You made my question better! Both.
Probably my calf. Maybe that's a dancer thing. I don't know what I'd let you write. This is very hard. What would I write on myself? Probably VERY HAPPY TO BE BLESSED. And if I wrote it myself, it'd be on the small of my back.

Since you star in a show titled *The Agency*, it leads me to believe you're an expert on all agencies. So what's up with the FBI? I mean, could they *have* more Russian spies on the payroll? Got any inside information for me?
No. To be honest with you, I don't want to know. We actually filmed at CIA headquarters. They did a two-week background check on me.

Anything in your background that you were worried they'd discover?
No. But it creeped me out more than anything. I was like, *God, are they bugging my apartment? Are they talking to my neighbors?*

You played the role of April O'Neil in the two *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle* sequels (TMNT to insiders). How does one prepare for a role opposite four reptilian-human hybrids with a penchant for pizza and ass-kicking?
Well, it takes a lot of imagination. It was probably one of the hardest things to do.

Did you ever journey to one of your local pet stores and have an open dialogue with our shelled friends of the deep?
No, no, no. Because they wouldn't be able to talk back to me.

Oh...OK. One last question: Would you describe yourself as sexually courageous, voracious or advantageous?
Courageous, voracious or...

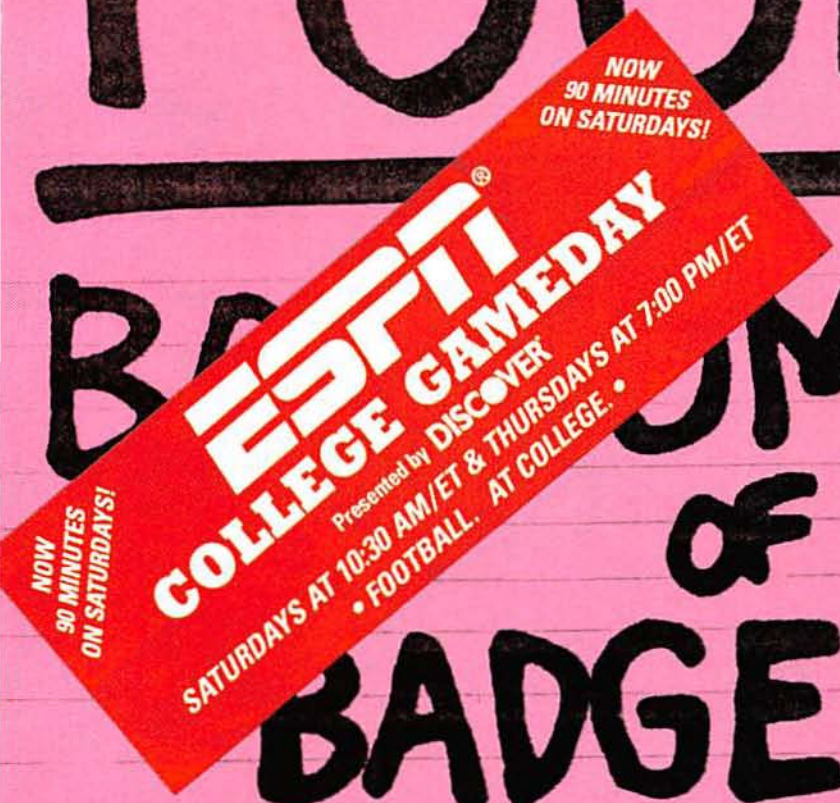
Or advantageous. At *Stuff*, we like to rhyme.
I *wouldn't* describe myself. You'd have to ask my guy. I am Catholic, remember! On some level, you'd hope I'd be all of the above.

Can I get some specific examples of at least one of the above?
With a question like that, I have to say ask my guy.

Sigh. Billy Joel was right about you Catholic girls.
–Stuart Matranga

OST

FOUND



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THE WIZARD OF ODDS

Odds that either Jenna Bush or her sister, Barbara, will visit the Betty Ford Center during their father's first term as president of our great nation

JENNA	EVEN MONEY
BARBARA	125-100 (PUT UP $100 TO MAKE $125)

The Bush girls: problem drinkers or just a couple of typical college kids growing up in front of the uncomfortable glare of the media spotlight? "It's hard to say without seeing their data, but it could be just a peer issue," said a Boston-area psychiatrist who requested anonymity (wuss). "However, given their family history, they could be at risk." Either way, backing Jenna–the First Wild Child–on this proposition won't get you a dime. If she gets caught in Margaritaville for the third time, she could be facing an all-expenses-paid trip to the slammer. The better value might be Barbara, who so far has been busted only once for underage possession. That could mean that a) she isn't as thirsty as her twin sister, or b) she's smart enough not to get caught. After all, she does attend Yale, an above-average high school.

College Football National Championship Winner

FAVORITE	FLORIDA	7-2
LONG SHOT	OREGON	15-2

The Florida Gators have superior talent, but don't discount the Oregon Ducks' chances of waddling through at the Rose Bowl. Oregon, which faces a challenging schedule in the improved Pac-10, is virtually unbeatable at home, having won 20 in a row since a 1997 loss to UCLA. Those who insist that the Ducks are all quacks (we are friggin' pun-alicious!) are ignoring coach Mike Bellotti's powerful offense, which features speedy tailbacks Maurice Morris and Tennessee transfer Onterrio Smith, along with senior QB Joey Harrington, a 6'3", 211-pounder who was 9-2 as a starter last season. Think Harrington is related to Pat Harrington Jr., Schneider on *One Day at a Time*? Hello? You stopped reading after the quacks thing, didn't you?

Picks by *New York Post* betting guru Hondo. Odds by N.A.S.A. International Betting.

BLING! BLING!

These Chicks Are Money

We're always on the lookout for good-looking women. Who knew we had them right in our pockets?

NAME: Sacajawea
CURRENCY: U.S. dollar
VALUE: $1
HOTNESS LEVEL: $$$$

Fifteen-year-old Sacajawea was invaluable to explorers Lewis and Clark. She pointed out which roots and herbs would not cause a painful death. Like the kind of death we inflicted on her people! Ah, lady history, you are a sinister siren.
DISLIKES: Maggots, genocide
LIKES: Not much. She was 15, and MTV wasn't around yet.

NAME: Queen Elizabeth II
CURRENCY: Various
VALUE: Depends on the republic
HOTNESS LEVEL: $$$$

Liz's visage glowers up from 37 types of currency. She looks almost pretty on the Belize dollar (pictured), whereas England's five-pound note makes her look as if she's been through the wash more times than our library card–which is a lot.
DISLIKES: The Magna Carta
LIKES: Attending funerals

NAME: Lydia Koidula
CURRENCY: Estonian 100-Kroon note
VALUE: $5.51
HOTNESS LEVEL: $$$$

This poetess and playwright penned the country's unofficial national anthem, "My Fatherland, My Love." Though her work inspires Estonian pride, her big hair and thick jaw recall a more feminine (or masculine) Jay Leno.
DISLIKES: Makeup
LIKES: Iambic pentameter

NAME: Sigrid Undset
CURRENCY: Norwegian 500-Krone note
VALUE: $54.51
HOTNESS LEVEL: $$$$

With her almond-shaped eyes and Nobel prize for literature, Sigrid is sexy *and* smart! Looks like Sacajawea's facing some, ahem, stiff competition. (We're incorrigible!)
DISLIKES: Busty Swedes hogging boys at the school dance
LIKES: Meatballs

NAME: Mary Reibey
CURRENCY: Australian 20-dollar bill
VALUE: $10.47
HOTNESS LEVEL: $$$$

Mary, once a penniless convict sent to Australia for horse theft, pulled herself up by her bootstraps and died as one of the richest people in Australia. Eh, she's still repulsive. It'd take a lot of Fosters for us to visit *her* land down under, Mate.
DISLIKES: Cops and moisturizer
LIKES: Dingoes

NAME: Ivana Kobilca
CURRENCY: Slovenian 5,000-Tolar note
VALUE: $19.78
HOTNESS LEVEL: $$$$

This buttoned-up Slovenian realist painter has a naughty-librarian quality that we like. What don't we like? The homegrown honesty of the Slovenian people that compelled them not to cover up Ivana's creepy lazy eye.
DISLIKES: Optometrists
LIKES: Housecoats

NAME: Anonymous topless girl on a shark
CURRENCY: Cook Islands
VALUE: It's pretty much worthless
HOTNESS LEVEL: $$$$

This unnamed topless woman found a shark nice enough to tote her around, yet she still bashes him with a coconut. We don't care–'cause you can see her breasts, bro!
DISLIKES: Clothing
LIKES: Dorsal fins –*Chris Connolly*

 We've secretly placed the word *that* somewhere within the copy above. See if you can find it!

Misery loves company.
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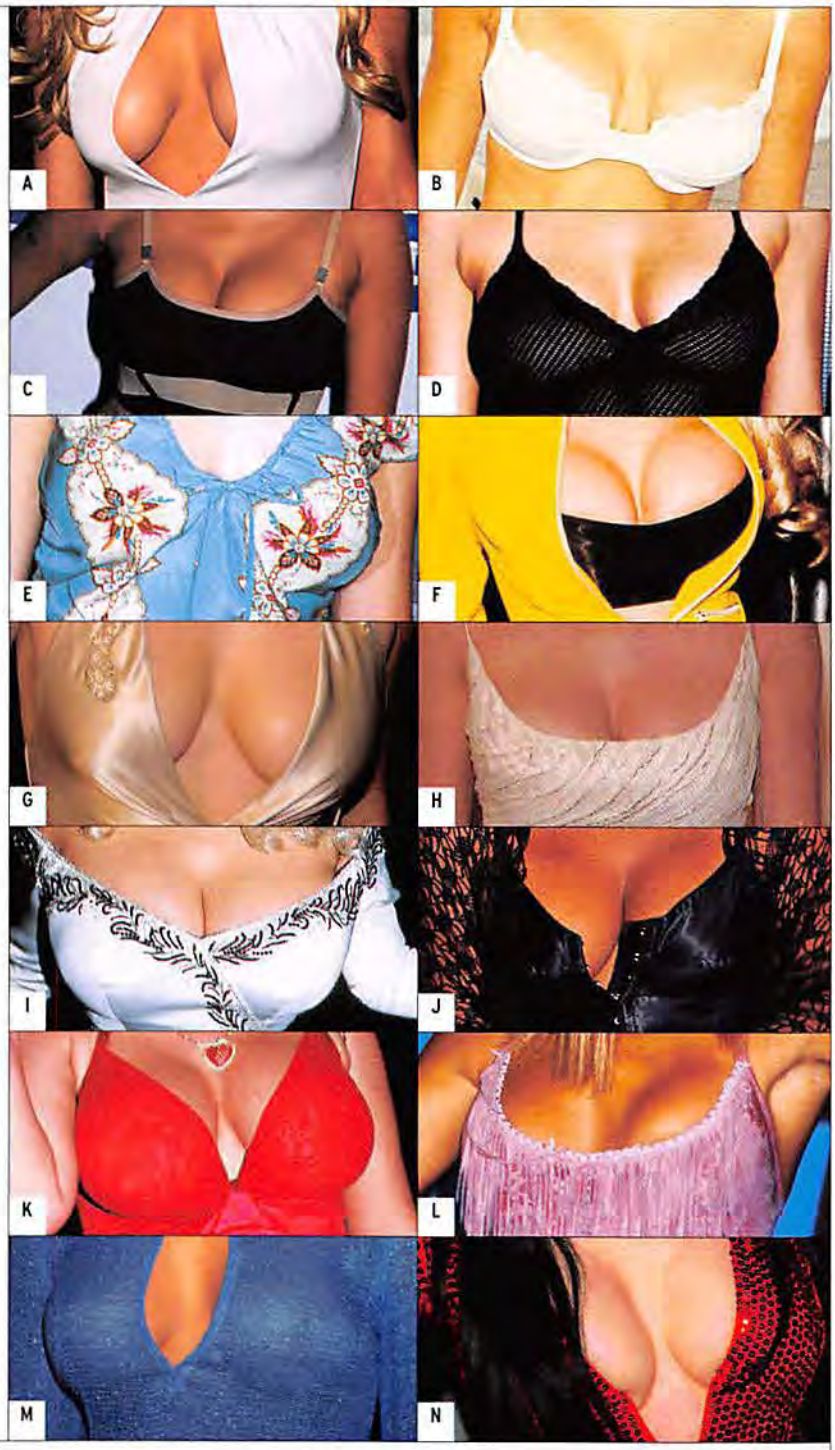
POP QUIZ

Real or Fake?



Answers: A. Real; B. Fake; C. Real; D. Real; E. Real; F. Fake; G. Real; H. Real; I. Real; J. Fake; K. Fake; L. Real; M. Fake; N. Real; O. (Not pictured) The threat of war between Israel and Palestine? Very real.

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If it weren't for her hands, you could see her breasts. Also, she couldn't play the piano.

She found sand in places you wouldn't expect. Like her refrigerator.

WOMEN'S STUDIES APPLICANT NO. 10

Shane Chase

Our latest coed cutie vies for the $4,999 scholarship.

STUFF: You study French. Argue with the stereotype that all French people are assholes who seldom bathe.
SHANE: I tried to speak French over there and they were like, "Your French is awful." That was intimidating. Plus, the women don't shave their armpits.

Did you abstain from shaving while there? They say, "When in France, do as the Romans do."
Not with shaving! My friend *did* convince me to sunbathe topless. We came home with no tan lines. You keep the bottoms on, though. The weirdest thing: Guys would come over and start hitting on you when you're lying there topless. It's normal for them, but it's weird. They've already seen your breasts.

Let's get all cultural. Isn't Balzac a famed French writer?
Yes, he is.

OK, then. You do yoga. Describe to me the magic that is paying lots of money to do glorified calisthenics.
I hate describing yoga because it sounds so new age. It's really cleansing. With yoga, they call it a practice every time you go. You're not trying to prove anything to anyone. It's also helped me to get strength and flexibility.

Do you do yoga solo?
I go to this place in L.A. where there are always celebrities. They're people you wouldn't expect. Like, who was there just the other day...?

Sinbad?
No. Woody Harrelson and Dennis Quaid. And the girl from *Father of the Bride*...

Yeah, yeah, yeah. So, can you put your legs behind your head?
For what purpose?

C'mon, Shane. Help a brother out.
Yeah, probably. We do some great stretches for that.

Living near a naval base, are you just covered in seamen every time you go out for a good time?
[*Long pause*] I mean, there's bad seeds in every group, but the military provides a great service for our country. My father was a Navy SEAL. It would be very hypocritical of me to make negative comments toward them.

Not for me! I've heard that they're all very, very horny.
Yeah.

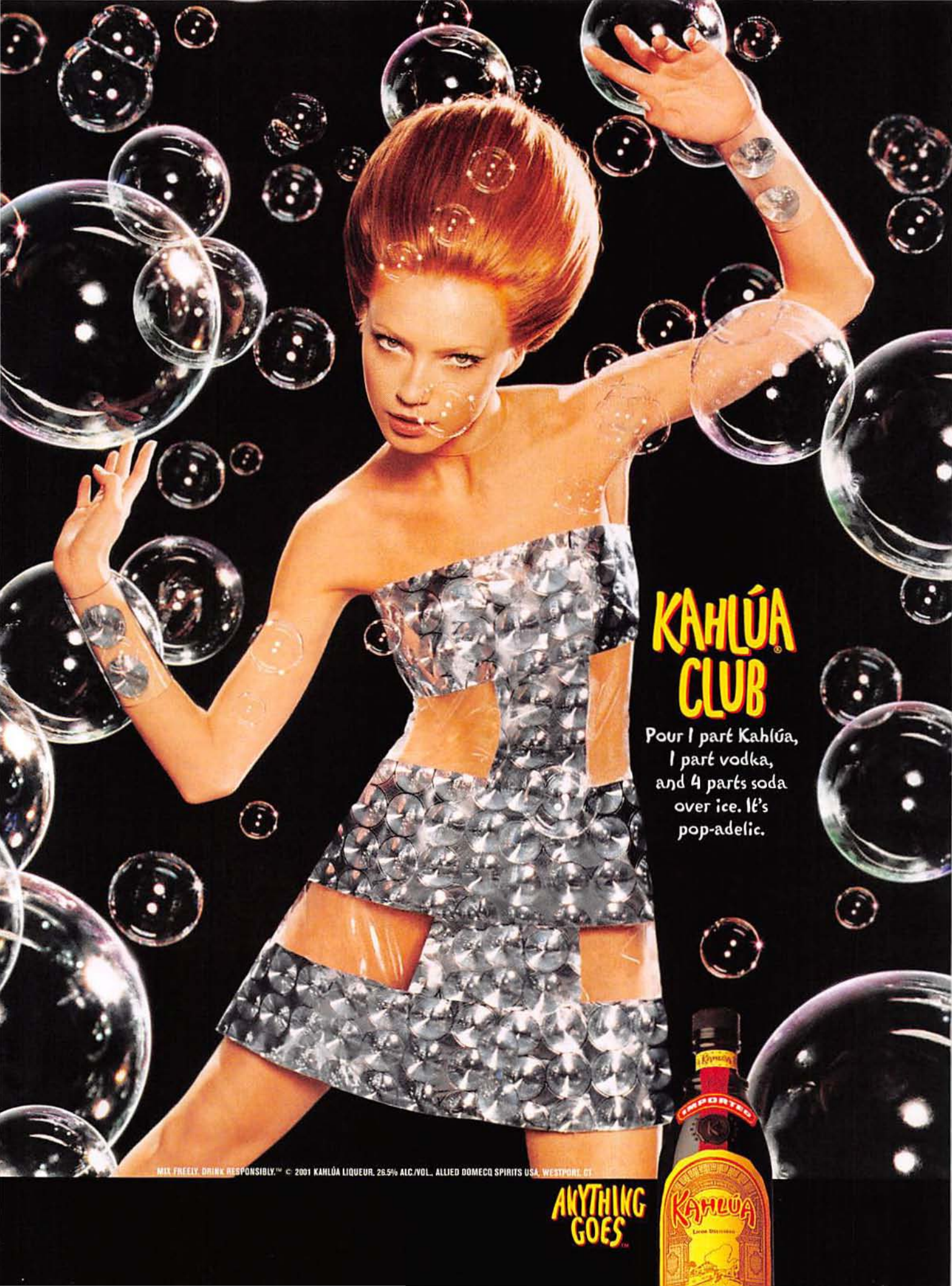
You had a threesome in your dean's office. How'd that go for ya?
I wish you could see my face right now. You'd die! It's not always a comfortable thing to talk about. It did make things weird afterward, but it was a really good experience. I feel like you have to do something like that in college. I can't rule it out in the future, but right now I'm sticking with men.

You have a terrific porn-star name.
I've had people say action star, but I haven't gotten porn star yet. It's not a porn-star name. I'm kind of insulted. I don't think there's anything sexy about porn stars. I'm not into porn. It's dirty.

Oh, so a three-way in the dean's office is God-fearing and clean, then? Whatever! *–Mike Olson*

BIRTHDATE: October 6, 1981
COLLEGE: UCLA
MAJOR: European studies/French
CAREER GOALS: "I really don't know." (Her parents want her to be a lawyer.)
MISCELLANEOUS: Has dual citizenship (U.S. and Australia), had a threesome in the dean's office and once had recurring dreams that she was She-Ra: Princess of Power. And here we thought it was just us who had such fantasies!

Are you a sexy student who has what it takes to get all up in our respective pieces? If so, our $4,999 scholarship could be yours. (As well as a campus full of creepy stalkers!) Send us a picture and vitals to: Women's Studies Scholarship, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. For rules, see the Where to Buy page.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Here Heather interviews celebrity pets for an upcoming celebrity-pet special

BABES OF YORE NO. 22

Heather Locklear

In a world full of Heathers, she was their leader.

The pretty basketball team used the dwarf as a ball

Freeze!...your leftovers. Or they could go bad.

The suit is as tight as some sort of tight suit

At the premiere of *Howard the Duck*

1961 Heather Locklear is born to a solid Southern California family on September 25. In other news, President Kennedy does something unethical.

1977 Heather decides to go into modeling to combat her shyness. Think we're making that up? "I was very shy," she tells E! Entertainment Television. How you like our research now, bitch?

1977 A guest appearance as Willie Aames' girlfriend on *Eight Is Enough* soon follows. For an update on Aames' career, log on to www.bibleman.com.

1981 Cast as Sammy Jo on *Dynasty*, Heather is first seen sliding down a banister to confront Joan Collins. "You'd think I'd be into it," the banister later recalls. "But I happen to be both gay and proud, thank you very much."

1982 Gets role as a cop on *T.J. Hooker*. *People* magazine dubs *T.J.* "one of the Ten Worst Shows for Women in 1984." Defending the show, Heather says, "That's probably because William Shatner is on it." D'oh! Someone get this girl a competent publicist!

1983 Heather accepts the Golden Apple Award as TV's Discovery of the Year. She has romances with Tom Cruise, Mark Harmon and Scott Baio. But not at the same time. Or did she? No, she probably did not.

1985 Heather meets Mötley Crüe's Tommy Lee. He proposes dinner. Later, he proposes they have another drink. Then he just proposes.

1989 With *Hooker* and *Dynasty* done, Heather stars in *Return of the Swamp Thing*. She is rewarded with a Golden Raspberry nomination as Worst Actress. Is there no end to those Raspberry boys' chicanery?! Please say there is.

1993 Heather joins *Melrose Place* and turns the show into an overnight success. More important, fellow cast members describe her as "nice."

1994 Tommy Lee moves on to, and eventually marries, *Baywatch*'s Pamela Anderson. Heather moves on to, and eventually marries, Bon Jovi's Richie Sambora. And us? Eh, still single.

1999-2001 *Melrose* is canceled, and Heather joins Michael J. Fox on *Spin City*. The best part? Cast member Richard Kind says, "It's shocking how nice she is." *–Dan Nemet-Nejat*

Heather's Dynasty

WEIRD GESTURES OF THE PAST NO. 10

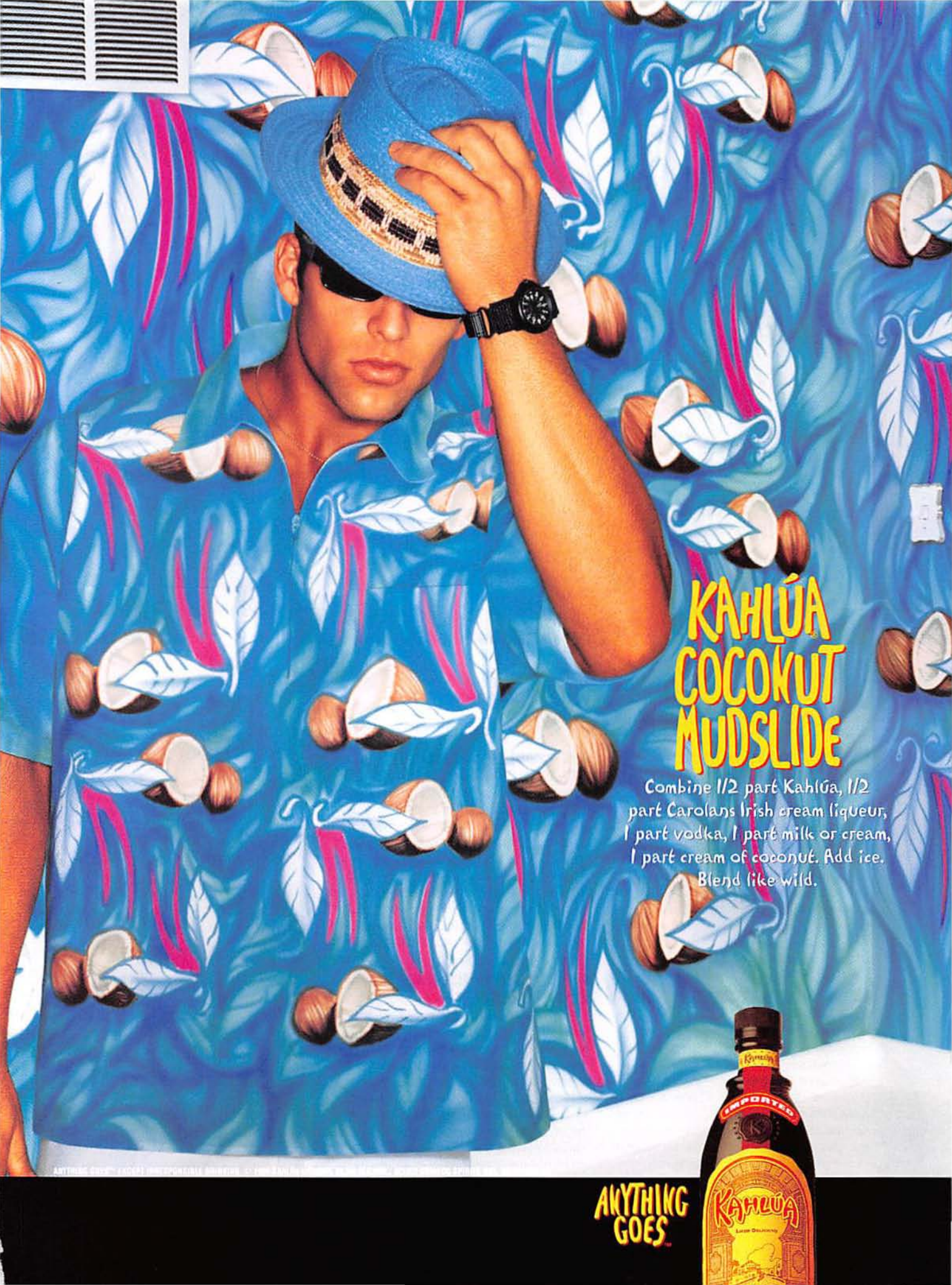
The Friendly Stomach-Punch

A timeless and heterosexually acceptable way to tell a guy you like him. *Really* like him.

- Approach male either at place of work, on the street or at a nearby crackhouse. (The location matters not.)
- Say the fellow's name while slowly punching—but not hitting—acquaintance with your right hand. Optional statement: "Dude, it's the weekend!"
- Repeat punch depending on overall level of tomfoolery in the air.
- Laugh wholeheartedly with acquaintance and continue to speak of nothing important.
- Return to cubicle and/or home to weep quietly about nothing in particular.

Next month: The "Oops, I Forgot Something!"

Illustrations: (Gestures) www.jovandjordjevic.com


KAHLÚA
COCONUT
MUDSLIDE
Combine 1/2 part Kahlúa, 1/2 part Carolans Irish cream liqueur, 1 part vodka, 1 part milk or cream, 1 part cream of coconut. Add ice. Blend like wild.
IMPORTED
KAHLÚA
ANYTHING GOES.

Jerry couldn't wait to get to Louisville and see his brother, the beat-up sofa. They had so much to catch up on!

IT'S A SICK WORLD AFTER ALL

BIZARRE!

Our regular roundup of a world gone wrong.

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says: "Why would anyone want to leave the wonderful country of Mexico? It's the home of the chalupa!"

HE'S THE MEAT IN THIS PLASTIC BURRITO

Poor Enrique Canchola. Our 42-year-old amigo had both the misfortune of *not* living in the home of the brave and of getting caught trying to rectify the situation...while impersonating a car seat. Enrique was discovered hidden within the vehicle's upholstery in July by immigration police as he entered the San Ysidro crossing into California. It was a move that was considered both highly illegal (by the cops who busted him) and highly arousing (by the *Stuff* employees who viewed this image). Sadly, Canchola was sent back to his home country while the car seat was off to live the high life in West Hollywood.

BARBECUED RAT SANDWICHES FOR LUNCH

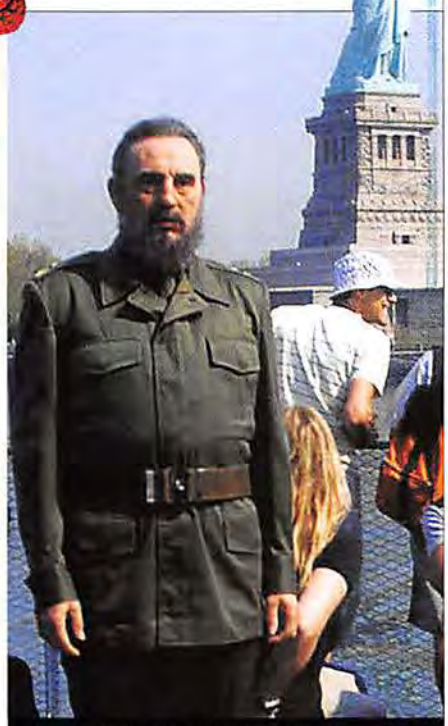
In keeping with our love of Asian cuisine, Bizarre gives you–and you can't give 'em back!–barbecued field rats. The good people of Ayutthaya, Thailand, sell these vermin-turned-vittles to passing motorists as a way to profit from their tireless killing of the rodent population. We called PETA to get a response but quickly realized we didn't really care that much, hung up and returned to our barbecued rat sandwiches. By the by, they go great with honey-mustard and dill on a thick slice of focaccia!

HIS PEOPLE? TAXED. HIS SKIN? WAXED.

What's this we see at right? Has the bearded and boisterous Cuban commie that is Fidel Castro finally wised up and emigrated from his own shoddy little dictatorship? C'mon. Could you *be* that stupid? Eh, don't answer that. Anyway, this odd scene was brought to you by Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum as an ad campaign to promote its Times Square address in New York City. Problems arose rather quickly as curious tourists attempted to remove Castro's trousers in order to get a snapshot of his "little bay of pigs." Tourists are creepy like that.

CHICKEN-WING ICE CREAM FOR DESSERT

Around the office, we like to wash down buckets of Colonel Sanders with heaping piles of ice cream. It's just our way, but it's *so* time-consuming. The Chakkiri Musume ice creamery of Nagoya, Japan, has the answer. It has created a specialty dessert called chicken-wing ice cream, which–as the title so aptly suggests–contains minced morsels of birdie flesh. All of this fowled-up tomfoolery begs us to ask the question: Is there any other reason to visit Nagoya? Answer: No. No, there most certainly is not.



Oh, no, not here, **thought Fidel as he felt the first trickle. *Not now!***

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At Kenwood we're more into car audio than computers. That's why we're so proud of our second-generation MP3 systems, including the KDC-MP8017. It features the performance you've come to expect from Kenwood, and plays regular CD's and MP3-encoded discs. So the soundtrack of the information superhighway can now be enjoyed on any highway. For a closer look, visit your nearest Kenwood dealer. To find one, call 1-800-KENWOOD or visit kenwoodusa.com. Now that's what computers are for.
KENWOOD
CAR AUDIO

"What a cute top!" screamed Jerry Lewis when he noticed the photographer's cute top

THE LINEUP

DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS

Our monthly ranking of the truly rank.

1 Peter Gabriel

The founder of the rock group Genesis has recently been jamming at Georgia State University with a band comprising nothing but a dozen bonobo apes. Gabriel says that the musical monkeys have a keen sense of rhythm and that "it is a little like working with a child." Uh-huh. How do the apes feel about the gig? "Eh, it pays the bills," said one disaffected primate in between cigarettes.

2 Jerry Lewis

Lewis, who's known for raising millions for the Muscular Dystrophy Association, recently commented on *CBS Sunday Morning*, "If you don't want to be pitied because you're a cripple in a wheelchair, stay in your house." The original Nutty Professor, along with the MDA, immediately issued an apology regarding his politically incorrect pie hole. Cripples everywhere rejoiced!

3 Joseph Stalin

The sassy Russian dictator is back in the spotlight again, due to recently released Soviet documents that contain psychotic cartoons penned by the Cold War baddie. The aforementioned doodles were images of the enemies he intended to execute. One illustration of note depicted a naked finance minister hanging from a rope by his genitals. If that's his idea of torture, come and get us, KGB!

4 Incompetent Waitstaff

O.J. Simpson was on the receiving end of some Scoundrel-esque behavior when eating at one Rachel's in West Palm Beach, Florida. The staff refused to give the Juice a steak knife to cut his sirloin. The parties involved settled on a butter knife, but this brings up a more pressing issue: Whether you're a butcher (of two), a baker or candlestick maker, there's no excuse for bad service.

5 Billy Bob Thornton

Ah, silly Billy. It turns out that his new album, *Beauty at the Back Door*, is said by folks at his record company to be "simply terrible." Thornton's been working on the disc for years and delayed the release of *All the Pretty Horses* to add some finishing touches. Ah, well. At least *All the Pretty Horses* was a crowd pleaser. (Phhpbtt! Pardon us while we stifle a laugh!)

INSANITY
BAD ARTIST
UNFUNNY COMEDIAN
RUDENESS
MURDER
MONKEY EXPLOITATION
ANNOYING ACTOR
HAS-BEEN

WRONG!

While stationed in Okinawa, Japan, loyal reader Marc W. Rehm bought the conversation starter that is the Unchi scepter. We have no idea what it is, though he speculates that it may be a wand belonging to the Poop Fairy. Whatever, Marc—thanks for sending it to *Stuff*. As a result, you are this month's Wrong! winner. But the poop doesn't stop there, because Marc claims that in Okinawa "there are all sorts of merchandise celebrating the metabolic waste that we carbon-based creatures create." That includes hats, toys and even candles. He didn't mention if they were scented. Marc has earned himself a new pair of Nike sneakers for sending us this beautiful bit of b.m.

Do you own something wronger? Send it our way—along with your name, number and return address—and you may win an $80 windproof fleece vest by Atlantis Weathergear. Our home/hearts are located at: Crap Editor, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

BANNED FROM BREEDING

The Deviant? Dead. His Wife's Face? Red.

Vancouver, British Columbia—It doesn't really make you go blind (it doesn't, right?), but masturbation *can* kill, as one unidentified 25-year-old Canadian man discovered. Yes, he was found dead lying in bed with a mask and a bag over his head and a vibrator nearby. But the real ridiculousness lies within the fact that an insurance company actually awarded the asphyxiation/anal entry enthusiast's wife and daughter—who were conveniently out of town at the time of the sex act—a settlement on his accidental death and dismemberment policy. The death was caused by his misjudging how much he could safely reduce his air supply, according to the ruling justices, who kept the man's identity a secret (why?). "That element of mischance or mishap rendered the cause of death an accident," they concluded. The life insurance money will be split evenly between his wife, his daughter and a deeply bereaved vibrator.

Photography (Lineup, Poop Wand, Prize) Damien Donck
Illustrations, Gary Brandham and Simon Brown.

PlayStation 2

7 MILES ABOVE ANTARCTICA, A WEATHER SATELLITE SENDS BACK AN IMAGE.

Your special forces reconnaissance unit is ordered to investigate a distress signal. You arrive and discover a virus has violently mutated every living and non-living thing in its path. The mission objectives are clear: rescue survivors, secure the area and destroy the virus. If you can.

MATURE M ESRB

Blood
Violence

www.scea.com

OSEO SPACE

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Stuff magazine .com

VISIT STUFFLAND

We packed a small pier in Santa Monica with celebrities, clowns, babes and the Crystal Method. We dubbed it Stuffland. Clever! Catch all the action online with a sexy video, stunning photos and exciting captions. Then go have a soda or something.

WIN BIG

Not happy with your life? The *Stuff* Web site has tons of cool contests designed to provide you with several minutes of empty joy and happiness.

SEE PRETTY GIRLS

Want to check out all the Women's Studies contestants? How about the newfound beauties of 39th and Sixth? Wanna get some Web-only advice from the Sex Spy girls? Well, stop reading this and go to our site, dummy.

PRETEND YOU'RE COOL

If you're tired of cooler-than-you critics telling you what you'll like, you've got nothing to worry about here! Check out hundreds of CD, movie and game reviews plus online features in our Hype! section.

PLUS MORE THAN...

60 *Stuff* cover girls!
30 bizarre stories!
10 women you don't know...yet!
5 bar pranks on video!
1 exclamation point!

FIRE UP YOUR MODEM NOW!
www.stuffmagazine.com

GET RICH OFF THE HOMICIDAL TENDENCIES OF OTHERS!

Fugitive of the Month

$25,000 could be yours if you can apprehend convicted murderer Randolph Franklin Dial. This derelict Don Juan has been on the lam since escaping from prison in 1994...with the deputy warden's wife.

WHAT'S HE LOOK LIKE?

He's 56, 5'9" and 170 pounds, with gray hair, bad teeth, a serious heart condition and a nose as long as the Boston Marathon–and twice as runny. Oh, and he'll probably be wearing one of those festive artist smocks. You see, our talented friend Dial is an accomplished painter and sculptor who taught art classes at a university in Mexico. Whoa, just hold on a second there. Mexico has universities?

WHY $25,000?

He killed a guy back in 1981, and from there the details on this killer artist are kinda, well, sketchy.* Dial got friendly with Bobbi Louaine Parker, the deputy warden's wife, after running a prison art program. The Feds say that Bobbi, 39, could be traveling under an alias, implying that she and Dial were more friendly than your typical convict/deputy warden's wife might be. But she's also listed as endangered, meaning the Monet-loving murderer could have abducted Bobbi and stuck her inside a trunk. If he tries to sell you an odd-smelling full-body sculpture of a woman, be very wary. Don't pay any more than market price.

WHAT'S THE PLAN?

Dial is into Southwestern art in a big way. Buy up all of his work and open a fancy gallery in Sedona to display it. That'll lure his big, juicy artistic ego. Also, Dial needs prescription medication for his heart condition. He's got to be getting it somewhere. Canvass all of the HMOs and pharmacies throughout the greater Southwest and you're bound to catch up with him sooner or later. Or you could get yourself a real job that pays more than $25,000 and leave the poor artist to his own bad self. But where's the fun in that? *–John Parrish*

*It is this kind of pun that makes us a more enjoyable magazine than, say, the types of magazines that don't have puns. Read our treatise/manifesto on puns in the next edition of *Fun with Puns Monthly*, whose parent company also publishes fine Amish lifestyle mags.

Do I want a free roll of film or double prints? I find both options appealing in different ways.

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ASK THE MAN WHO MAKES YOUR DRINK

The Lord Of the Bar

Problem? Then order a drink and wait in line for advice from the wisest bartender in four countries and six continents.

DEAR LORD,

There's this woman who frequents my local bar who I think is really hot. I've made it a point to go over and talk to her, but it never seems to go anywhere. She's very friendly, but I quickly run out of conversation. I guess she's shy. What can I do to bring her out a little?

–Ray C., Tulsa

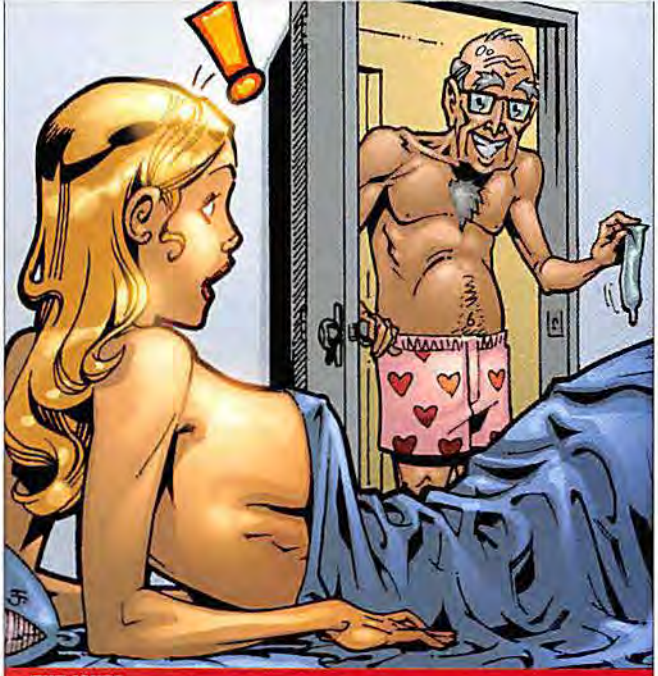
She is out. She's out drinking in Tulsa damn Oklahoma. How much more out do you want her? Out to Oklahoma City? You see, Ray, the two of you have something in common that you're not seeing–you're out, too. She gave you your shot to impress, and you *struck* out. What you think is shyness is her decision to be nice to you like she's nice to dogs and ducks in the park. When a woman likes you, she doesn't leave you guessing–especially after months of small talk. It's when she doesn't like you that you're left twisting slowly on your bar stool.

Got a question for the Lord? Ask it at **www.stuffmagazine.com.**

OUR BEST BOTTLES

SMIRNOFF VANILLA TWIST VODKA
When most people go to an ice cream parlor, they order stuff like blueberry swirl or cashew cream or furry-burry jelly or some crap like that. We like plain old vanilla. Yeah, we'll catch shit from wanna-bes who think everything in life has to be a fetish–but that's why we enjoy the new Smirnoff Vanilla Twist so much. We can proudly show off our counterculture preferences while indulging in a 70-proof vodka that sports a smooth, distinctive taste accented with the flavor of Madagascar vanilla extract. So the next time someone rolls his eyes at your vanilla tastes, tell him that his ice-cream vindaloo and his herbal drinks will only leave a bad aftertaste in his empty life. $17

Before he saved enough for the face-lift, he had to do it by hand



THE JOKES

Ha...

Morris, an 85-year-old man, marries a beautiful 25-year-old woman named Jane. Because Morris is so old, Jane is afraid he'll overexert himself having sex, so she decides that on their wedding night they should sleep in separate bedrooms. That night, Morris knocks on her door ready for action. They consummate the marriage, and Morris leaves. After a few minutes, there's Morris again. Jane is surprised, but they have sex again, after which he bids her good-night and leaves. Exhausted, she's getting ready for bed when he shows up again, still ready for more. After another session, the bride says to him, "I'm really impressed that a man your age has enough juice to do it three times. Most guys half your age are only good for one. You're a great lover." Morris looks confused and asks, "Was I here already?"

Ha!

A 40-year-old woman wants to get married but is only willing to marry a virgin. After years of searching, she takes out a personal ad. She ends up corresponding with a man who has lived his entire life alone in the Australian outback. They soon decide to get married. On their wedding night, she goes into the bathroom to prepare for their first time. When she returns, she finds him standing naked in the middle of the room with all the furniture piled in one corner. "What's going on in here?" she asks. "I've never been with a woman," he says, "but I'm gonna need all the room I can get if it's anything like screwing a kangaroo."

Send jokes. Win cash.

Are you a real cutup, or should you just *be* cut up? We'll decide your fate. Send your jokes to: Jokes, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or go to www.stuffmagazine.com. If we use your joke, you'll score $50.

THE PRANK: BEERS ON THE CEILING

THE PREGAME
Find a mark with a full pint of beer standing by a pool table. Bet him that you can get his glass of beer to stick to the ceiling without touching it. If he doesn't agree to this bet, kill him.

THE EXECUTION
Stand on top of a bar stool, and press the glass to the ceiling. Next, tell your mark that you need to go get your magic wand. Ask the sucker to hold the beer in place with a pool cue while you get it.

THE HAPPY ENDING
As soon as he has the glass firmly pressed against the ceiling, step down from the stool and declare that the glass is now stuck as promised. Extract your winnings from his wallet. If he tries to stop you, he'll get a beer bath. Most likely he'll be forced to stand under his glass for the duration of the evening, unless he can convince another patron to help him out. But, of course, no one will.

–Prank by Erik Buckman, www.gagbook.com

Check out our pranks on video at www.stuffmagazine.com.

Photography: (Bottle) Damien Donck. Illustrations: (Joke) Jason Johnson; (Prank) Gary Brandham.

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Bollé Slipstream ($90)[1]
Its wraparound lenses give you maximum peripheral protection without distorting your vision. The curve also makes the shades a great soup ladle in a pinch!

Mission m71 ($250)[2]
Unlike most speakers, the compact m71 has the woofer positioned above the tweeter. This distributes sound more efficiently and gives the woofer more self-confidence. Now it woofs without fear.

FIKI Football ($5)[3]
The genuine pebbled-leather FIKI football and plastic goalpost will let you flick like a pro all day long. A lonely, lonely pro.

Richard Gray's Power Company 400S ($750)[4]
Basically an energy reservoir, the 400S boosts the performance of whatever you plug into it. It makes TVs sharper, stereos sound clearer and hair-dryers shoot flames.

CyberBoy ($350)[5]
The CyberBoy plays MP3s, gets FM reception, has a built-in digital camera, functions as a PDA and even dances the Forbidden Dance. Sadly, it has little time for the kids.

ST50 Action Stick ($10)[6]
Saitek's new joystick (PC only) will let you finish *Conflict Zone* in style. Do people still play *Conflict Zone*?

Stanley Sport Utility Knife ($25)[7]
A three-inch stainless-steel locking blade and integrated box cutter make this knife perfect for the fix-it-yourself type or your garden-variety wackjob schizophrenic with a healthy fear of cardboard boxes.

Talkabout T5100 ($40 per unit)[8]
Motorola's newest generation of walkie-talkie has a two-mile range. Now you can stay in touch with a grandparent without having to deal with that old-person smell.

iRock 680 ($229)[9]
The iRock's karaoke function and 64MB of memory let you record yourself singing along with your MP3s. Please feel free to send the tapes to our boss at 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018.

Evolution Four Kickboard ($200)[10]
No waves? No snow-covered mountains? No problem. K2's birch-and-fiberglass kickboard lets you carve turns on nothing more than bare asphalt. Live on a backwoods dirt road? Tough luck.

Jeep TV Lantern ($100)[11]
With its five-inch TV screen, compass, sonic mosquito repeller, AM/FM weatherband radio and thermometer, this lantern comes with everything except a reason to live. For that, you need SPAM.

Orbit 3D Trackball ($40)[12]
Force-feedback technology makes the Orbit vibrate in your hand when you scroll over screen icons, quake with action when used with certain PC games and cry ever so softly when it feels betrayed.

7

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MOST WANTED

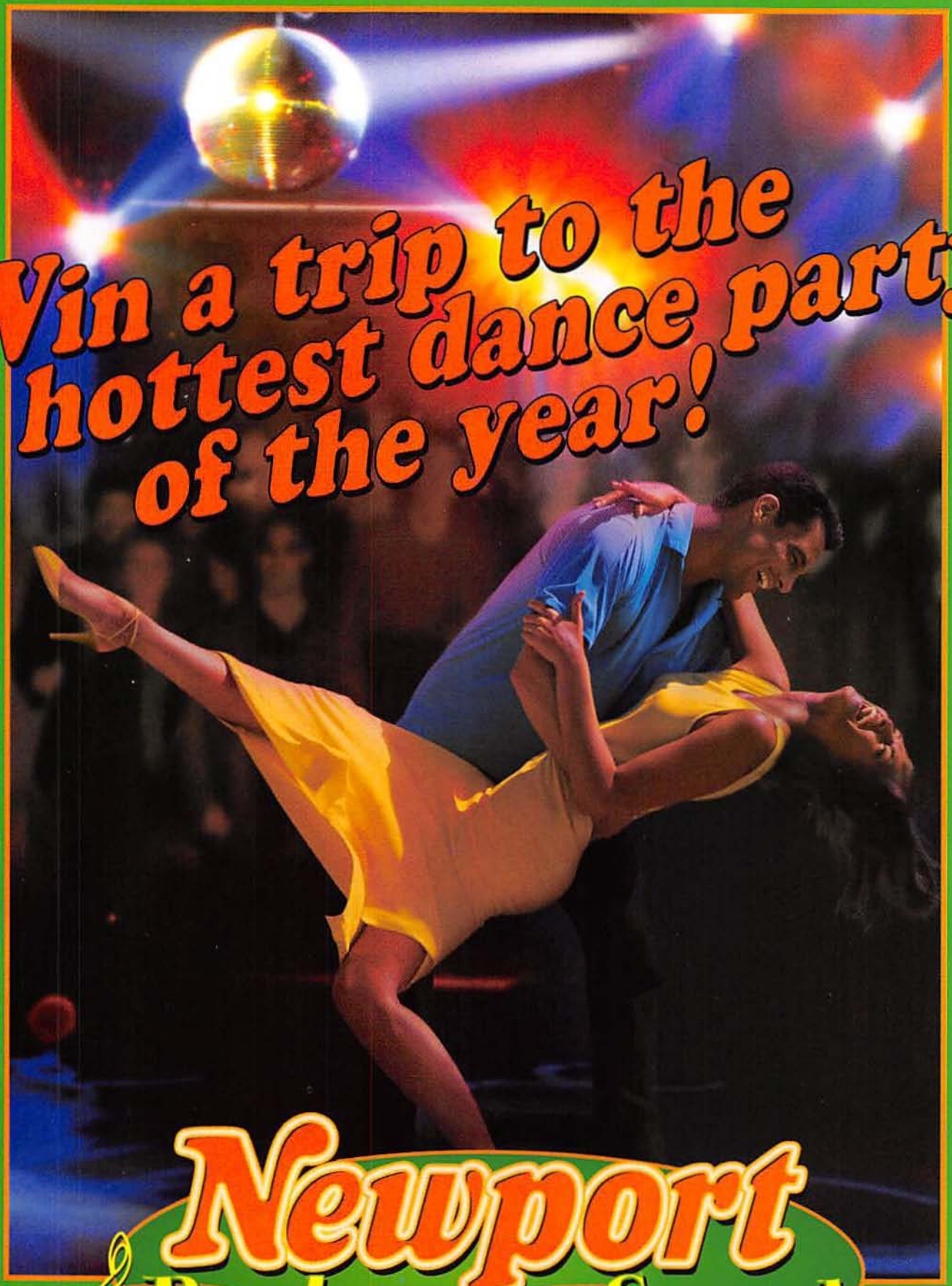
Whoever said that money couldn't buy happiness never saw this stuff.

BY SETH KELLY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERAN OFFLECK

10

11

12



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What is your usual cigarette brand? _____ ❑ Menthol ❑ Non-Menthol
❑ Full Flavor ❑ Lights ❑ Ultra ❑ Mild/Medium ❑ None

By entering this contest and signing below, I certify that I am a smoker 21 years of age or older. I am willing to receive cigarette coupons and other promotional offers in the mail, subject to applicable state and federal law.

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Today's Date _____ Your Birth Date (required) _____

NOT VALID WITHOUT SIGNATURE AND BIRTH DATE!

30402

50 sweepstakes winners and their guests/200 local dance contest winners and their guests. For details, prizes, odds of winning and Official Rules, call toll free 1-877-744-1234 by 11/15/01.

Hype!

STUFF TV SPECIAL

STRAP ON YOUR POP GOGGLES AND GO, GO, GO!

"Sorry about the warts, Ms. Romano."

TV's Forgotten Characters

In honor of the new fall lineup and the bit players it's sure to introduce, *Stuff* salutes TV's long-lost favorites. They may not have been stars, but hey, neither were we.

Why the beaming smile? He just soiled himself!

SCHNEIDER

One Day at a Time

He put the "super" in superintendent, making a show about a family of three whining women bearable. He was also easy to spot, since he was always wearing the same outfit.

AUNT ESTHER

Sanford and Son

Yeah, she was ugly and preachy. Who cares? Aunt Esther pestered junkman Fred Sanford to no end. Or at least until Redd Foxx died in 1991.

BILL MAXWELL

Greatest American Hero

While the titular hero got into scrapes, gruff FBI agent Maxwell was there to bail him out. *Titular* isn't as dirty as it sounds.

"Go to my room? You go to *your* room!"

"Doesn't *look* like a bathroom. Oh, well..."

SCHULTZ

Hogan's Heroes

Just like funnymen John Candy, Chris Farley and Paula Poundstone, Schultz used his weight problem to make us laugh. You know what? It worked! In the end, it killed actor John Banner, but for us it was well worth it.

BULL

Night Court

He taught us that it was OK to be slow-witted and bald. As opposed to Harry Anderson, who taught us that is was OK to hate Harry Anderson.

MR. GREEN JEANS

Captain Kangaroo

He was so hip, we always wished he were our grandpa. We constantly called up our real grandpa and reminded him of this, which may help explain that bout of depression in his final years.

TOMMY

Alice

The little scamp grew up before our very eyes. And despite the pressures and pitfalls of teendom, he never lashed out at Mom.

BEAR

B.J. and the Bear

Who would you rather spend an evening with, the Bear or his human counterpart, B.J.? Can you even *remember* B.J.? Our point exactly.

MURDOCK

The A-Team

He was crazy! Or *was* he? Sometimes, as Murdock proved, it pays to keep people guessing about your sanity. Now if you'll excuse us, we have to go kill our parents. Ha-ha, ha-ha! Just kidding. Or *are* we?

BAILEY

WKRP in Cincinnati

Forget Loni. This soft-spoken beauty was the true hottie. Her librarian-style outfits made her sexy as a librarian.

"Hi, kids! I'm dead now."

NAT

Beverly Hills, 90210

As owner of the Peach Pit, Nat gave his patrons the kind of down-home Hollywood advice their parents couldn't. Plus he was the only one who didn't appear to age 20 years in the space of five.

DOC

The Love Boat

He was witty and suave. But Doc was all business when he had to be. Like on business trips.

ARNOLD'S PAL

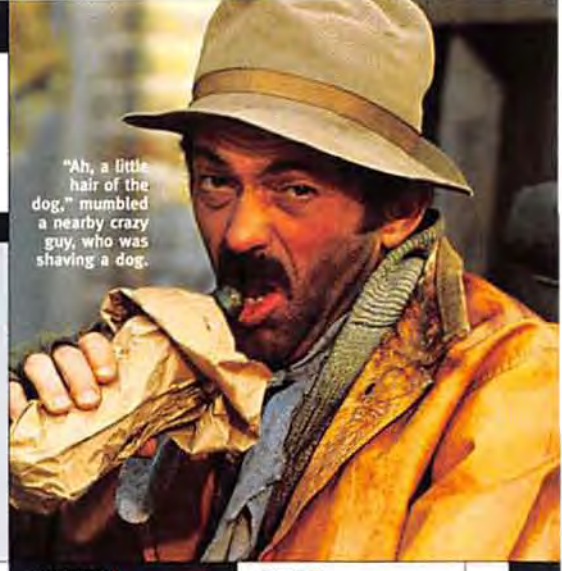
Diff'rent Strokes
Someone needed to teach Arnold that being little in body doesn't mean being little in spirit. This character didn't. But she tried, and that's what really counts.

STEVE

Married with Children
As neighbor Marcy's first husband, Steve made the plight of the wacky neighbor relatable to the common man.

ANIMAL

Hill Street Blues
He was rough around the edges, sure. But dammit, he got results. Not to be confused with Animal from *The Muppets*, who was just an asshole.



"Ah, a little hair of the dog," mumbled a nearby crazy guy, who was shaving a dog.

THE REPLACEMENT DUKE BROTHERS

Dukes of Hazzard
They had to work twice as hard for half the recognition. You can *have* the "real" Bo and Luke—we'll take these guys. Assuming they're not already swamped with work.

DIANA

V
The manipulative Diana slept around and didn't care who knew it. And she was sexy despite the fact that, underneath her sultry exterior, she was a big lizard. What a tongue!

MUSHMOUTH

Fat Albert
Bill Cosby voiced most of the gang, but Mushmouth was our favorite. He taught us that speech defects can be hilarious. Thanks, Bill Cosby!

ALBERT

Little House on the Prairie
He was a thief, a runaway and a morphine addict. Then little Albert really blew it and became a doctor.

GERI

The Facts of Life
She didn't have Blair's looks or Tootie's spunk or Mrs. Garrett's motor skills, and dang if we could ever understand a word she said. That's precisely why we loved her.

GLEEK

Superfriends
While the rest of the Superfriends were flying around attending luncheons, this little guy provided comic relief as only a blue monkey can. Which is to say, thoroughly and consistently.

EPSTEIN

Welcome Back Kotter
Our favorite Sweathog, Juan Luis Pedro Phillipo de Huevos Epstein, may not have a Hollywood comeback in the works...but at least he was eternally typecast after one mildly successful show.

CARMINE

Laverne & Shirley
When the Big Ragu first danced his way into our homes, we called the cops. Then we realized he was just an image on the TV, and we learned to love him.

GROSSMAN

CHiPS
Ponch and Jon made light of Grossman's weight problem—but who's got the weight problem now? Probably they all do. We're guessing, since we haven't seen any of them for a while.

TWIGGY

Buck Rogers
He had the robotic equivalent of a bowl cut, but plucky Twiggy always kept his chin up. He had no choice. He was a robot.

LARRY

Three's Company
This Regal Beagle regular proved that *anyone* can get laid. Or at least give the vague impression that he's getting laid.

AZRIEL

The Smurfs
Gargamel's pet cat never did catch a Smurf—but he kept at it. Try finding that moxie in today's TV kitties.

NICK

Family Ties
The dude was an idiot. But a likeable idiot. Why? We're not sure. It may have something to do with the fact that he bagged Mallory. Plus he was a refreshing change from Skippy, who still gives us the creeps.

You remember him as Nick. But today he's That Guy Who Used to Play Nick.

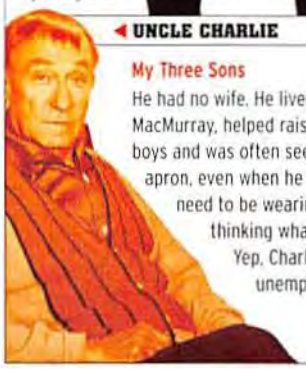
RICK

Magnum P.I.
He couldn't fly a chopper and was useless in a fight, but Rick still managed to run a club and look great doing it. Well, he looked better than Higgins, at any rate.

The invitation said "evening attire." He didn't get one, but he was ready just in case.

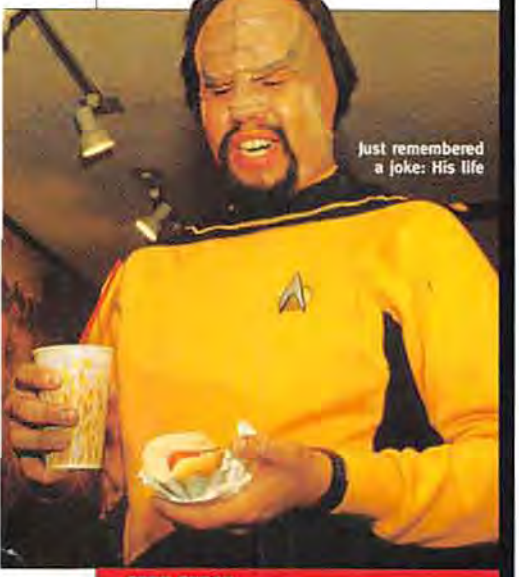
UNCLE CHARLIE

My Three Sons
He had no wife. He lived with Fred MacMurray, helped raise Fred's three boys and was often seen wearing an apron, even when he didn't really need to be wearing one. Are you thinking what we're thinking? Yep, Charlie was chronically unemployed.



CAROL

The Bob Newhart Show
The woman behind Edna Krabappel's voice on *The Simpsons* also just happened to be the sassiest darn secretary ever.



Just remembered a joke: His life

GEEK SPEAK

Klingon 101

"We know there's no such thing as Klingons," says Lawrence Schoen, Ph.D., founder and executive director of the Klingon Language Institute. "But creating a language from nothing is fascinating from a linguist's point of view." We found it fascinating, too. With the tenth *Star Trek* movie on the way next year, we figured a little Klingon refresher course was in order. Here are a few phrases that the average Trekkie might find useful. Clip and save!

Hello.
NuqneH.

We are Klingons!
tlhIngan maH!

I am so very lonely.
Heghlu'meH QaQ jajvam.

You have your own place? I live at home!
verghHom chIm? Yay vIchav!

Ah, me. Will I ever know the thrill of touching a woman?
naH vIneHbe' chab vItamlaH'a'?

Damn this back acne!
buy' ngop!

You are indeed a formidable foe.
ghol Doj SoHbej.

This uniform chafes my rubbery thighs.
mupchu' nIQ vIcharghqa'qu'ta'.

Tell me, what is it like to have a date?
nuqDaq 'oH puchpa''e'?

> To learn more, visit the Klingon Language Institute at www.kli.org. You have something better to do?

His name? Mr. Dan Rather. His job? Lots of blather. What he does in the tub? Likes to lather.

NEWSCASTERS GONE NUTS

"Back to You, Psycho"

Dan Rather's recent weirdness is nothing new–TV anchors have a rich tradition of odd behavior. Here's a sampling of the world's nuttiest journalists.

Maria Alvarez*

In April 2000, journalists had established a sort of tent city near the Miami home of Elian Gonzalez's American relatives. What with the close quarters and all, some of them got crabby. Like Maria Alvarez, a reporter for the *New York Post*. While two reporters interviewed a Democracy Movement leader for Miami's NBC 6, Alvarez leaned in to listen. "We asked her to leave," said Hank Tester, one of the interviewers. "She said, 'Fuck you–I'm getting the story,' or something like that." When the cameraman, Carlos Rigau, tried to get her to move, she allegedly stabbed him with her pen. Alvarez was charged with aggravated battery. Rigau still flinches every time a maniacal reporter lunges at him with a pen.

*Randy the Helpful Pineapple says: "Maria isn't a TV journalist–but her victim was. Sorta. That's close enough for us. Film at eleven!"

Dan Rather

At the 1968 Democratic Convention, an overzealous Dan Rather got into a tiff with burly security guards ("Take your hands off me unless you plan to arrest me!" an on-camera Rather screamed). And in 1987, when a U.S. Open tennis match threatened to cut into his news time, Rather walked off the set moments before the show went live. The result? Six minutes of a blank screen for 100 local affiliates and millions of CBS viewers. Even foreigners were concerned. *The Times* (London) asked, "Is Dan Rather, bishop of the nation's news business, losing his marbles?" He wasn't. They were in one of those little felt pouches the whole time.

VANISHIN' DAN

Rather stalks off set after CBS Evening News is delayed by televised tennis match

TV's Jessica Savitch killed in car crash

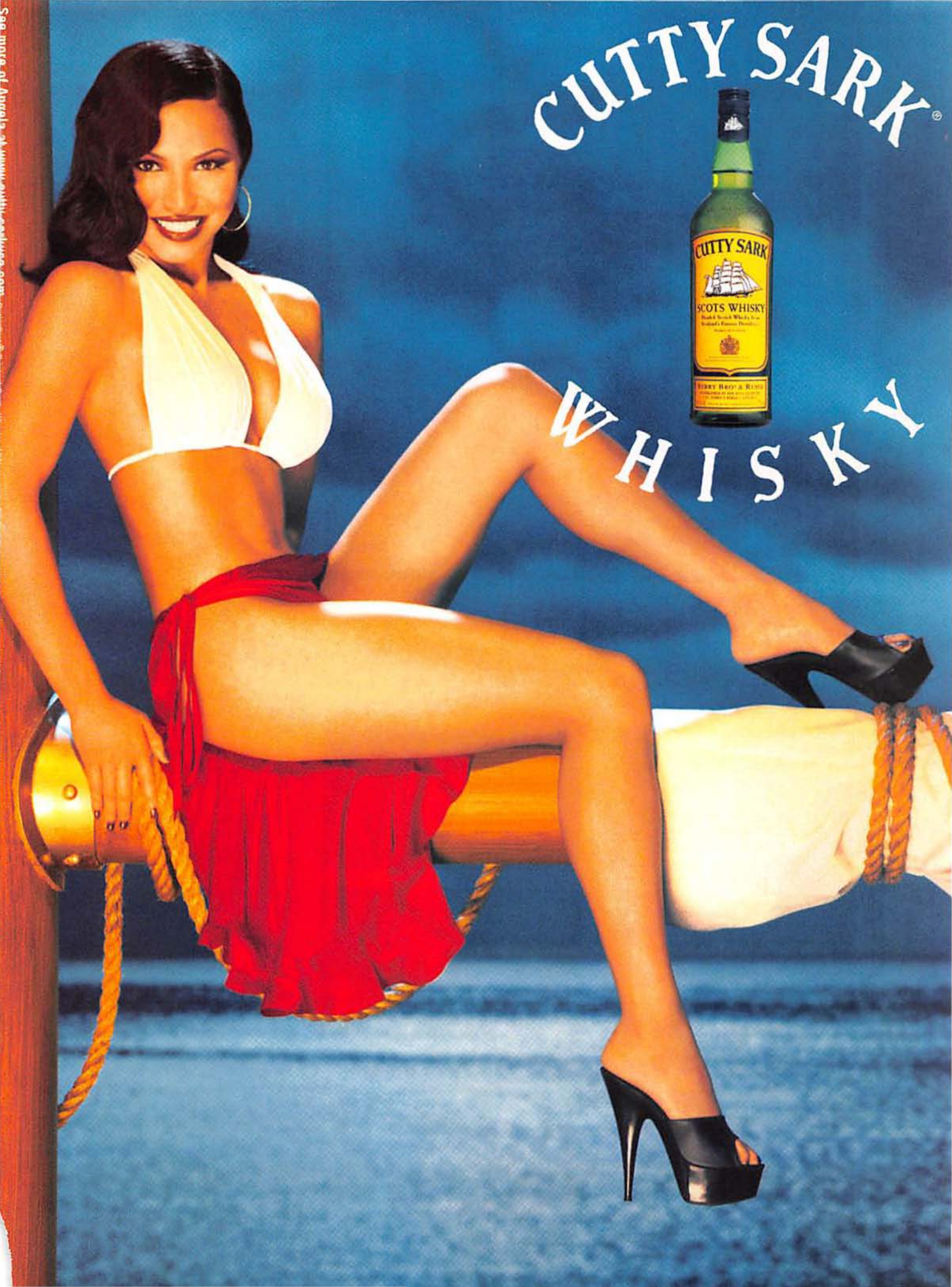
NEW YORK POST FINAL

Jessica Savitch

Jessica Savitch landed a job on the *NBC Nightly News* in 1977, where a crusty David Brinkley once called her "the dumbest woman I have ever met." But audiences loved her, and Savitch became a star. Too bad her off-camera life was hell: Her boyfriend gave her bruises that the pancake makeup couldn't hide, her second husband hanged himself with her dog's leash and Savitch soon became known for her cocaine binges, promiscuity and off-screen screaming matches. The final straw came during a 1983 *NBC News Digest* episode during which Savitch slurred her lines and butchered the word *constitutional*. One writer called it a portrait of "a lost soul disintegrating on live TV." Killed weeks later in a mysterious car accident, Savitch became the James Dean of network news anchors. In the sense that they were both dead.

Liz Habib

Liz Habib wanted a drink, dammit. Last November, the television anchor for Phoenix's KTVK-TV arrived at the Dos Gringos bar and demanded to be let in even though she didn't have proper ID. When the doorman balked, Habib walked right past him into the bar. The manager appeared and couldn't make her budge either. So the cops were called in. That's when Habib lost it. "Get your fucking hands off me!" she yelled. "I don't have to tell you anything. Fuck you! I am fucking leaving!" Also: "I am going to sue you all. You guys are *so* going down!" The party moved into the parking lot, where Habib was handcuffed. We believe the police report said it best: "The female subject had a strong odor of alcoholic beverage coming from her mouth." Indeed. From all of us here at *Stuff*...have a good night. –*Stephan Talty*



See more of Angela at www.cutty-sarkwear.com

STUFF SPECIAL REPORT

We all gotta go sometime, thought Steve as he lost consciousness. Steve was such a good sport.

NOT GUILTY!

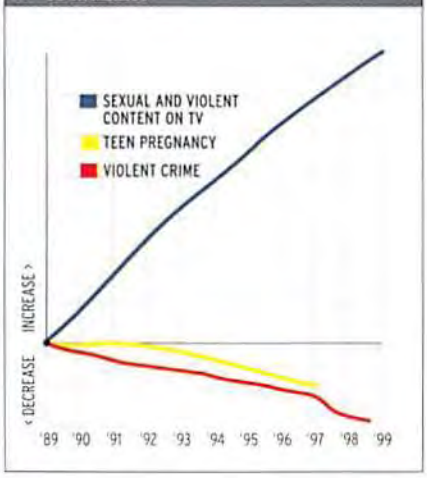
Why TV Is Good

Has television really desensitized us to sex and violence? Not if you look at the stats. And if you mention it again, we'll shoot you in the face.

We don't know about you, but we're sick of people blaming TV for everything from violence to teen pregnancy. Not that we condone reckless sex and violence. Far from it. But these things are growing less prevalent all the time. We like TV, dammit, and America has never been in better shape. Except maybe during the late '50s, when it was exercising daily and eating plenty of vegetables and whole grains. Anyway, things today are just fine—despite all the flesh and blood you see on-screen. Here are the facts.

Has seen Matthew Broderick's weenie

TV vs. REALITY



THE FACTS

Sexual content on television more than tripled from 1989 to 1999 on a per-hour basis. Likewise, sexual and violent material and coarse language combined nearly tripled during the same period. UPN's *WWF Smackdown!* alone was responsible for about 11 percent of the sex, cursing and violence on TV in 1999. Meanwhile, in real life...

- **Crime:** Murder rates nationwide fell off a cliff in the mid-'90s and dropped another 1.1 percent last year. Also last year, the FBI reports, burglary fell ten percent, auto theft dropped almost eight percent and larceny fell by about six percent.
- **Drugs:** Among high school seniors, use of stimulant drugs dropped from 22 percent in 1975 to 15 percent in the mid-'90s. Even cigarette smoking is down: In 1965, 42 percent of adult Americans smoked. Today it's just 25 percent.
- **Teen pregnancy:** The teen-pregnancy rate fell 19 percent from its all-time high in 1991 to 94.3 pregnancies per 1,000 women in 1997—the lowest level since the government began collecting this data.
- **School violence:** After Columbine in 1999, 70 percent of parents in one poll said they were "much more" or "somewhat more" concerned about their children's safety at school—but kids are more likely to be struck by lightning than to die violently at school.

WORTH WATCHING

Cute Things On TV

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Unplug Your Idol

The last time we saw such irreverent T-shirts, we were in a T-shirt shop

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

Butthole Surfers

WEIRD REVOLUTION *Hollywood*

★★★★★

Put *butthole* in your name and you're guaranteed a certain amount of fame. Just ask our uncle—Uncle Butthole. Still, the B-Holes (as we like to call 'em) lived in relative obscurity since forming in 1982, making weird art-metal records for a small audience. Then they had a Billboard hit—"Pepper" from 1996's *Electriclarryland*—and suddenly the entertaining/irritating noise terrorists, led by singer Gibby Haynes, were expected to write real songs. Today the B-Holes are back. Their metal/country/hip-hop collaboration with Kid Rock, "The Shame of Life," sounds like a perfect 2001 radio song. Except it's about squirrels...smoking crack. The rest of the album follows this blueprint perfectly—take an insanely catchy southern-rock/hip-hop ditty, add weird-ass lyrics and noises, and soon you'll find yourself cheerfully humming tunes about bombing Beirut and bipolar disorder. Unless you're more into whistling, in which case you'll probably just whistle the tunes. —*Kirk Miller*

ALIEN ANT FARM "SMOOTH CRIMINAL"

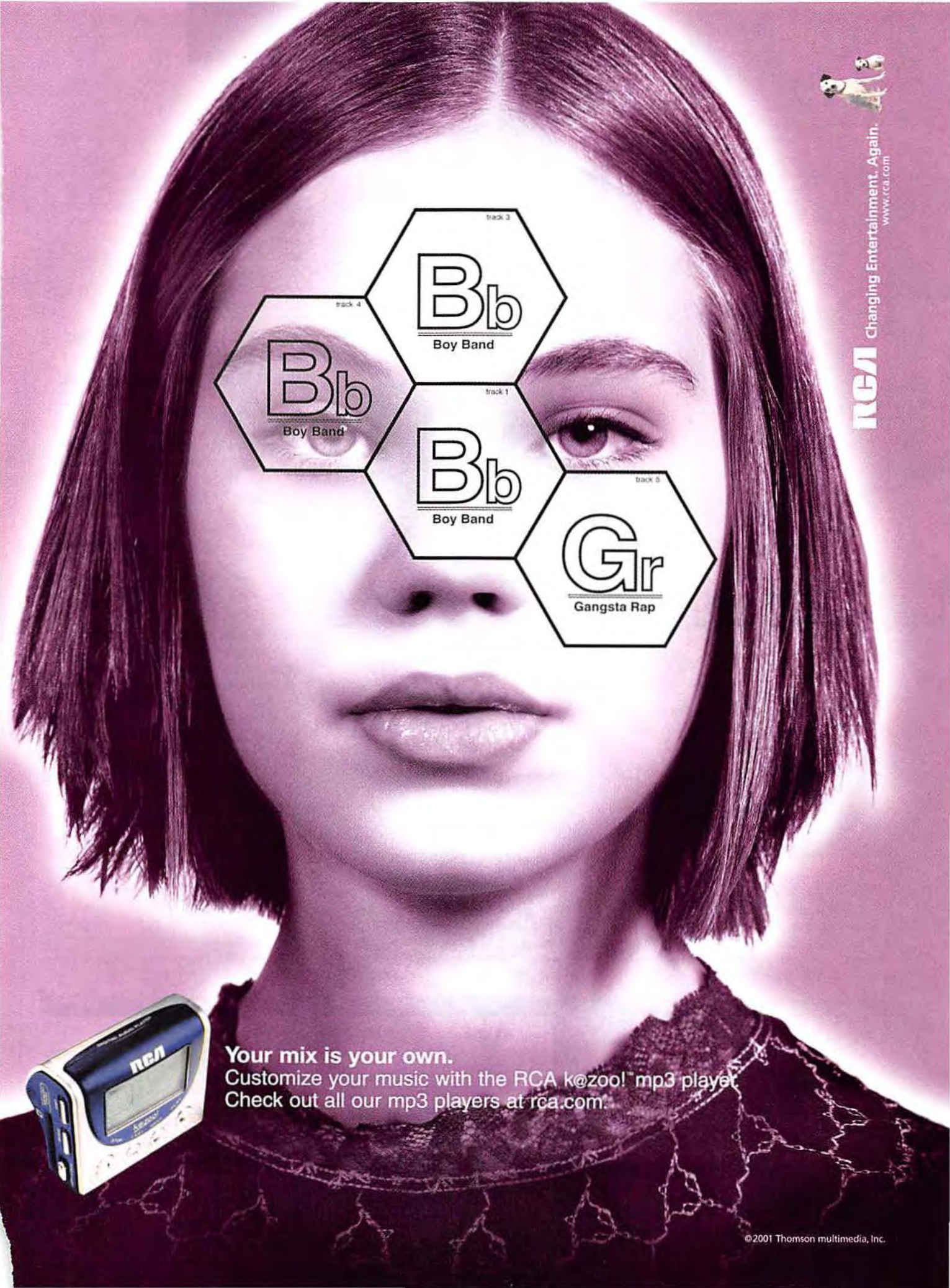
Criminal Intent

"We were just jamming it at a show, and it got some kind of response," says Alien Ant Farm's Dryden Mitchell of his group's punk-metal remake of the Michael Jackson song. "We're huge fans of Michael. It was the first concert I went to—the Victory tour with his brothers. I was 10. I cried like a little bitch in my parachute pants."

MUSIC TO YOUR EARS

			DID YOU KNOW?	WE SAY
	Björk VESPERTINE *Elektra* ★★★★	The Icelandic rocker returns with a mishmash of choirs, harps and skittering beats. We could just eat her up. But that would violate our parole.	The elfin singer once kicked the crap out of a photographer at an airport for taking photos of her kid. Too cute!	Magically creepy. The symphonic/electronica combo and dysfunctional lyrics make us want to twirl around like big, drunk ballerinas.
	RZA DIGITAL BULLET *Koch* ★★★★	A masterpiece of piano loops, sampled kung-fu-style noises and odd influences. ODB appears, too, as if to say, "Hey, I'm still relevant."	Wu-Tang Clan's musical guru, RZA, performs here under his nom de plume, Bobby Digital. "Nom de plume" is French for "really big feathered hat."	It's nice to see the old Wu-Tang sound coming back strong. Know what else is coming back strong? Herpes. For us, it was never really gone.
	Long Beach Dub Allstars WONDERS OF THE WORDS *Dreamworks* ★★★	The surviving members of Sublime return with a dub-rap take on their skanking past. The nonsurviving member just lies there.	A lead singer's death needn't end a career. Out of death came the Foo Fighters, Pearl Jam and New Order. Plus, cool commemorative plates and coins!	At their best, they are a trippy, hip-hop take on Bad Brains. At their worst, they're what we call "skaraoke." There are no winners in skaraoke.
	Orbital THE ALTOGETHER *FFrr/London* ★★★	On its latest CD, long-running electronica duo Orbital attempts to escape its cheesy synth past.	What do David Gray, Tool and the Cramps have in common? Nothin'. That's why they don't go camping together. But they all play a part on this album.	When they ditch the synths (as on the spooky "Tension"), it's as nasty and funky as soy milk. What do you expect? The stuff's made from beans!
	Slayer GOD HATES US ALL *American/Island/Deflam* ★★★	These thrash/speed-metal giants were once scary lords of darkness. Today their old-school metal seems almost quaint.	The group has collaborated with, or been sampled by, a number of rap icons, including the Beastie Boys, Ice-T and Public Enemy.	Full-on thrash fury with musical muscle to spare. And "God Hates Us All" is a timely reminder that God hates us all. Even babies? Yes. Especially babies.
	The Strokes IS THIS IT *RCA* ★★★	What's that buzz in your ear? It's the hype behind this NYC retro-rock band. Or maybe an ear infection that will leave you deaf. Time will tell.	A stroke occurs when a blood vessel bringing oxygen to the brain bursts or is clogged. The damaging effects can be permanent. Rock on!	We like the pounding bass on "Barely Legal," but the whole thing sounds muffled. Could be our 12-year-old speakers. It's difficult to say.
	Ben Folds ROCKIN' THE SUBURBS *Epic* ★★	The exact same mix of smart-ass lyrics and piano mayhem found on the Ben Folds Five CD that we have jammed under the leg of our wobbly kitchen table.	*Rockin'* mocks the pain of suburban kids. But our pain as kids was real. Our parents used to burn us with cigarette lighters. We deserved it.	Clever, yes. But do we really want an alt-rock answer to Billy Joel? Nope. What we really want are cars that run on apple juice. Traffic jams would smell great! *—K.M.*

Illustration: (Song story) Margaret Cusack


track 3
Bb
Boy Band
track 4
Bb
Boy Band
track 1
Bb
Boy Band
track 5
Gr
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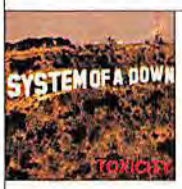
The others writhed in pain, but Bald Guy ignored them. From up there, he could see clear into the kitchen.

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says: "Greenpeace warns that vinyl products can harm children. Be sure to serve vinyl only as an occasional treat. Thanks, Greenpeace!"

Q&A

System of a Down

We'll forgive System of a Down for being all political. Why? Because we're generous bastards. And because they're so damn good.



If you put a gun to our head and made us listen to one more rap/rock/nu-metal/Bizkit-style excuse for a CD, we'd ask for System of a Down. Why? You've got a gun to our head, for starters. That's scary. But, get this—System is good. And by good, we mean great. The L.A.-based foursome's *Toxicity*, only their second album ever, is easily one of the best hard-rock releases of the year, sporting everything from creepy suicide ballads ("Chop Suey") to funny thrash tunes (the groupie rant "Psycho"). But don't take our word for their greatness. Take theirs. We asked lead singer Serj Tankian to explain his System.

THEY'RE NOT POLITICS AS USUAL

Rage Against the Machine was cool, but its excessive preaching and lack of humor made it suck. Serj does have his moments—he helpfully forwarded us an 18-point political missive urging an end to capital punishment, a complete ban on handguns and the end of the military. But he's not a freak about it. This is, after all, a guy who can write songs about the drug war and the joys of pogo sticks on the same CD. He stresses that his is not a political band. "I'm the political one," he explains. In fact, he's amused by some of his group's attempts at rhetoric, especially guitarist Daron Malakian's pro-Charles Manson/pro-environment rant "Atwa." "It's not really my song," he says. "If I were to write it myself, it would be called something more like 'Greenpeace.'"

"One time, a fan gave me a piss jar to sign. I thought it was great, because it was original."

THEY THINK NU-METAL SUCKS

While he won't rag on Fred Durst and Co. per se, Serj is sick of his angry-young-white-boy compatriots, comparing them with the bad disco and hair-metal bands of days past. "I generally don't listen to heavy music," says Serj, "because there are very few bands that can make you feel something and not just repeat the Korn riffs that were created years ago...that were created before them by Sepultura... which were created before them by Slayer." And so on and so forth.

THEY'RE MAD STUPID...IN A GOOD WAY

They cover Berlin songs. Serj has a tendency to giggle during conversation. (Especially when you tickle him just behind his ears!) And System's best song ("Psycho") is an ode to groupies...sort of. "They're not *all* cokeheads," Serj says. "We're just making fun. I find it ridiculous. One time, a fan gave me a piss jar to sign. I thought that was great, because it was original."

THEY THINK FOREIGN CURRENCY IS NEAT

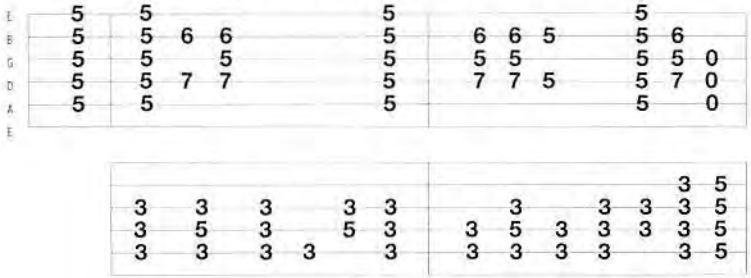
"Poland, 1997...shit, that sounds like the beginning of a war story, doesn't it? Our album wasn't out yet, and we wound up playing between Slayer and a local death-metal band that everybody loved...and here we were, these goofy guys with their mock metal. The crowd went nuts. They were throwing coins, bagels, you name it. The coins hurt, but they were cool. I kept a few of them." —*Kirk Miller*

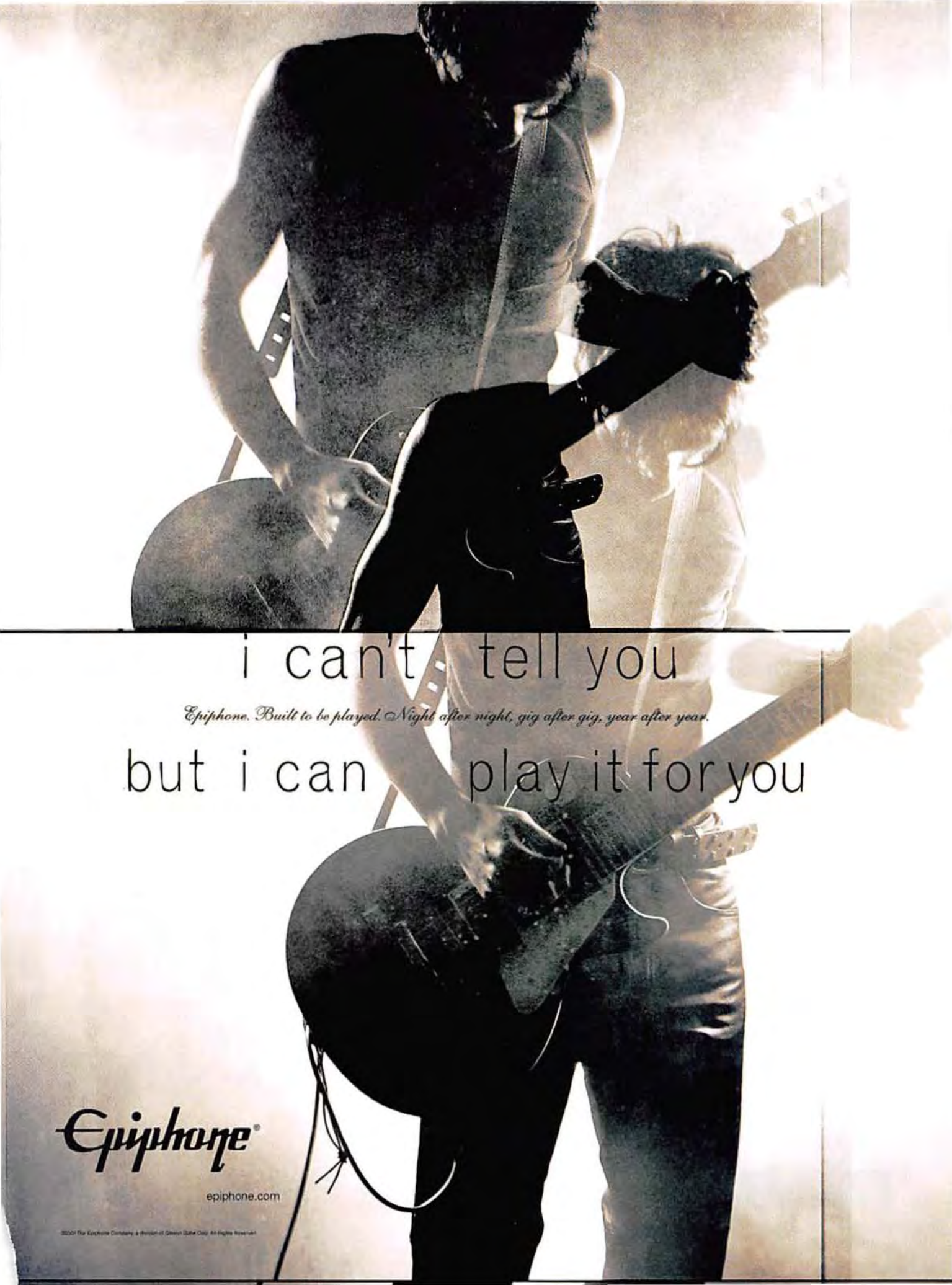
HOOK OF THE MONTH

"Start Me Up"

The Rolling Stones defined catchiness 20 years ago with this opening riff. Today, many of the band members continue to live.

Each horizontal line represents a string, and each number represents a fret.

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They weren't the best to look at, but boy could they stare

FAMILY TREE

Stereolab

For a long time, we thought Stereolab was some sort of fun hybrid breed of dog that also plays music. At least that's what we dreamed one night after drinking a big bottle of soy sauce. But it's not. Stereolab is a band. Not only that, it was the prototype for psychedelic art rock—and after 10 years and eight albums, it's still going strong. It specializes in crafting dreamy, ambient themes (usually sung in French) for imaginary 1960s swinger films, using space-age instruments and combining them with delicate and sensual vocal harmonies, care of its lead singer, Laetitia Sadier. Its latest album, *Sound-Dust*, sees Stereolab follow this familiar course while veering slightly into a more adult-contemporary style for chin-stroking post-rockers. It's the perfect soundtrack for the next time you hold an art opening for those miniature macaroni villages you worked so hard on all summer. Now go discover the wonderful world of Stereolab.
—Daniel Shumate

"Damn, Mom's going to be home any minute, and the toaster is in pieces!"

LOUNGE CORE

SERGE GAINSBOURG
INITIALS B.B.
(Philips) 1968
Gainsbourg championed breezy lounge pop with steamy love songs like "Je T'Aime...Moi Non Plus" (translation: "Here I am. Rock you like a hurricane"). Stereolab does something similar. Very similar indeed.

HENRY MANCINI
THE BEST OF MANCINI
(RCA) 1987
Stereolab borrows Mancini's penchant for creating delicate compositions (he scored *The Pink Panther*). Later, Mancini can't find his penchant and gets all cross. Then he remembers Stereolab has it, and he laughs.

ESQUIVEL!
SPACE-AGE BACHELOR PAD MUSIC
(Bar/None) 1994
Esquivel created lush easy-listening for swingers. Stereolab dons leisure suits and follows. You don't often hear the word *dons*. Probably because of your hearing loss.

'60S REVIVAL

DIONNE WARWICK
THE SENSITIVE SOUND OF DIONNE WARWICK
(Scepter) 1965
Warwick got production help from Burt Bacharach and Hal David. *Sound-Dust* uses Tortoise's John McEntire and composer Jim O'Rourke. Plus, both CDs are round.

THE MAMAS AND THE PAPAS
IF YOU CAN BELIEVE YOUR EYES AND EARS
(MCA) 1966
"California Dreamin'" was a staple of the Vietnam era. Stereolab's subversive lyrics are straight out of the '60s. Just like Bush's Cabinet. Political humor *rules*!

THE VELVET UNDERGROUND
THE VELVET UNDERGROUND & NICO
(Verve) 1967
VU's debut was dreamy pop meets garage rock. Stereolab updates its eerie sound on "Les Bon Bons Des Raisons." We're not sure what it means. Our Latin is rusty.

HOP ON POP

TORTOISE
MILLIONS NOW LIVING WILL NEVER DIE
(Thrill Jockey) 1996
Tortoise drummer John McEntire brings his flair for delicate percussion to *Sound-Dust*. Wouldn't it be awesome if Tortoise toured with a band named Hare? No? OK.

JIM O'ROURKE
EUREKA
(Drag City) 1999
On Eureka, O'Rourke leaves his ambient, sonic tinkering for pop. O'Rourke remodels Stereolab's sound with subtle jazz. How subtle? Fairly subtle. Like, a six or seven on a subtlety scale of one to ten.

WEIRD ARTSY STUFF

KRAFTWERK
TRANS-EUROPE EXPRESS
(Capitol) 1977
Kraftwerk's robot pop paved the way for new wave, hip-hop and techno. Bits of its synthesized bleeps and beats are heard on *Sound-Dust*, say hard-core Kraftwerk fans—both of whom are named Jürgen.

SILVER APPLES
SILVER APPLES
(MCA) 1997
Using a homemade synthesizer, this duo created psychedelia filled with buzzing noises, drones and sporadic rhythms—much like Stereolab's "Spacemoth." And Grandpa when he takes too many pills.

NEU!
NEU!
(Astralwerks) 2001
In the '70s Neu! created mesmerizing minimal music—much like Stereolab, which is also credited with influencing electronica, punk and post-rock. If you stayed to see the credits, you'd know that.

THE OTHERS

NERDY COLLEGE RADIO DJs
Despite saying things like, "Dude, I just scored a seven-inch of Emergency Broadcast System test sounds on eBay, and I only paid 200 bucks for it," you've gotta give them some credit. Stereolab would be nowhere without airwave exposure from these dateless undergrads.

WOOL SWEATERS
We're talking drab, moth-eaten sweaters that are found in thrift stores and worn by aloof art students—like Stereolab. If you're as disgusted with moths as we are, join Greenpeace's campaign to eradicate them. Visit www.greenpeace.org/mothdeath to learn how you can help.

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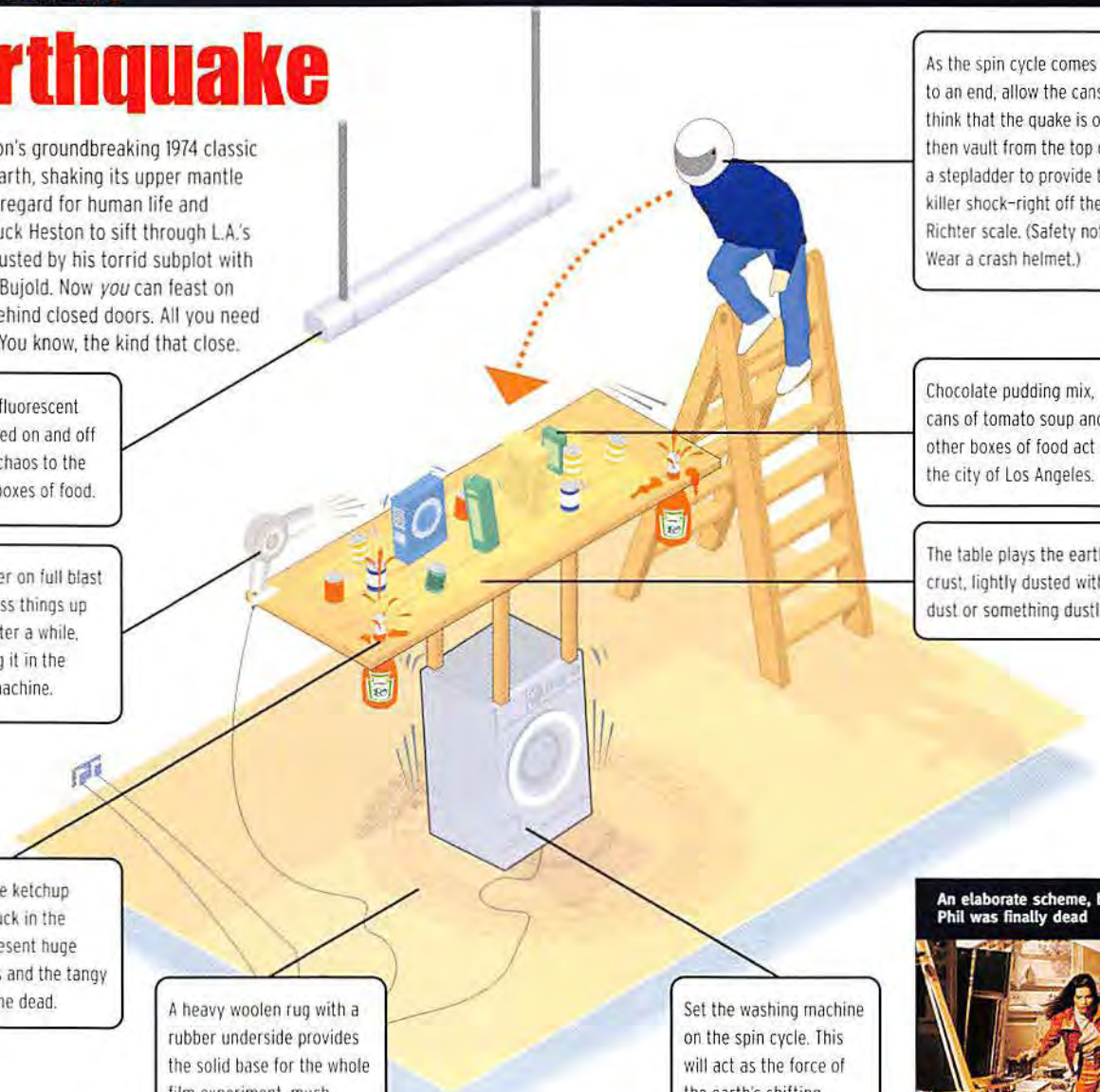
Earthquake

Mark Robson's groundbreaking 1974 classic stars the earth, shaking its upper mantle with scant regard for human life and leaving Chuck Heston to sift through L.A.'s ruins, exhausted by his torrid subplot with Geneviève Bujold. Now *you* can feast on disaster–behind closed doors. All you need are doors. You know, the kind that close.



Overhead fluorescent lights flicked on and off will bring chaos to the cans and boxes of food.

A hair-dryer on full blast should mess things up further. After a while, try dipping it in the washing machine.

Squeezable ketchup bottles stuck in the table represent huge explosions and the tangy blood of the dead.

A heavy woolen rug with a rubber underside provides the solid base for the whole film experiment, much like the core of the earth supporting its shifting crust.

Set the washing machine on the spin cycle. This will act as the force of the earth's shifting tectonic plates rubbing against one another.

As the spin cycle comes to an end, allow the cans to think that the quake is over, then vault from the top of a stepladder to provide the killer shock–right off the Richter scale. (Safety note: Wear a crash helmet.)

Chocolate pudding mix, cans of tomato soup and other boxes of food act as the city of Los Angeles.

The table plays the earth's crust, lightly dusted with dust or something dustlike.

An elaborate scheme, but Phil was finally dead

Created in conjunction with our pals at *HOTDOG*, the movie magazine (www.hotdogmagazine.com).

Rape in Prison

It Happens in Every Movie

Due no doubt to some hilarious mix-up, a slim, clean-cut male character is thrown into a jail cell occupied by a buff, tattooed behemoth who is starved for affection. At first, the behemoth is coy. He watches the new guy, then bashfully looks away. He compliments the new guy's pants. Eventually, he makes his move. What happens next cannot be recounted in a family magazine like *Stuff*. Except for the part where the little guy gets raped.

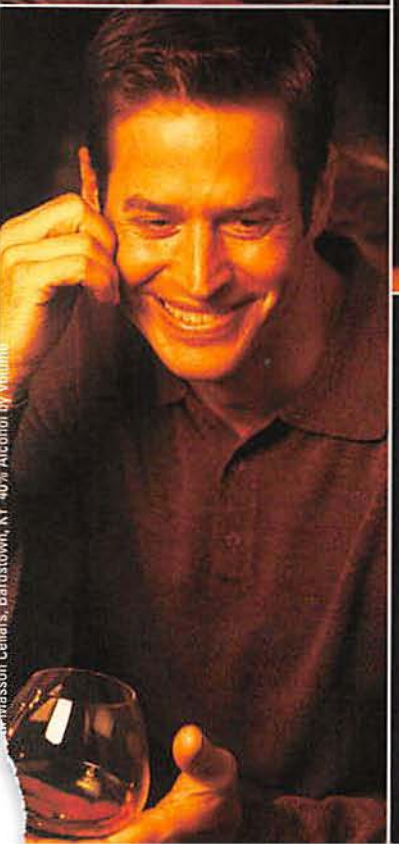
Ben wanted to sleep, but Scott had to catch *Frasier*

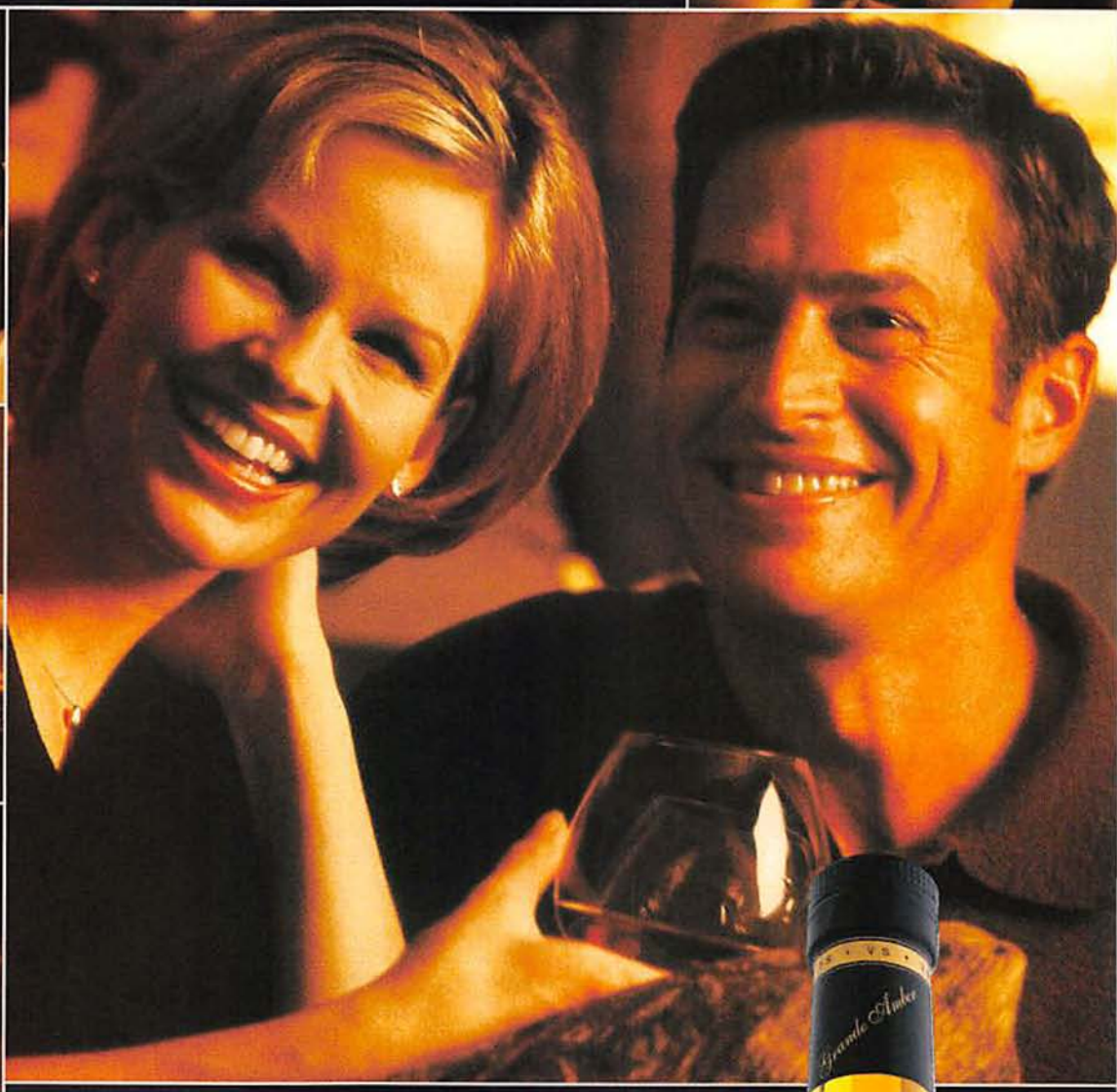
The Reality

Prison rape *does* happen–but less often than you might think. One in five male inmates will be forced into sexual contact, according to a study by the *Prison Journal*. What makes you a likely candidate for rape? Being young, unassertive, white and on the feminine side (small stature, long hair, a fondness for cranberry juice). First-time offenders and child molesters are also more apt to be singled out. The four out of five inmates who don't get raped? They didn't see nothin'.

Illustration: (Earthquake) Jason Pickersgill; Words: James Brown and Jon Link

Paul Masson Brandy.
Good friends. Smooth times.





PAUL MASSON

Grande Amber

BRANDY

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©Paul Masson Vineyards, Gonzales, California 40% Alcohol by Volume

"No, Godfather, the poodle's not dead yet. Try leaning back."

DVD OF THE MONTH

The Godfather DVD Collection

The DVD release of *The Godfather* trilogy might just be the most important event ever. More important than the discovery of penicillin–and certainly more important than those DVDs of the Month that we featured last issue, whatever those were. We can't stress this enough, guys: *The Godfather* is the godfather of mafia movies! And this special collection contains all three titles, following the bloody machinations of the Corleone family of mobsters and featuring Marlon Brando, Al Pacino, Robert De Niro, Robert Duvall and James Caan. It also includes screen tests, rehearsals, commentary from Francis Ford Coppola and Academy Award acceptance speeches. We bought two sets so we wouldn't have to lug the things up and down the stairs.

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says: "All other magazines that review *The Godfather* will use the phrase 'an offer you can't refuse.' We guarantee it!"

ANOTHER DVD OF THE MONTH

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World

When a dying thief reveals the hiding place of stolen money to a group of famous comedians, a race to get the booty begins. (Remember, this was back in 1963, when booty meant cash.) Needless to say, what follows is a hilarious, madcap romp that's fun for kids aged six to 60. Following a talented ensemble cast that your Gen-X ass has probably never heard of–including Carl Reiner, Jerry Lewis, Buddy Hackett, Ethel Merman, Jonathan Winters and the unforgettable Dick Shawn–you'll be chin-deep in almost three hours of thick comedic slop. DVD extras include outtakes and a documentary featuring interviews with cast members Milton Berle, Sid Caesar and Mickey Rooney. We didn't even bother to watch them! How's that for honesty, you bastards?!

In the past, this was considered funny

FLICK PICKS

		THE PITCH	PIRATE SAYS
	Waking Up In Reno SEPTEMBER 21 **CHARLIZE THERON, BILLY BOB THORNTON, PATRICK SWAYZE, NATASHA RICHARDSON** DIR: JORDAN BRADY	Two redneck couples hit the road for a monster-truck rally and have a swinging good time. The title is a reference to the Nevada town, not the former attorney general. Yeah, we were disappointed, too.	Billy Bob Thornton *and* Patrick Swayze? Nar, nar...I'd rather walk the plank. This flick be the cinematic equivalent of scurvy–but a fair sight more painful. Har-har-har! Har.
	Hearts in Atlantis SEPTEMBER 28 **ANTHONY HOPKINS, ANTON YELCHIN, DAVID MORSE** DIR: SCOTT HICKS	In 1960s Connecticut, a bullied boy (Yelchin) gets chummy with an unstable boardinghouse tenant (Hopkins) who is convinced that men in yellow coats are chasing him. He's crazy, of course. The coats are more of a golden color.	If there be anything more chilling than a yarn by Stephen King, I've yet to see it. Well, there was that one time in the South Seas, when I spied four stout men with a greased boar. Yar.
	Zoolander SEPTEMBER 28 **BEN STILLER, MILLA JOVOVICH, WILL FERRELL, OWEN WILSON, ANDY DICK** DIR: BEN STILLER	A male model (Stiller) is brainwashed into killing the president of Malaysia, while losing his top-model status to a hot blond competitor (Wilson). Fabio (Fabio) and David Bowie (David Bowie) appear as themselves.	Another Ben Stiller comedy? Laughs ahoy, matey! I haven't howled this loud since me pet parrot died last year. Yar, he was me best friend, fair and true.
	Collateral Damage OCTOBER 5 **ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER, JOHN LEGUIZAMO, JOHN TURTURRO, FRANCESCA NERI** DIR: ANDREW DAVIS	When Colombian terrorists blow up Arnold's family, he's out for revenge. When he gets it, he returns home, yet still feels empty inside. So he takes up photography. Terrorists blow up his favorite photo and Arnold is absolutely delighted.	There be nothing sunken about Arnold's hunky chest! Arr, forgive me. I've spent many lonely weeks at sea with nary a woman in sight. Arr, arr.
	Joy Ride OCTOBER 5 **LEELEE SOBIESKI, STEVE ZAHN, PAUL WALKER** DIR: JOHN DAHL	A college boy (Walker) and his brother (Zahn) ride cross-country to pick up a hottie (Sobieski). When they taunt a trucker, he goes all psycho. This plot is so old that it ought to be put in a home and forgotten. Which reminds us: Call Mom.	If it's a road horror movie ye be cravin', then rent *The Hitcher*. That flick will shiver yer timbers! This one? Not so much, matey. Not so much.
	Storytelling OCTOBER 12 **SELMA BLAIR, JOHN GOODMAN, FRANKA POTENTE, PAUL GIAMATTI** DIR: TODD SOLONDZ	Two disturbing tales unfold: A sexually experimental college student (Blair) goes for her writing professor after being dumped by her palsied boyfriend, and a documentarian (Giamatti) chronicles a dysfunctional family led by Goodman.	Once again, the director of *Happiness* spins brutally honest tales of America, peeling back the skin of middle-class suburbia to reveal the rotten pulp. Ummm... Arr, matey!

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COMING SOON, IN A COSMIC SENSE

2003 Movie Preview!

It's too early to pick the hottest flicks of the year after next. But why should that stop us?

Ghost Rider

RELEASE DATE: SPRING 2003 (COULD BE LATE 2002 OR SUMMER 2003)
CAST: Nicolas Cage, Jon Voigt
DIRECTOR: Stephen Norrington
PLOT: Comic-book character makes the leap to the big screen, probably tangling with villains in the process. Unless he *is* the villain.
OFFICIAL WEB SITE: Not up yet

The Hulk

RELEASE DATE: SUMMER 2003
CAST: No one has committed to costarring with the Hulk, who will be a real human enhanced by CGI.
DIRECTOR: Ang Lee
PLOT: The misunderstood comic-book creature (played on TV by Lou Ferrigno) also leaps to the big screen.
OFFICIAL WEB SITE: In its fetal stages

"Hulk smash!...Aw, Hulk sorry. Been rough day."

Finding Nemo

RELEASE DATE: SUMMER 2003
CAST: The voices of several actors and/or actresses
DIRECTOR: Andrew Stanton
PLOT: Nemo is a boy fish who goes missing. His dad sets out to find him. This is something you might want to take your niece or nephew to see.
OFFICIAL WEB SITE: None yet

The Matrix Reloaded

RELEASE DATE: POSSIBLY SUMMER 2003
CAST: Keanu Reeves (Neo), Carrie-Anne Moss (Trinity), Laurence Fishburne (Morpheus), Hugo Weaving (Agent Smith), Jada Pinkett-Smith (Niobi), Aaliyah (Zee)
DIRECTORS: Andy and Larry Wachowski
PLOT: Nothing has been announced.
OFFICIAL WEB SITE: Nothing yet

So much for you, guy he's shooting

Rendezvous with Rama

RELEASE DATE: OCTOBER 2003
CAST: Morgan Freeman and many others
DIRECTOR: David Fincher
PLOT: A huge alien spaceship is headed for the sun. Freeman leads a team to check it out and discovers something. Based on a book.
OFFICIAL WEB SITE: www.rendezvouswithrama.com

Untitled Brad Bird Project

RELEASE DATE: INITIALLY PLANNED FOR NOVEMBER 2003
CAST: Unknown
DIRECTOR: Brad Bird
PLOT: It's either about a family of superheroes or a private detective in a futuristic city. Bird directed *The Iron Giant*, which helps explain the photo at left.
OFFICIAL WEB SITE: None

This is Brad Bird. Take our word for it.

Sweating Bullets

RELEASE DATE: INITIALLY PLANNED FOR FALL 2003
CAST: Voices of Judi Dench, Cuba Gooding Jr., Sarah Jessica Parker, maybe Randy Quaid and others
DIRECTORS: Will Finn and John Sanford
PLOT: A herd of animated cows rallies to save its ranch.
OFFICIAL WEB SITE: Not yet up

Zorro Unmasked

RELEASE DATE: 2003
CAST: Antonio Banderas and maybe Catherine Zeta-Jones
DIRECTOR: Martin Campbell
PLOT: This sequel to 1998's *The Mask of Zorro* will somehow follow Zorro in a new adventure or setting.
OFFICIAL WEB SITE: www.sony.com/movies/zorro

Underneath: Melanie Griffith's panties

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"Can't see a damn thing without my contacts....Uhhh, you probably all deserve to die."

GAME OF THE MONTH

Max Payne *(PC)*

For us, a bad day means getting to work late, spilling coffee on our pants, then discovering that our family has been murdered and that we've been framed for killing a cop—*and* a bunch of drugged-up psychopaths are out to get us. For Max Payne, on the other hand, a bad day means...well, actually it's much the same. Only difference is, Max never worries about coffee stains. He always removes his pants before drinking.

So take a break from your own screwed-up life and take a crack at Max Payne's. *Max* is *The Matrix*, but without Keanu Reeves. *Max* is blood, drugs, voodoo and slow-motion splatterfests. *Max* is exploding heads, red-flowering torsos and machine-gun rhapsodies. Beginning to get the picture? (If not, see picture above.)

As you work your way through New York City as Max, you'll encounter scores of armed-to-the-teeth bad guys. Each seedy location sees them popping out from behind doors, running at you through rooms or sniping at you from balconies. Against these overwhelming odds, you've got two advantages that most action-adventure characters don't have. First, awesome dodging abilities: Hit a direction and the DODGE key and you'll perform acrobatic moves that would make Kerri Strug vomit in admiration. Dodge around a corner and everything goes into slow-mo. While diving, shotgun the guy down the corridor. Then, before you land, twist back around and cap the guy behind you. Second, if you're really outnumbered and outgunned, you can hit another key to use some "bullet time"—you go into superslow motion as you wriggle around bullets in much the same way that JFK didn't. Each bad guy you kill earns you about a second's worth of bullet time. Save it for those moments when 30 guys with Uzis decide to pump you full of lead. Or worse, shoot you with their Uzis.

Max isn't all about dodging bullets, though. It's about crackerjack cinematic visuals, a badass New York–noir plot, wicked environments and comic-book fun. And that's something that everyone can appreciate. Except for our roommate, Gary, who appreciates nothing. Not even those notes we hide in his lunch bag. If he notices them, he sure does a damn good job of hiding it. —*Simon Munk*

Sure, it hurt—but in a good way

THE PLAY LIST

Ico *(PS2)*
The graphics are graphic, the puzzles puzzling and the atmosphere atmospheric. The premise: Your horned character finds himself dumped in a big scary castle, and you need to help him and a mysterious glowing princess escape. Our advice? For a *real* escape, try a long weekend in Montreal–it's like France, but closer!

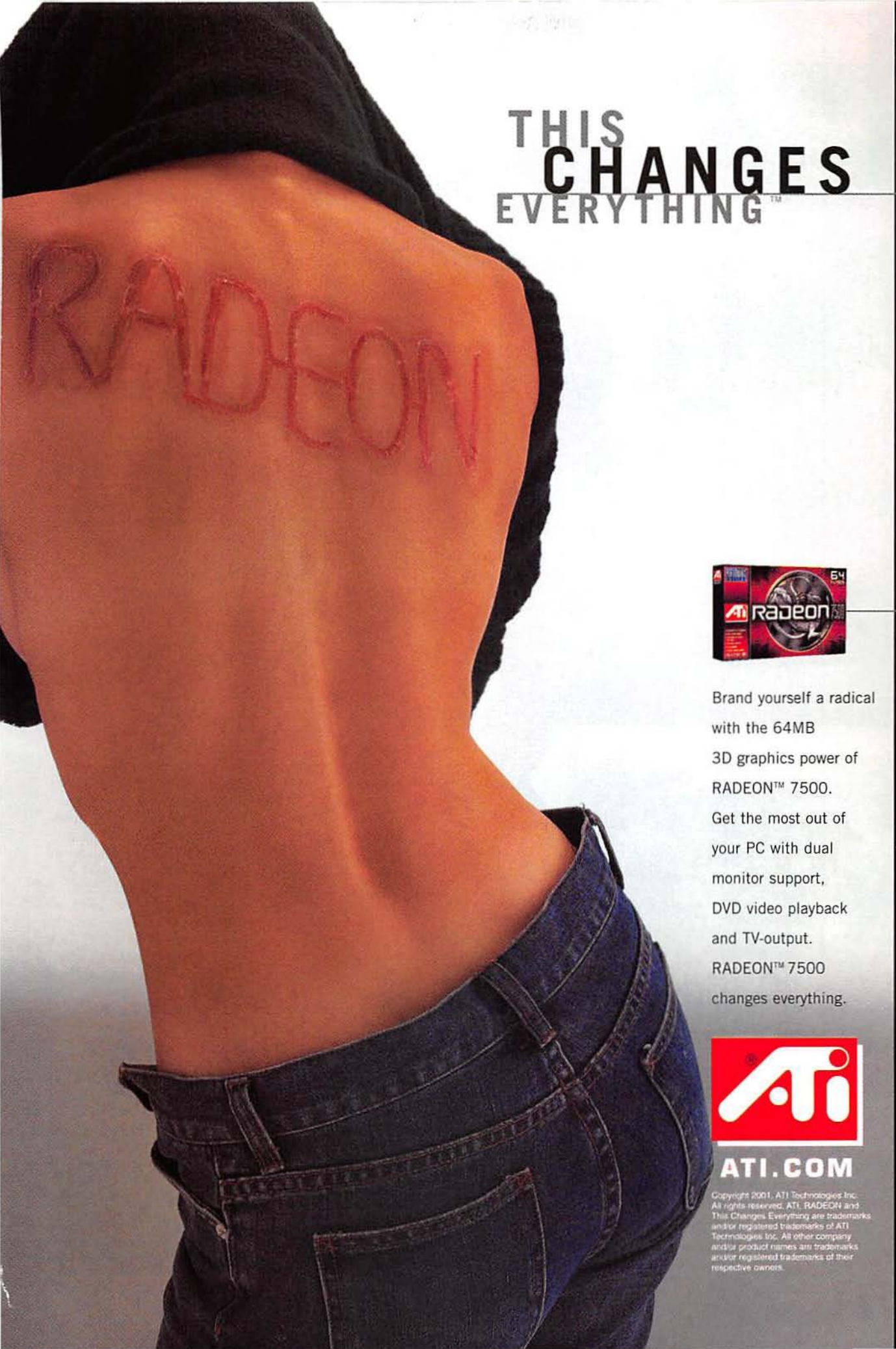
Propeller Arena
(Dreamcast)
This air-combat multiplayer game lets you pull tight loops, weave between buildings and shoot the crap out of your pals. Play over the Internet and taunt opponents using a Dreamcast mic. Or play on one system and serve them snacks. We suggest individual fruit tarts. They really aren't that hard to make.

ESPN X Games Skateboarding *(PS2)*
X Games lets you choose between hitting the ramps and hitting the streets as you grind rails, zip through traffic and jump hedges. Just like real life, except that in real life your paralyzing fear of hedges keeps you from ever leaving the house. Which may explain your obsession with video games.

Floigan Brothers
(Dreamcast)
You're lil' Hoigle Floigan. Moigle is your huge half-wit brother. Your job in this cartoonish action-adventure is to help the dullard build a machine, keep him amused by playing games and avoid him when he's angry. If he's anything like *our* brother, he's always angry. Must be the constant belittlement.

City Crisis *(PS2)*
In *City Crisis*, you pilot helicopters, chase criminals, rescue people on rooftops and put out fires as you rush from one disaster to another. It all makes for a major adrenaline rush. So does injecting adrenaline directly into the heart, for that matter. Hey, you pick your method, and we'll pick ours.

Alien Front Online
(Dreamcast)
If you love blowing the crap out of things as much as we do, you'll enjoy this alien-invasion game. You can play either the good guys in tanks or the aliens who get around in hovercraft and four-legged spider walkers. Hovercraft are cool. If we had one, we'd sell it and buy an even nicer hovercraft! –*S.M.*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"Hello, prop department? I said I wanted the glass to be *ludicrously* oversized. This is *ridiculously* oversized at best."

"Boys, let's just the hats away and talk this over."

He always warmed his cheese before eating it

GREATEST AMERICAN HERO NO. 22

Dean Martin

He drank. He sang. He drank some more.

Dean Martin doesn't give a damn. That makes sense, since he's dead. But the truth is, he never gave a damn.

Until his death on Christmas day 1995, Martin stumbled through 51 movies, a ton of gold records, hit TV shows and enough cigarettes to make even Morton Downey Jr. blush (if he weren't dead too). And the lazy bastard did it all on a three-hour work week.

Put off by the demands of his high school shop class, 16-year-old Ohio native Dino Paul Crocetti took a job as a blackjack dealer in a seedy Cleveland casino. But Dino soon found that singers held all the cards with chicks, so in 1939, he used his business sense to work out a deal to do both–for the same salary.

The tanned troubadour then filled in for Sinatra when ol' blue eyes canceled a gig in 1943. Martin killed and became a headliner. Enter Jerry Lewis.

According to folklore, Lewis was a comedian. After emceeing for Martin at a New York club, the two got onstage and engaged in a bit of improv. Suddenly, they were the most popular act in the country. TV and film gigs soon followed.

The ever-modest King of Comedy described the relationship thusly: "It was 'I'll go to the office and make the bookings. I'll write, and you will approve,'" says Lewis. "And all the time that I'm doing this, he was playing golf."

Countered Dino: "You're nothing to me but a fucking dollar sign."

By 1956, Martin and Lewis were history and Dean was ready to sleepwalk his way to solo stardom. He drew rave reviews in hit films such as *The Young Lions* and *Rio Bravo*, while his alcoholic nightclub act became his publicly perceived identity. Even his license plate read DRUNKY.

The thing of it was, Martin's laziness extended to how he handled this so-called drinking persona. "They made Dean Martin out to be stoned 24 hours a day, which wasn't the case," claimed his comedian buddy Don Rickles. "He drank apple juice (which looks like whiskey) onstage. He wasn't a late-night person."

In 1960, Dean teamed up with Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., Peter Lawford and Joey Bishop to form the Rat Pack: a swingin', drinkin' group of pals that made bad movies watchable. Its pre-women's-lib hipness and the fact that it was completely unrehearsed made the subsequent *Dean Martin Show* a success. *Life* magazine dubbed it "entertainment only to monsters or people wholly incapable of love." Which, according to the Nielsen ratings, was about half of North America.

Dean briefly reunited with Lewis in 1976 on Jerry's telethon. Lewis was near tears, and Dean's eyes did appear misty–but it was probably just the bourbon.

For it was at this point that Martin did begin to succumb to lady liquor. Particularly when his son, Dino Jr., died in 1987 after crashing into a mountain while serving in the Air National Guard.

Cannonball Run and a Percodan-fueled tour with Sammy and Frank were the extent of Martin's '80s endeavors.

When faced with both personal tragedy and the country's growing political correctness, Dino soon morphed from a hip swinging cat to an old drunk. Still, he maintained his sensitivity, no matter what Gloria Steinem said. "I love the women, and I love the men," he said. "But I'm no fag."–*Jacob Kalish*

RAT PACK, PADDY-WHACKIN', GET-YOUR-TETANUS-SHOT FUN!

The New Rat Packs

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Illustrations: Gary Brandham

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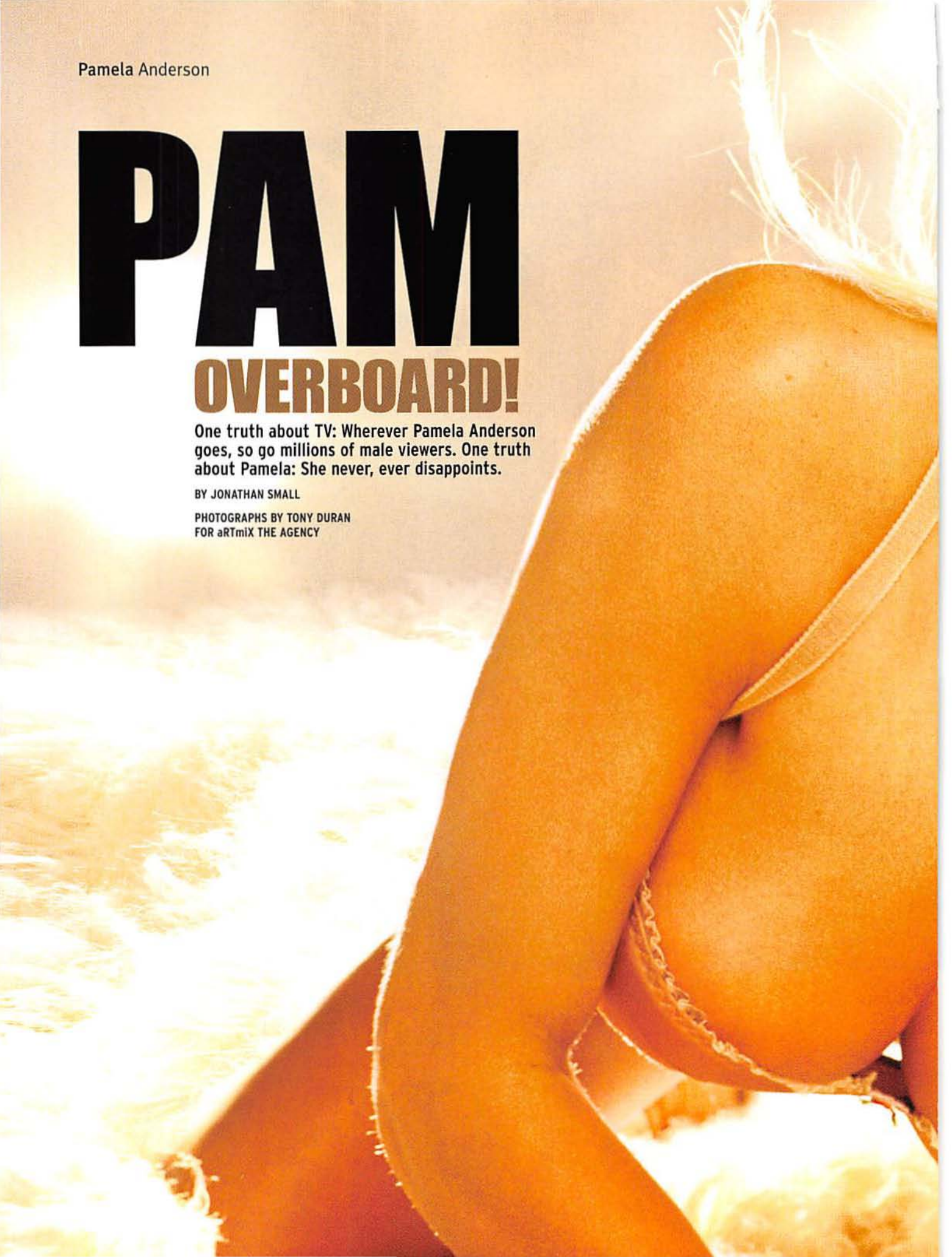
PAM OVERBOARD!

One truth about TV: Wherever Pamela Anderson goes, so go millions of male viewers. One truth about Pamela: She never, ever disappoints.

BY JONATHAN SMALL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY DURAN
FOR aRTmiX THE AGENCY



alk onto the North Hollywood set of the hit TV show *V.I.P.* and there's no question who the VIP is around there. Amid a sea of generic white trailers sits a little retro silver Airstream number, with pink and purple racing stripes and a license plate that says HO'S UP.

A beefy blond bodyguard named Brian, who likes to call people *bro*, stands guard at the gate. "Pamela will see you now, bro," he says. I've been waiting for this moment for days, actually my whole life. She postponed our meeting last week because she was sick. "Mommy has a tummyache," her three-year-old son Dylan informed me.

As soon as the trailer door swings open, I'm nearly knocked unconscious by the smell of scented candles. Lavender. Or perhaps honeysuckle. Then I see her. Pamela. *The* Pamela. The sex icon of our generation.

For those joining our story already in progress: Pamela was discovered on a JumboTron screen at a football game in Vancouver, and she soon became the Labatt's beer girl. This led to appearances on *Home Improvement*, on *Married with Children* and in a tight red bathing suit on *Baywatch*. She's dated Scott Baio, Bret Michaels and Dean Cain—but we won't hold that against her. She's had her breasts done—then done again. She married Tommy Lee, then divorced Tommy Lee after many separations. Then there's the inadvertent starring role in one of the most successful porno tapes in history.

"I tend to just completely consume the men that I love."

When Pam told us she wanted to slip into something more comfortable, this was the most comfy thing we could find

Today Pamela is wearing a silk robe, which refuses to stay closed, revealing a lacy pink bra. She shakes my hand and says, "I'm burnt. We've been going nonstop on the show for a year and a half, with no hiatus."

But she's not complaining. Not anymore. Her life is back on track. She's the star and executive producer of *V.I.P.*—a wildly successful action show about sexy women who work as celebrity bodyguards—which seems to air strategically on weekends before sporting events. She adores her two children, Brandon Thomas, five, and Dylan Jagger, three, and she's spending more time at her home in Malibu running through sprinklers, barbecuing, going to the beach and hanging out with her new man, Kid Rock. It's about as close to a normal life as she's probably had in a while.

"I'm really happy where I'm at," she says. As I look around her custom trailer, with its full kitchen, kicking stereo system and king-size bed with white, fluffy pillows, I can't help but think, *So am I.*

STUFF: I hear that you've never actually watched an episode of *V.I.P.* What a coincidence! I've never read *Stuff*.
PAMELA: I watch the dailies, but I hate watching the show when I'm alone. I just start sweating. I hate seeing it 'cause I'm like, "I should have done that—I should have done this." Recently, I sat down with my boyfriend and watched the show after having a couple bottles of champagne. I hate seeing photo shoots of myself, too, but I love doing them. I'm a little bit of an exhibitionist.

No!
I know it's shocking. I'm not shy in front of the camera.

You mentioned your boyfriend, Kid Rock. What do you, like, call him? Kid? Rock? Brenda?
Big Bob. My kids call him Kid Rock. They think his name is Kid Rock because he loves kids. They're like, "I'm gonna change my name to Kid Rock," and I say, "It's already taken."

So how did two famous people like you hook up? Did you say, "I want to meet him. Bring him to me"?
No! Fuck no! Are you fucking crazy? The last person I'd ever want to date is a musician, believe me. I'd obviously heard his name before and heard about him. There were so many times we were supposed to meet, but it never happened. I finally met him after the VH1 Divas Live concert in New York, and we sat next to each other at the party afterward and that was it. We really had a lot in common: how our images are out there. How we both like to poke fun at ourselves. We both have a sense of humor about the business. We both have kids. We also have a lot of fun. We're never not having fun.

Discuss.
Well, the other day I put on my *Baywatch* suit and ran around Bob in slow motion. [*Laughs*] We did it for fun. He'd never seen me in the suit before. He'd seen the show, but he didn't know me back then.

He lives in Michigan; you live in L.A. How's the long-distance relationship thing working out for you?
It's actually good. I tend to just completely consume the men that I love, so this is forcing me to go more slowly. Because it's not in my nature at all. I'm such a romantic. I want to shower my man with attention and every kind of gift. I tend to lose myself in somebody because I think that's the best thing about being in love—really being in love. And I tend to overdo it, so this is good for me. ▷▷▷

Styling: Kelly Rae. Hair: Lauri Morrison for Lazartigue/Celestine Agency. Makeup: Shane Pash for Nars/Celestine Agency. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

Ram

What is it with you and musicians anyway?
I don't think it's musicians. It's just people that you meet, you know? It's not that I date only musicians. Before I met Tommy, I knew he was in some band, and I really didn't know that much about Bob until I met him. It's not as if I go out to meet people like that. I just want to have fun. I'm pretty self-sufficient. I'm financially independent. I have my kids. I have all the things I need. So I just want to be with people I want to be with. I just want to be with someone who's sweet and nice and has a good sense of humor. I'm probably a handful, so I need someone who can deal with me.

How about a lowly writer for a magazine? Would you ever date someone who isn't famous?
I'd rather date someone who isn't famous, 'cause then I wouldn't have to deal with all the problems and shit. I don't think about dating anybody. There was a point, during my divorce, when I just wanted to be alone. I didn't want to date anybody. Then I just happened to meet Bob and he was wonderful, but I wasn't really looking for anybody.

What's the nicest compliment a guy can pay you?
A lot of people say that they wish I was their mother. It's kind of a weird compliment. But being a mom is the most important thing in my life and something I'm trying to do the best, so I'd rather have a compliment about me being a mom than about my show or about how I look.

Can we talk a little about sex...Mom?
No. I think a lot of times when you read interviews with women, they try so hard to be sexy. And either you are or you aren't. And I think a lot of being sexy is not being so forward about it. Like I'll read an article and a girl will be saying, "Yeah, I got fucked up the ass while my boyfriend was watching football." And I don't think that's sexy. I think that's trying really hard to make people think you're sexual.

"I'd rather date someone who isn't famous, 'cause then I wouldn't have to deal with all the problems."

And usually if you have to talk about it you aren't. Believe me, I know. I've been disappointed many times. I'm like, "So that was it? You were talking about doing this and that and everything and that was it?"

In your first *Playboy* centerfold in 1989, you said you liked waffles and strong arms. Still true?
I like arms. That's why I like going to basketball games. Free throws are my favorite, 'cause I can look at the arms. I love watching sports. Bob and I went to a baseball game in Detroit last night but only caught the last two innings. I took my kids to the Lakers series and my kids were yelling, "Aq! Aq!" My kids are hysterical. They think every mom has a TV show and every dad is a rock star. They ask other kids, 'What band is your daddy in?'"

What went wrong with *Barb Wire*? It had so much promise.
Barb Wire was supposed to be PG, very funny and campy. Then they switched gears halfway through the movie, and they wanted nudity and violence, and I ended up getting thousands of letters from fans saying, "I can't see *Barb Wire* because I'm not old enough." See, it should have been geared to a younger audience—then it would have been more successful. But when they pushed it over the edge, it was just boring.

Should we look out for *Barb Wire II*?
No. I'd never do that. Why don't you ask me about the show? People always ask, "What's it about?" And I say, "Oh, about 48 minutes and commercials."

Not bad. OK, so do you love doing the show?
The show's a blast. I am so spoiled here. I have a lot of fun teasing the guys on the set. I call them perverts and bastards, all of them. I like teasing the camera operator. Like the other day the guy was talking to me and he said, "OK, Pam. What I'd really like to do is come inside you." I said, "But I don't even know you!" And he was like, "Oh, my God! I didn't mean it like that." So a little while later he says, "OK, I'm going to come across your legs," and I was like, "That's disgusting!" And he was like, "Ah! I didn't mean that!"

Sure he didn't...

P.A.M. (Pamela Acronym Methodology)

When she's with her friends, Pamela speaks in acronyms. They're just so much easier to say.

LPC: Little Players' Club. A group of her pals who gather around and talk about sex. "I'm not a member anymore because I have a boyfriend," Pamela says. "I was kicked out."

LPP: Little Player Pam. Pamela's nickname.

VIP: The name of her TV show. Also a car-service company in Pittsburgh.

TTH: Trying Too Hard. As in, "That model with the big boobs and booty, she's so TTH."

CPAYH: Can't Poop at Your Home. A variation of the adage "Don't shit where you live," except she's substituted the word *poop* because she's a mommy.

AU: Ass up. "It means you're having sex," Pamela says. "Unless you're having a liver cleansing." OK. Let's move on.

KOMPSAT: Korean Multipurpose Satellite. A proposed series of Korean satellites, with the first launch in 1999. The KOMPSAT program is developed by KARI (Korean Aerospace Research Institute) with support from Korean Industry.

Pamela Anderson

Stuff

"I'm a little bit of an exhibitionist....
I'm not shy in front of the camera."

Time-Keeping Technology Breakthrough

New atomic watch...never set it again

Atomic digital watch keeps absolute time and date accuracy by tuning in to the official time transmitter.

by Jim Jones

The world has become a smaller place in the past few decades. Transactions take place across the world in an instant. Having a timepiece that can not only keep perfectly accurate time, but keep track of the time zones can be really helpful and convenient. Now there is a watch that scientifically gives the right time in all zones.

If you travel this watch is a necessity. The Atomic Digital Watch from LaCrosse Technology is radio-controlled, maintaining its incredible accuracy by automatically tuning into the official standard frequency and time transmitter in North America. This WWVB radio signal gets its time from the most precise clock in North America based in Colorado, and transmits its signal over a 2000-mile range. With just the touch of a button, the Atomic Digital Watch gives you a selection of 24 time zones, from GMT+12h to GMT-12h, with special US time zones displayed with three characters (ATL, EST, CST, MST, PST, ALA, and HAW.) This ultra-accurate radio-controlled timepiece has a perpetual day and date calendar, signal reception indicator and is powered by a 3V lithium battery expected to last three years.

TechnoScout testers evaluated this product and concluded it to be a best choice for quality and realiability.

A timely gift. In addition to its accuracy, the watch is water resistant to three bars, or 30 meters, and has a battery-saving "OFF" function. The stainless steel butterfly clasp and removable links to adjust the band size make it a good fit. This watch is a great gift for anyone who values precision and technology.

Does anyone really know what time it is? Well, the US Government wants to, so they created the National Institute of Standards and Technology, a component of the US Department of Commerce. The Time and Frequency Division, located in Boulder, Colorado, maintains the F-1 Fountain Atomic Clock, the nation's standard of time. This clock neither gains nor loses a second in 20 million years. This clock is used to create an international time scale, which NIST distributes through its radio stations.

Wrist-worthy. Now, advanced Radio Frequency (RF) technology is featured in a wrist-worn timepiece for use at home, at the office or on the road. This watch is the next best thing to having your own atomic clock, because it automatically displays the precise accurate time. It never needs to be set, it automatically adjusts itself for daylight savings time and leap years and it features a variety of practical and convenient features to fit your lifestyle.

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—Bill, NJ

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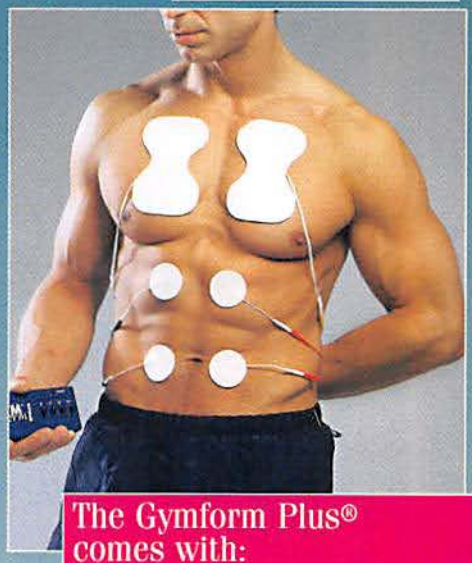

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Conspiracy No. 1: By convincing the world we went to the moon, no one will notice the disparities in the corn-commodities market

Conspiracy theorists gathered by the hundreds at a convention center in California. They were never seen by our reporter again.

BY DAN BOVA
DIGITAL IMAGING BY SOSNOVSKY.COM

WORLD'S GREATEST CONSPIRACIES

Why do we assume that aliens are always naked? Because they're perverts.

"How many here believe a mind can be controlled from an external source?"

The question, posed by Mark Phillips, a man who looks like an overfed Martin Sheen, is answered by 200 mostly male, mostly middle-aged hands thrust into the air. Mark is talking about the CIA's MK-Ultra Project Monarch, a mind-control system that takes people and turns them into sex slaves. But the *bad* news, Mark says, is that his wife, Cathy O'Brien, whom he rescued from such enslavement, was made to service former president–and, according to Mark, huge heroin fiend–George Bush. Listeners gasp in horror as Cathy gives vague details of life as a top-level intelligence agent and concubine, then applaud when she explains how she finally broke free of the mind-control grip. It was all thanks to the love of Mark, a man she learned to trust when she saw him hugging a raccoon.

It sounds like a routine production meeting at *Jenny Jones*, but in fact, it's a Saturday morning session at Conspiracy Con 2001, the first-ever convention for conspiracy theorists and enthusiasts, held in Santa Clara, California. Organized by Brian Hall, the fluffy-haired coauthor of investigative UFO pieces for the *Berkeley Psychic Reader*, this two-day gathering of experts on such topics as the secret manipulation of the human race has been put together "to facilitate the sharing of suppressed knowledge with those who have a need to know... because we all have a need to know."

But the question is: How *much* do we need to know? I found answers to that question scattered throughout the event, although few of them made sense. I had to read between the lines to *really* understand what was going on there–and what is going on *out* there.

DAY 1

THEORY: Oil Companies Are Plotting Against UFOs

As pan-flute music laced with antigovernment lyrics wafts over the darkened, half-full theater, the 200 or so people in the audience get chatty. A man sporting a massive blond afro confides, "I've seen alternate takes of Buzz Aldrin walking on the moon."

"Oh, yeah," agrees a man wearing a cardigan and shorts. "The so-called moon landing. The whole thing was staged." Nearby, a vastly large man who heals people over the telephone tells of his alien abduction in the fifth grade. They were "little blues" that "smelled like garbage and had massive square heads and little legs."

William Lyne, an older man in a Hawaiian shirt, takes the stage, and the small talk evaporates. "The flying saucer, as man's greatest invention, should be enjoyed by *all*," his bio declares. Lyne takes the mic and unrolls the truth, sushi-style: Nikola Tesla invented the flying saucer, but his discoveries on UFO propulsion and free energy have been kept secret by the government on behalf of big-oil. Lyne knows all this because he once had top-secret clearance in Air Force intelligence and, as a child, used to watch squadrons of UFOs flying over his backyard.

Midway through his speech, dance music inexplicably starts pumping over the PA system. Undeterred, Lyne continues. What does dance ▷▷▷

There it is. Photographic proof that there are lonely, lonely people out there.

Bigfoot didn't know whether to bet it all in Final Jeopardy, or just tear Alex limb from limb

On the right, theorist William Thomas. On the left, some drunk with fake press credentials.

music matter to a man who has fought against various agents who have dedicated their lives to keeping him quiet? One was a "butt-bumping buddy" of George Bush (senior, again), and another wore a shiny suit and looked like he was probably "a pasta eater."

You might take umbrage at Lyne's not-so-politically-correct terminology, but the man has been through a lot since that day in 1963 when, he says, "I saw JFK's parade route published in a local Texas newspaper and shouted to everyone in the room, 'They're going to assassinate the president!' I looked up and locked eyes with Lee Harvey Oswald, who dashed away. Three days later, they killed JFK."

Coincidence? Maybe.

There's a question from the audience. Coincidentally, I am the one in the audience asking the question: "William, do you know the real reason Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman are getting divorced?" He sputters a bit, then answers, "The same reason Cindy Crawford dumped Richard Gere." And so ends the Q&A.

As the audience files out, a guy wearing a T-shirt that defines the word *media* as Mind-controlling Everyone's Decisions and Ideology in America approaches me: "What were you alluding to with that question?"

"Um, what do you think I was alluding to?"

He doesn't hesitate. "Oh, the global conspiracy of the satanic elite. They're upset about *Eyes Wide Shut*."

Later, a woman in a white fedora says she knows what my Cruise-Kidman question was all about. "The small circle of people who rule the world are still fuming over *Top Gun*. They don't want the general population and the military feeling empowered."

THEORY: Aliens Love the Ladies

I have lunch with three women: Naomi, Christine and Donna. Naomi, 30, wears a pink crystal turtle on a necklace. She explains how an alien named Sal taught her his language. When the government learned of Sal's visitations, they "made me move objects with my telekinetic powers." She says her psychic abilities often let her know what kind of soda her friend wants without her even asking.

Christine is a public-school teacher whose abduction by aliens has caused triangle patterns to form on her body, fetuses to be stolen from her uterus and a mysterious ball bearing to turn up inside her tooth–and she's tired of it all. She just wants to get married and have a baby that she can keep. So she does what she can to normalize her life: She put a necklace made of blood around her bedpost to help her stop dreaming about alien babies.

Donna, the skeptical one, brought her own plate of spaghetti and plastic utensils to the restaurant.

THEORY: The Air Is Poisoned

If MTV's Kurt Loder were a bit more squat, he'd look a lot like William Thomas, an independent investigative journalist who believes that the government is making clouds. Called Chemtrails, these "clouds" are the long white puffs you sometimes see behind planes, which the less-enlightened call contrails. After decrying the debilitating effects of the aluminum oxide in these clouds, Thomas gives us a taste of life as a freedom fighter:

- He lives on a boat.
- He has lost the love of his life.
- He doesn't eat microwaved foods because they change your blood.
- He takes pepper pills to raise the temperature of his blood to kill government-created germs.

Is it all worth it?

"You can break my heart," he tells the audience, "but you can never break my spirit. Let's love the heck out of each other and stand together."

He receives a standing ovation.

These guys decide the fate of the world. Yet they ordered pizza, like, an hour ago and it still hasn't arrived.

THEORY: Everything Is Evil, Especially the Postal Service

The next speaker, Jordan Maxwell, is a pudgy man dressed in black pants, a black shirt, black sandals and blue socks. Brian Hall introduces him as his "personal Batman," because Jordan changed the way Brian views the world forever, just as Batman changed the way Robin viewed adult males forever.

Jordan, an occult researcher/writer, has a beef with organized religion. It is no coincidence, he says, that priests, rabbis, vampires and Darth Vader all wear black robes. What he's getting at, I think, is that Luke Skywalker is the son of a priest or a rabbi.

"I'm not anti-Semitic–I'm antibullshit," he proclaims. "The only thing holy in Israel is the stories coming out of it." He details how the government is screwing us through the Postal Service (privately owned by someone in England) and tells us that the lawyers' bar is a privately owned company. At this point, the room starts to take on a militia-like air. People are angrily shouting "those bastards!" and baa-ing like sheep. Jordan then informs us that he has put together a book that contains all the necessary forms to help you commit credit-card fraud and work it out so that you never have to pay taxes again. It only costs $100. People suddenly stop baa-ing and excitedly break out their checkbooks.

"My shorties run this freakin' country, yo!"

THEORY: People in Plaid Are More Susceptible to Alien Visitation

Such affection, such beautiful false affection

During a break, two guys in almost identical plaid shirts discuss William Lyne's morning presentation.

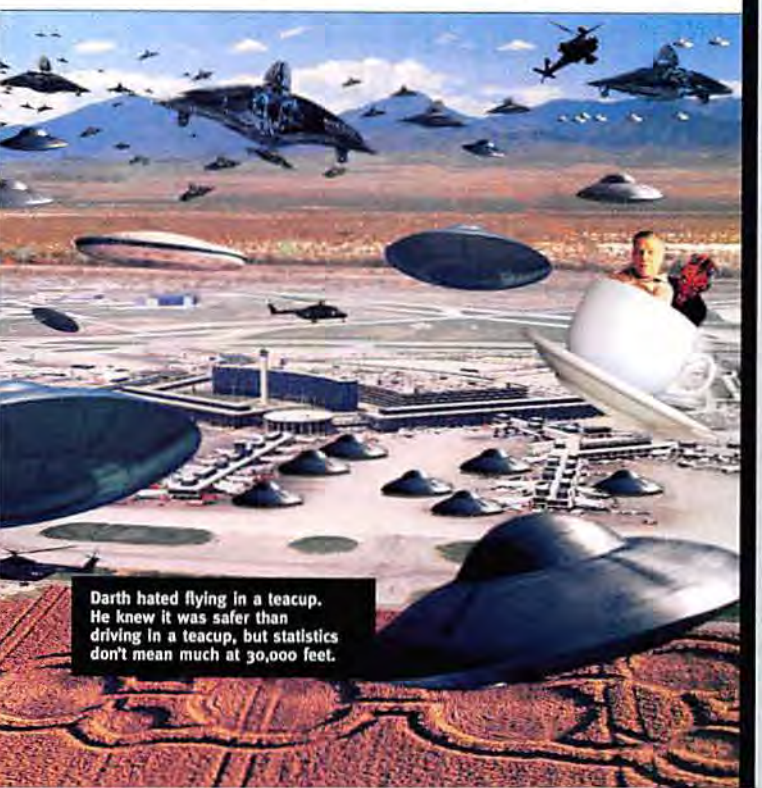
"That guy was nuts," says one.

"Yeah," nods the other. "The CIA had nothing to do with JFK's assassination. It was the aliens' doing. Mr. Lyne must be under some sort of mind control."

The conversation ends as David Icke, a silver-haired Brit, takes the stage to explain how we sheeple–half sheep, half people–are being controlled through a pyramid of ignorance. "I call CNN a movie: *Claptrap No News*."

To illustrate exactly how the masses can be manipulated, he plays a scene from *A Bug's Life*, then relates the strange predicament of an ex-CIA man he met with a pouch surgically attached to his chest. If his superiors fail to refill the pouch with a mysterious fluid every 72 hours, he will die. This, David says, is how they keep people from squealing.

David then discusses the satanic world of the Freemasons and their connection to ▷▷▷



Darth hated flying in a teacup. He knew it was safer than driving in a teacup, but statistics don't mean much at 30,000 feet.

What They Don't Want You to Know

At last, the key to major conspiracies revealed! Read this and then eat it!

By David Bennun Additional research by Brett Bara

The best thing about the '80s? Kajagoogoo.

In orbit round planet Wacko

Bill Kaysing, a former technical writer for lunar-lander builder Rocketdyne, is both author and publisher of *We Never Went to the Moon*. His hypothesis: An Apollo Simulation Project was cooked up in Nevada between NASA, the ultrasecret Defense Intelligence Agency and, of course, the Mafia–who were just down the road. In fact, the Apollo 11 "astronauts" sat out the supposed moon mission in Vegas, soaking up cocktails and winning $14 playing keno.

Kaysing's principal evidence: photographs from the moon mission. 1) Why do the astronaut's shadows fall at different angles? 2) Why aren't there any stars in the sky? 3) Why does the earth look so small? 4) What are those strange blobs of light? 5) How did Neil Armstrong photograph Buzz Aldrin from above when his camera was at chest height? 6) Who's the guy in the background holding the JOHN 3:16 sign? Hot damn, these are *fakes*! Shot with spotlights on a set in the desert!

The catalog number of the beast

Next time the clerk runs your Doritos through the scanner at the A&P, beware the bar code, which is none other than the mark of the beast. See those long double bars, one pair at each end and one in the middle? Each pair represents the number six. Put 'em together and it's the hot line to Beelzebub's beeper.

Not enough to scare you yet? Terry Watkins of Dial-the-Truth Ministries reports, "In the past few years, some Universal Product Codes have appeared with additional boxes underneath the bar code. Beside the boxes are two letters–the letter *F* and the letter *H*. According to researchers, they stand for *forehead* and *hand*." And as Revelations 13:16-18 will tell you, "He causeth all...to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads: And that no man might buy or sell, save that he had the mark." Shoppers in the Midwest, Terry adds, "must have the required mark on their forehead or hand before purchasing."

The developer of the modern bar code, George Joseph Laurer, admits, "Yes, they do *resemble* the code for a six. It's simply a coincidence, like the fact that my first, middle and last names all have six letters." They do? Holy crap! Attention shoppers: We're talking to the Antichrist!

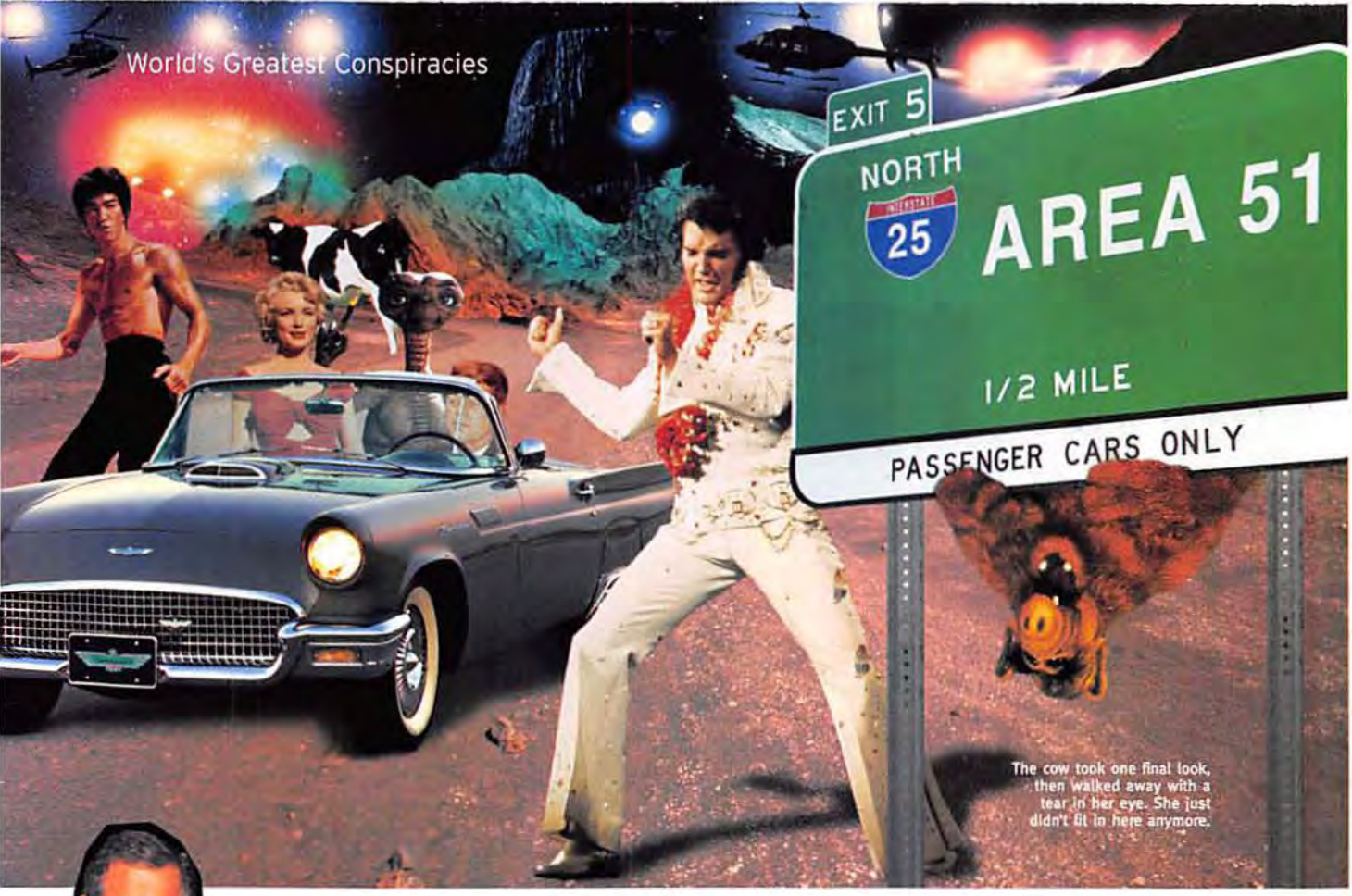
Dead man walking

Getting shot in the back of the head, that'll tend to kill ya. But not outlaw Jesse James. Despite being buried in St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1882, James lived another 69 years in Texas in the shape of J. Frank Dalton. Seems James set up one Charlie Bigelow to pose as his corpse in a plot that included not only his own gang but also everyone from the townsfolk of St. Joseph right up to the governor of Missouri.

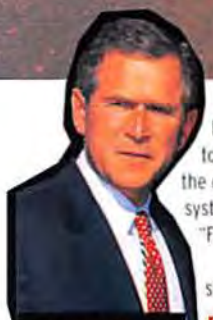
Bud Hardcastle, the latest in a long line to take up the cause, possesses "stacks and stacks of information supporting the conspiracy that James faked his death," he says. "I found out that he was related to my great-grandfather and stayed in his home in 1921. I've found the caves where he hid out, in Indian territory, with his name carved there. We are going to do DNA tests to prove that he did live till 1951."

What Hardcastle doesn't mention is that about 30 other people have also professed to be James; that James' great-grandson, James Ross, a former Orange County Superior Court judge, has won a number of lawsuits against the claims of supposed impostors; and that in 1996, having run DNA tests on the original St. Joseph corpse, James E. Starrs, professor of law and forensics at George Washington University in D.C., concluded there was one chance in 308 that it *wasn't* Jesse James. One in 308? Conspiracy theorists like them odds!

"And here's me in front of a pyramid," Darth Maul told his bored friends



The cow took one final look, then walked away with a tear in her eye. She just didn't fit in here anymore.



"Damn, Cheney is looking gooood today."

Ronald Reagan. He finishes to a standing ovation, and the crowd files out as the PA system blares Rod Stewart's "Forever Young."

The two men in the plaid shirts have vanished.

DAY 2

THEORY: Steven Seagal Can't Be Trusted

Len Horowitz, M.D., the kind of tall, dark and slick fellow you see in ads for skin peels, is worried. He is supposed to travel to South Africa this afternoon, but six people dreamed he'd be assassinated there. As if that isn't enough, he's booked on flight 69. Which, evidently, is not good.

Next he tells us how Jermaine Jackson asked for his assistance with a hepatitis B vaccination program. Len refused because vaccinations kill people. This leads him to a discourse on the Bible, tumors that can be dissolved by thought and, finally, a trip to Busch Gardens with his daughter.

Over the course of two hours, Dr. Horowitz also reveals how:

- Steven Seagal stole a bunch of his ideas.
- Toy stores have been made into alien-visitation clinics.
- The Denver International Airport is a temple of evil.
- Henry Kissinger's name mathematically translates to 666.
- "Do, re, mi, fa, so, la, ti, do" is a scam (there never used to be a "ti").
- The Satan-loving Rockefellers didn't name America's highway Route 66 for nothing, you know.

THEORY: George W. Bush Really Is Evil

Icke, the Limey who called his audience sheeple yesterday, is onstage singing us a Donovan song ("He's the universal soldier, and he really is to blame....") to illustrate how foot soldiers are used by the elite. If people weren't so bloody sheeplike, they'd understand that–and they'd also understand that there is no evidence that HIV causes AIDS and that the conflict in Bosnia was set up to push the U.N. as the world's police force.

The real masterminds behind all of this are the Illuminati, the ruling class of planet Earth whose bloodlines can be traced from the pharaohs to George W. Bush. They are responsible for all of the cover-ups and all of the madness in the word, and this is why: They are the offspring of reptilian aliens who mated with ancient Egyptians, Sumarians and Babylonians thousands of years ago.

His best advertisement for energy? Himself.

Icke has proof. He reveals a photo of an African necklace from which dangles a nonhuman figure *and* a flying saucer–plus he plays video of an African priest who explains that these reptilian creatures look exactly like Darth Maul from *The Phantom Menace*.

George Bush, a member of the Illuminati, is actually a shape-shifting reptile with connections to hideous child-abuse networks involving gobs and gobs of satanic worship. Icke shows a photo of George W. making a devil sign–which *coincidentally* resembles the "hook 'em, Horns" sign made by drunken Texas football fans–during a TV appearance with Regis.

"And there is a very good chance," Icke further explains, "that the world we live in is a 3-D holographic image. We are being manipulated by what the Illuminati want us to see." Sound a little like a movie starring Keanu Reeves? Recognize the word *Illuminati* from this summer's blockbuster hit *Tomb Raider*? *Not* a coincidence.

Somebody knows something in Hollywood, he insists. Icke receives a 10-minute standing ovation.

THEORY: Drinking Is a Waste

I scribbled my final thoughts on a cocktail napkin. The notes were highly detailed and contained information that *they* don't want you to see. To get more napkins, I ordered more drinks. Then I got up to use the men's room. When I returned, *the napkins were gone*. By the next morning, I couldn't remember what I had written, aside from the fact that shape-shifters are leading us into an abyss and that blue aliens with little legs smell like garbage. A coincidence? Perhaps.

Sure, they're riding high now. But when their looks go, they're history.

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The Real World According to Lori

Forget about finding out what happens when people stop being polite—we'd rather ogle the hottest thing to come out of MTV since *Totally Pauly*. Meet Lori, *The Real World 10: Back to New York*'s sexiest scene-stealer.

BY BILL SCHULZ PHOTOGRAPHS BY NAOMI KALTMAN FOR ARTMIX THE AGENCY

The original–and still the best–reality-TV schlock recently completed another stellar season. And *The Real World*'s dame du jour this time around is the man-hungry Lori. (Just Lori–MTV's privacy policy dictates that no last names can be revealed until after the final episode airs. Wusses.) We met up with this 22-year-old New Jersey native after the *Stuff* photo shoot had "wrapped" (it's an industry term), and Lori let loose on, well, everything this so-called documentary was afraid to air. Within *our* confessional, Laurie spoke of self-inebriation and self-love–all while selflessly stripping for our cameras. *The Real World*? She's *out* of this world!

STUFF: As a fellow Garden Stater, on a scale of one to ten, how much does Bon Jovi rock?
LORI: You know, I can appreciate his rockage. But I'm not a Bon Jovi fan. On a personal level, I'm just going to go with a two or a three.

Your people will look at that statement as heresy. As both a New Jerseyan and an Italian, you obviously have mob ties. Discuss.
A *quarter* Italian. Some of my mob ties? I'd tell you all of them, but I'd be dead in an hour.

What's your take on some of the other reality-TV offerings out there?
I've decided I hate *Big Brother*. However, I couldn't help but watch it every single time it was on. I just thought it was dumb. I never really got into *Survivor* because I was in the [*Real World*] house–we couldn't watch TV.

Wha-?! No TV allowed? Is it because it'd create a boring atmosphere?
Yes. I heard a rumor that it was the Boston series that started this. That they watched way too much television. And I remember Jon, from the second season, watching TV. Just sitting around watching TV...

I hated that waste of flesh. On that subject, which of the casts did you hate the most?

"I wasn't getting much love from anyone else. And the best love is love with yourself."

The Seattle season was the best season ever! Like, let's not belittle that season. It was awesome. But the worst? I wasn't a big fan of Hawaii. I think it was a little melodramatic that they kicked Ruthie out. I didn't think that was necessary at all.

Who would you kill in the house? You know, if they allowed that type of thing.
Er, early on I wanted to kill Mike. But only for a day. Then I'd resurrect him.

Voodoo-riffic! Two questions: Why in God's name were you attracted to Kevin? And was he gay?
[*Laughs*] You know what? It's a damn good thing he rejected me. We would have been the worst couple ever. I don't know. We had the same sense of humor, and I like the kind of clean-cut, typical white-guy look. Pale, skinny guys. I've always been attracted to Irish men. I don't think that, physically, I'm what he's into.

He's gay.
He's not gay!

What about Nicole? She wears a lot of makeup. Our managing editor is convinced that he/she is a drag queen.
Absolutely not true! She knows that her makeup looks like a drag queen's. She comes right out and says it. To her, makeup is like an art. I think it's great. To each their own.

There's a popular children's book titled *Everyone Poops*. And yet I never see pooping on this supposed documentary. What's up with the lack of logs, yo?
Us pooping? Reality TV doesn't show every bodily function we've all experienced. This is true. Pooping references would be funny, but it's supposed to be a melodrama.

Who was the worst offender when it came to brown butt babies?
Oh, that is horrible, by the way. Who was the worst offender? Nicole was pretty gassy.

Nicole was the biggest farter?
She calls them *poots*. She said that girls poot. And she was very open about the fact that this was something everyone needs to do. If you leave it in, it just hurts. We thought it was so great that she didn't care.

Speaking of things you can sniff. Drug use: How come MTV won't show it, and how much did you do?
Oh, I can answer that very easily. I don't know what the rules used to be, but the rule now is that there's a zero-tolerance drug policy. They're free to test you, and if you fail you have to leave in 24 hours. For us, we didn't even want to risk it.

How about now? Do you like to move it, move it, drugwise?
I party on occasion. I'm not saying what I do specifically, but I have fun. ▷▷▷

Styling: Andrea Cooker for the Montgomery Group. Hair: Hallie for Tiffany Winford, NYC. Makeup: Clare Bayley for Tiffany Whitford, NYC. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page. Location: Hallelujah Hotel, 130 East 57th St., New York, NY 10022 (800 255 0487)

Where would one masturbate during filming, if one were so inclined?
If one were so inclined, the bathroom would be the place to go. There are no cameras. I got drunk and threw up three times, and they never caught it. But the bathroom *is* bugged. Which we didn't know. I don't know *what* information the crew members are aware of.

Did you ever indulge in finger frolicking while in the bugged bathroom?
Did I indulge? You know what? I was lonely, and I was getting over a relationship, and I wasn't getting much love from anyone else. And the best love *is* love with yourself.

You're great. With regards to parties of two: We're doing a story on sexual taboos. Care to add one of your own?
Once this girl [I was staying with] was all like, "Do you do cocaine?" And I was like, "Hell-motherfucking-no! Are you kidding? I mean, how many after-school specials do you have to see?" And then I eventually passed out, and I guess she was all coked up or whatever and started ragingly fucking this guy in the bed next to me—and I couldn't sleep. Luckily *Coming to America* was on TV, so I could listen to that. It was horrible.

Those scenes with Eddie Murphy in the barbershop are great. You've mentioned you found fellow roommate Coral to be the most attractive of the cast. Ever *real* the *world* that is lesbian love?
[*Laughs*] Coral and I wouldn't make a good couple. I'm decidedly hetero. I kissed a girl once, but it was only because the bartender said he'd give us a free drink if we did.

I like your priorities. How about a hetero sex story? You know, for kicks.
I've been relatively conventional. I'm not talking about conventional, as in missionary position. You know, frigid old-school. I *did* have a sexual experience in a boiler room. That was pretty raunchy. It was exciting because *Oooh, nobody knows we're in the boiler room.* But it went on too long. I get tired. I'm very much like a man in that way. When you're done, you're done. You need some time to rest.

How are you still single?
I tried [to date while on the show], but not a lot of people wanted to sign a form. They'd have to sign something agreeing to be on camera. But I've been asking that myself. That's a good question, though.

Questions are how I get it done. Final one: Malik's afro (see page 159). I'm surprised he could get through doors with that thing. Did he keep his wallet in that mound of fluff?
Yeah. He did. Well, not his full wallet. At one point, I was totally missing my heels, and guess where they were?

Now you're funning with me.
Well...

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR LIFE!

You are programmed to live, on average, 74.3 years. How much of that time will you spend on the can? Here, with the help of experts,* we total the hours, weeks and years you'll squander during your lifetime. And that includes the time spent reading this article. BY SETH KELLY

The pillow could only lie back and take it. After years of this, it stopped feeling anything.

TIME YOU'LL WASTE ON YOUR BODY

Seeing doctors	49 hours	Shaving	4 months, 26 days
Waiting to see doctors	64 hours	Applying deodorant	3 days, 8 hours
Getting digital rectal exams	2 minutes	Urinating	29 days, 5 hours
Blowing your nose	6 days, 2 hours	Pooping	3 months, 8 days
In the bathroom	7 years	Wiping	8 days, 2 hours
In the shower	3 months, 17 days	Breaking wind	2 days, 6 hours
Toweling off	14 days, 17 hours	Masturbating	1 month, 4 days

On the beach, Eddie often dreamed of sitting here in his office, where he would often dream about the beach. The Chee-tos? A metaphor for death.

TIME YOU'LL WASTE ON THE JOB

In meetings	3 years
Due to interruptions	4 years, 7 months, 8 days
Due to *pointless* interruptions	3 years, 5 months, 14 days
Reading and disposing of e-mails	7 months, 14 days
Making internal phone calls and sending internal e-mails	1 year, 9 months, 8 days
Opening junk mail	8 months
On hold	2 months, 2 days
Staring at a computer screen	1 year, 5 months
Waiting for a computer to boot up	16 days, 6 hours
Surfing the Internet	9 months
Waiting for elevators	3 weeks, 5 days
Procrastinating	11 months
Working through lunch hour	8 months, 16 days

See the cab on the far left? So can we.

TIME YOU'LL WASTE SITTING IN YOUR CAR

Commuting to work	8 months, 1 day
Stuck in traffic	4 months, 5 days
At stoplights	6 months
Staring at women you will never meet	2 months, 3 days
Trying to find a good AM radio station	An eternity

TIME YOU'LL WASTE AROUND THE HOUSE

Cleaning	1 year, 28 days
Taking out the garbage	19 days, 19 hours
Watching commercials	2 years, 7 months
Reading the paper	2 years, 6 months
Doing laundry	3 months, 26 days
Watching the news	10 months, 5 days
Tying your tie	12 days, 9 hours
Looking for lost stuff	1 year

Jim tried to resist the urge, but both he and the Hoover knew where this would eventually go...

MISCELLANEOUS

Grocery shopping	10 months, 17 days
Waiting in lines	5 years
Worrying	5 years, 8 months, 15 days
Speaking	2.5 years
In meaningful conversation with your wife or girlfriend	29 days, 11 hours
Cursing	3 months, 13 days
Reading this article	3 minutes, 11 seconds

Entire store built with one Allen wrench—it'll fall apart in months

All he wanted was for the conversation to be over. He could almost taste that juice!

TIME WELL SPENT

Not everything you do in life is such a waste.

Sleeping	24 years
Smoking	5 years, 10 months, 15 days
Eating at McDonald's	6 days, 10 hours, 38 minutes
Drinking beer	8 months, 10 days
Watching TV	13 years, 4 months
Having sex	2 months, 13 days
Having an orgasm	9 hours, 51 minutes
Relaxing	4 months, 6 days
Stuffing your face	8 years, 2 months, 15 days
Eating hot dogs	5 days

He'd never walk again, but Bob's left leg would make a tasty treat

**Information culled from many sources, including the U.S. Census Bureau, time-management consultants Donald Wetmore, J.D., of the Productivity Institute and Mark Ellwood of Pace Productivity Inc., the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, Tim Heyman's* In an Average Lifetime, *and experimentation with a little something we like to call a stopwatch. No interns were harmed while reporting this article.*

"What's that, Great Gitzoo? You want me to kill? Again???"

SEE DICK STALK

When overeager fans obsessively follow celebrities, everybody screams bloody murder. But what happens when a celebrity stalks a normal person? To answer this vaguely retarded question, we enlisted A. Dick. Andy Dick.

BY DAN BOVA PHOTOGRAPHS BY SEAN MURPHY AT FOX CREATIVE

ANDY DICK ARRIVES at the tourist-encrusted pier in Santa Monica with a duffel bag, a big knife and an even bigger watermelon. Before any questions can be asked, he plunges said knife into said watermelon and remarks, "Nutrition is important when stalking. You don't want to get the shakes in the middle. Very bad form."

Andy will be our stalking instructor today. We asked him to show us the creepy ropes because, as you may know, Andy is no stranger to lawlessness. He's been busted for all sorts of things, mostly drug-related and highly embarrassing. It culminated in 1999, when he drove his car into a streetlight and landed himself in the pokey, where he was very likely poked. Since that time, he's sobered up and keeps his illegal activities to a minimum. Stalking, thankfully, is still on his to-do list. "It's a great way to spend the day," he explains. "Kill some time, get some sun."

Every day you read something in the paper about celebrity stalkers. They're always obscure nutjobs focused on a forlorn star, who then spends weeks bitching about the trials of being so rich and famous. It's just not fair. So we decided to turn the tables and give the stars the opportunity to annoy obscure losers like us. So why Andy? Well, he was available.

Back at the wharf, Andy rifles through his stalking gear (black clothing, sunglasses and a leather aviator's hat). Then he eagerly scans the crowd for today's prize. "I can't stalk a woman. It's too creepy," he explains. "I can't stalk a good-looking guy because it's too gay. I need to pick someone who is just kind of innocuous." As we watch the crowd fight off nausea on the Tilt-A-Whirl, Andy spouts stalker wisdom: "To be a good stalker, one needs to possess the three *P*'s: persistence, punctuality and dark clothes. Wait, that last one was a *D*....Make that the two *P*'s and a *D*." What qualities make a bad stalker? "The three *L*'s: loud, late and licking. Meaning, never be loud, never be late and try not to lick the stalkee." Our tutorial comes to an abrupt stop as Andy spots his trophy—a short, well-tanned Asian dude in Bermuda shorts. "He's perfect."

Andy's target—let's call him "Phil"—sits down at a carnival ringtoss game. Andy purchases a bucket of rings and settles down in a spot directly across from the unknowing Phil. Through a sea of hanging stuffed monkeys, Andy watches Phil. Andy can't help but giggle. He thinks that if he can win a monkey, he'll win Phil's admiration. But Andy is uncoordinated. He quickly grows impatient and throws the entire bucket of 40 rings into the field of Coke bottles. They bounce off with a loud crash, and the guy behind the counter yells. Andy runs like a little girl. An *obsessed* little girl.

"I went too far there," he admits. "I get anxierhea, which is a term I coined to describe that gurgly feeling I get ▷▷▷

"Phil" unaware that he's being stalked... or that he's peeing on his own shoulder

Enjoy your game, for it will be your last. Being that you're out of money and all.

Unbeknownst to "Phil," the tag was sticking out of his shirt. Andy could barely contain his rage.

We couldn't show the fourth picture...because it didn't come out. Damn cheap cameras.

in my bowels when I'm excited about having a great hiding spot." We lie low for a while, trying not to scare Phil off. How does one combat the boredom during such downtime? "When I'm stalking, I never get bored," Andy says. "My happy stick is always pointing just west of true north." Thankfully, a security guard is staring and Andy keeps it tucked away. For now.

Remaining hidden is not an easy task for Andy, since he keeps getting recognized by fans of his MTV hit *The Andy Dick Show*. "It is much harder to be a stalker when you're a celebrity, because you have all of these extra obstacles thrown in your face. Like people wanting me to sign their jeans. Or pointing and yelling, 'That's that Dick guy!' That really throws a wrench in the stalking machinery." Perhaps he needs a better disguise? "Maybe. But it's not so much about that. All a stalker really needs is an unmedicated chemical imbalance in the brain." Andy has that in spades. Case in point: He once lived in the same house with his ex-wife, their kids *and* his current girlfriend. He has stalked an ex-lover and wrote a song about it called "Love Ninja." We're willing to bet he's mailed a boiled rabbit or two.

Andy spots Phil in line for the roller coaster. This is where being a celebrity comes in handy. He sweet-talks the ticket taker and lands a seat directly behind Phil. As the coaster races, Phil screams in delight and Andy tries to remember that no-licking rule. But on the last loop Andy gets overexcited and lunges forward, almost falling out of his seat. When the ride ends, Andy loses Phil in the crush of exiting passengers.

How is he feeling? "Excited." He's ready to take this to the next level. He is ready to make contact. "I need to put a drop of fear in the guy, but walk away clean. I want him to be slightly afraid so that he's always thinking I might be right around the corner. That way, if I'm tired one day, I don't have to be right around the corner, but I'm still getting the job done."

"I need to put a drop of fear in the guy. I want him always thinking I might be right around the corner."

But then Andy's cell phone rings for, like, oh, the 30th time, and the day takes a strange turn. "We gotta go," he says. "My friend needs me." From Andy's end of the conversation, I surmise that a young, well-known actor has called Andy in desperation. Due to a highly publicized drug habit, the young actor's big role in an upcoming Arnold Schwarzenegger sci-fi sequel may have been, uh, terminated (according to Andy)...and the actor's life is spiraling out of control.

We hop into my car, and Andy's assistant (stalking is tough work), a heavily tattooed 19-year-old with a red streak in his hair, drives. The engine revs, and we are off to the actor's house.

As we penetrate the Hollywood Hills, I try to ask Andy more about stalking, but he's hungry. We make a pit stop at a sushi bar, where I learn that Andy doesn't like to be touched while he's eating. People keep approaching and shaking his hand. Each time, he wishes he could wash up. Dinner is also interrupted by a flurry of calls from the troubled actor. We finish and head out.

Back in the car, I ask if there is anyone he dislikes. Andy pauses, and his assistant volunteers Chris Kattan, that Mango guy from *Saturday Night Live*. That's when Andy loses his shit. "Don't bring up that fucking guy's name again!" Apparently, Kattan ▷▷▷

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OUT OF THE CLEAR BLUE

DISTINCTLY SMOOTH

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Little did Andy know that the screaming girl in the back was stalking *him*

This plain-as-day photo sequence renders a caption unnecessary

NOW YOU TRY

Stalking Cheat Sheet

Andy Dick's four tips for highly effective stalking.

1. CHOOSE YOUR TARGET
It doesn't have to be anyone famous. In fact, as Andy points out, it's better to pick someone who is just kind of innocuous. Meaning you should pick people who are the least likely to be stalked. You can get away with more. Middle-aged businessmen from Ohio are perfect.

2. EMBRACE YOUR MENTAL ILLNESS
Many stalkers, as shown by Andy's example, suffer from some degree of psychological dysfunction. Treat the illness, however, and you'll probably leave people alone. Leave that chemical imbalance unmedicated and you can really stalk like a pro!

3. MAKE HIM A LITTLE SCARED
If your subject thinks you're lurking around every corner, then you don't have to work as hard. In fact, you can sit home all day, and the stalkee will still be scared! Go ahead: Sleep in as your mark obsesses about *you*!

4. DRESS APPROPRIATELY
Dark colors are a must for nighttime stalking. As Andy warns, "Don't chintz on the fabric of your black stalking turtleneck: A stalker's number one enemy is chafing."

did an impression of a rehabbing Andy that still has him raging. "People commit suicide over those things. But I'm stronger than that." He grabs the tape recorder from me and erases his outburst. "Let's do this later," he huffs.

We finally reach the actor's home, and Andy goes inside, leaving me in the car with his assistant, who has something to tell me: "I took PCP every day for three years. I would try to put my head through brick walls. I should be dead." I volunteer to drive back.

An hour passes, and the actor's rottweiler has not stopped barking. Andy ducks his head out and asks for his assistant. He goes in, leaving me alone with my full bladder. I pee on the side of the actor's house and listen in through a window. Suddenly, I feel kind of creepy.

"You think you live in a fishbowl now?" I hear Andy ask. "You're going to be living in a fishbowl with tubes and stuff coming out of your arms soon!" I sit back on the hood of the car. Another hour passes, and I hear Andy making phone calls for reinforcements. It's getting pretty ugly. I've been standing on a sad man's driveway for two hours, listening uncomfortably to an emotionally wrought conversation through an open window. Suddenly I want to leave. I feel like an intruder, and I don't like that feeling.

But it's precisely that feeling that both stalkers *and* celebrities live for. One craves attention to the point of obsession, and the other, well, craves attention to the point of obsession. Celebrity or stalker, you have one requirement: an overwhelming desire to intrude. Intentionally or not, Andy taught me the greatest lesson of all: Sometimes, celebrities and stalkers deserve one another.

Illustrations: Michael Lopez

ALL THE OTHER NOT FROZEN PEOPLE ARE WEARING IT.

Chairman Gert Boyle

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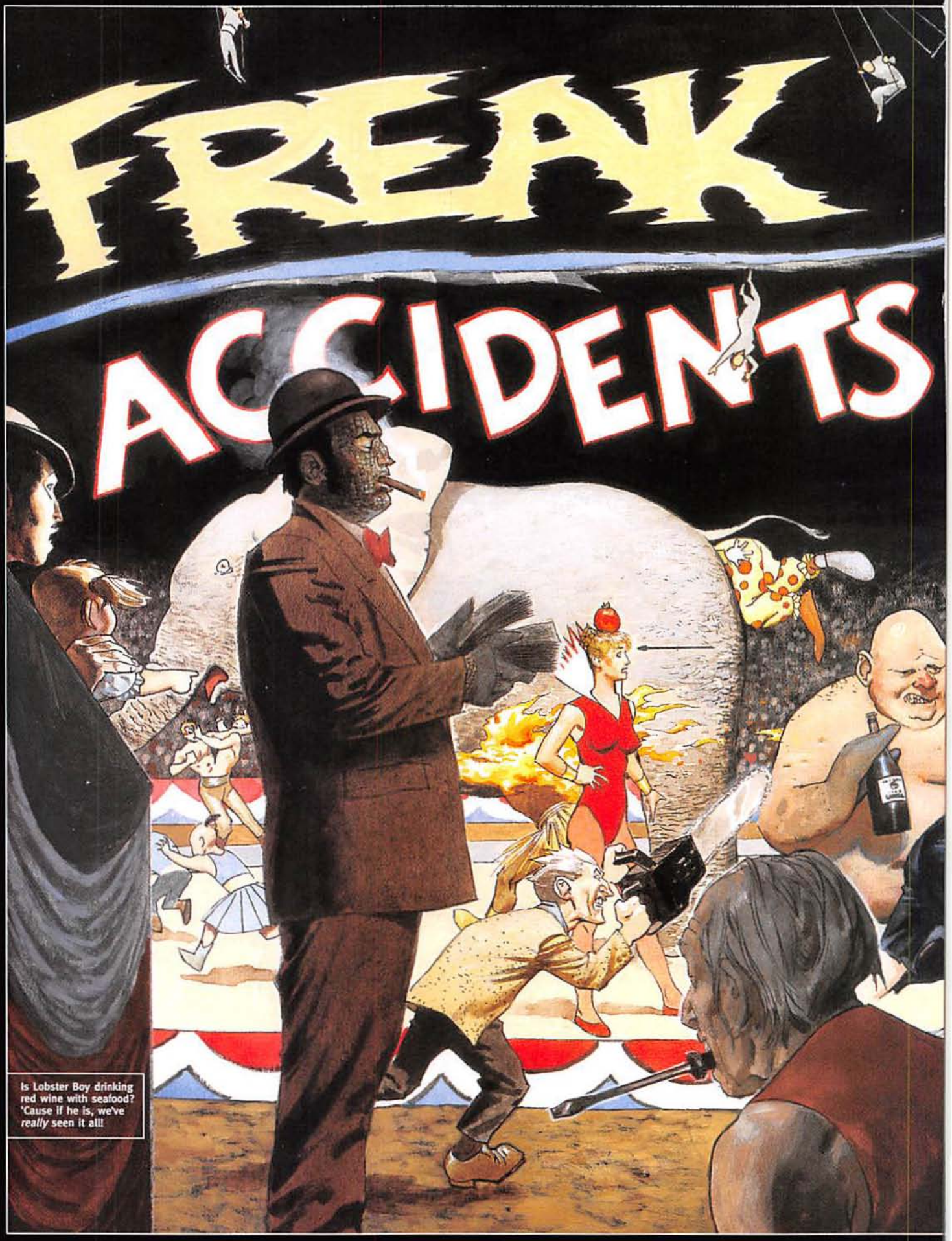
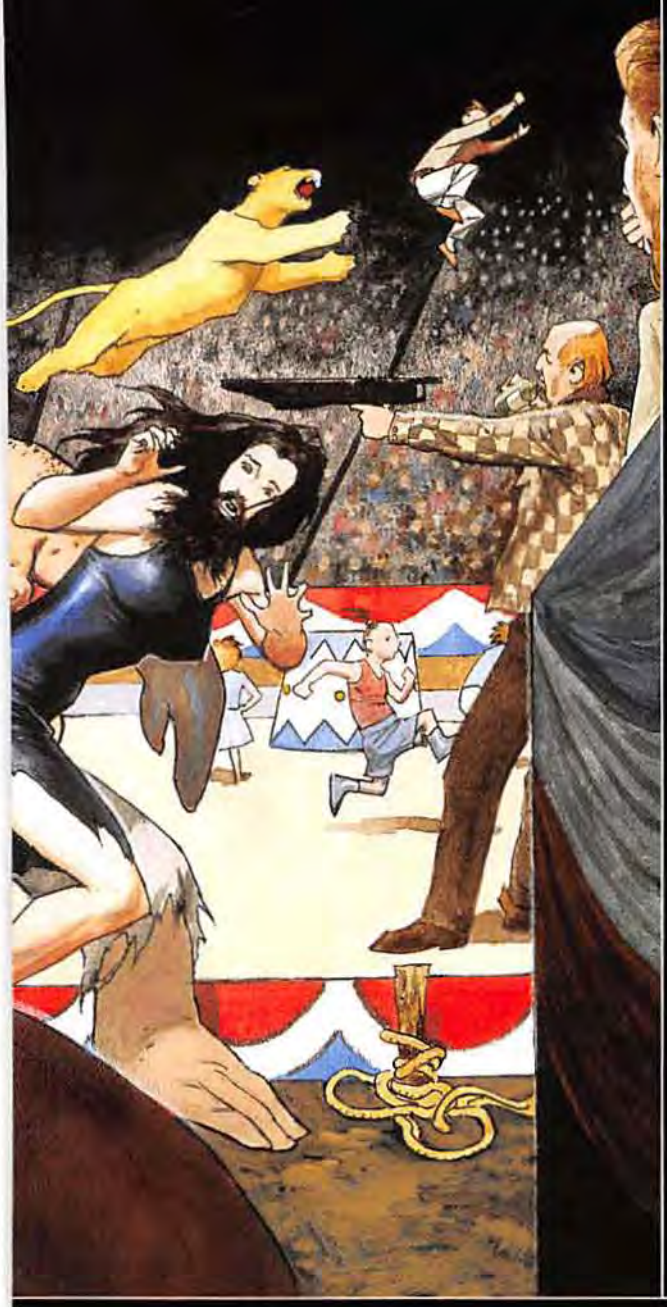
FREAK ACCIDENTS



Is Lobster Boy drinking red wine with seafood? 'Cause if he is, we've *really* seen it all!

A compendium of accidents that happened to...freaks! Because bearded ladies get hit by lightning, too.

BY SUE YOUMANS
ILLUSTRATIONS BY SCOTT HAMPTON



We commonly refer to an unexpected mishap as a freak accident. But when the same such event happens to an actual freak, what do you call it? Comedy, my friend—pure comedy.

Freaks are not immune to the weird and wacky laws of nature. In fact, if anything, their own freakishness may be a lightning rod for the often cruel and arbitrary bolt that Mother Nature wields. And all that funny circus music can't help.

Below, we offer you a sample of the sad, sorry fate bestowed upon dwarves, bearded ladies, chainsaw jugglers, sword swallowers and assorted Democratic congressmen. What can you learn from this? Well, maybe you'll be more careful in the future. And maybe you'll finally break up with that Siamese twin. After all, she's sleeping with her sister.

Don't perform brain surgery with the silverware

Circus leader Jim Rose (see box, p.108) makes a living eating lightbulbs and balancing chainsaws on his nose, but a spoon sent him to the hospital in August 1994. Rose was demonstrating how far he could push it up his nostril when he ruptured a membrane and began spurting blood. The Seattle native leads a sideshow that includes a performer who hangs concrete blocks from his genitals and a contortionist who squeezes his body through the head of a tennis racket. Ironically, Rose was boasting about his troupe's good safety record when the accident occurred. What's worse, he put the spoon back in the kitchen drawer without wiping it off.

Store a spare key in your pocket, just in case

Escape artist Amazing Joe Burrus, a recovering drug addict, wanted to give back to society by performing a Houdini-like stunt for a rehab-clinic benefit in 1990. For the act, he was covered under six feet of dirt and wet cement in a locked coffin while bound in chains and handcuffs. After the nine tons of glop were poured on, the coffin collapsed and Burrus was buried alive. This, incidentally, is why we don't believe in giving up addictions.

Don't tease your hair—it might tease you back

In Atlanta, Marguerite Ayala, another circus performer, suffered head and neck injuries and a broken arm when she fell 20 feet to the floor during her hair-hanging act—you know, the one where she's suspended from her hair way up in the air while juggling and dancing. Circus officials said the apparatus used in the act hadn't failed. Ayala's hair had just come out. It's now part of a clown wig in New Jersey and is doing just fine.

Don't drink with bearded ladies

In February 1998, a bearded lady and her female friend were fatally shot in a Portland, Oregon, karaoke bar. The reason? The gunman allegedly had a relationship with the nonbearded woman and was jealous because he thought that the poor bearded lady was a guy putting the moves on his lover. But they were singing "I Will Survive," so who can blame him? ▷▷▷

Now she'll never get a date for the prom!

French maid? Hot! Bearded dude in a six-foot bottle? Eh, not so hot.

Don't hit the bottle by yourself

For his act with the Great Moscow Circus, contortionist Hugo Zamoratte dislocates every bone in his body except his fingers, toes and spine. But his body-bending antics went awry during a practice session when he squeezed into a bottle and—wouldn't you just know it—the opening somehow became pinned shut. He was trapped for 40 minutes before he was discovered and set free by a hotel maid. Incidentally, more than 70 percent of freak accidents are discovered by hotel maids. Makes you think, doesn't it? *What* it makes you think, we're not sure. Moving right along...

Use the right tool for the job

Florida resident Grady Stiles Jr., who was born with hands like claws and feet resembling flippers, traveled the country as Lobster Boy for more than 40 years. His wife, Mary, claimed that Stiles was a "drunken brute" who head-butted her and swatted her with his pincers. She knew that was wrong. So, according to police, she and her 18-year-old son, Harry Glenn Newman, paid a teenage neighbor $1,500 to kill Stiles in 1992. Mary, her son and the shooter carried their plan to fruition, but they got caught and are all serving time in prison for murder. Stiles' other son, Grady III, who inherited his father's deformities, continues the family business with a public-access show called *Lobster Talk*. The guests really like to butter him up.

Don't smoke grass in public

A burning rope and a grass skirt may be a dangerous combination for the average guy, but they were just part of the act for one African acrobat...until one night in 1998. While performing with Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus in New York City, Jacques Mbembo's grass skirt caught fire. True to the saying that the show must go on, the other members of the troupe carried on while a flaming Mbembo rolled around on the ground. When he couldn't extinguish the fire, he ran from the ring. Mbembo was treated for second- and third-degree burns. The grass skirt, sadly, could not be saved.

Don't drink and swallow swords

A 33-year-old man's 1998 attempt to swallow a sword resulted in a sliced throat, a collapsed lung and a damaged voice box. Canadian Tim Ekelman had been drinking heavily when he tried to swallow a three-foot-long sword. After pulling it out, he stumbled home 90 minutes later and was rushed to the hospital. Ekelman's girlfriend called it the "drunken accident from hell." She added that the sword injury wasn't very pretty either.

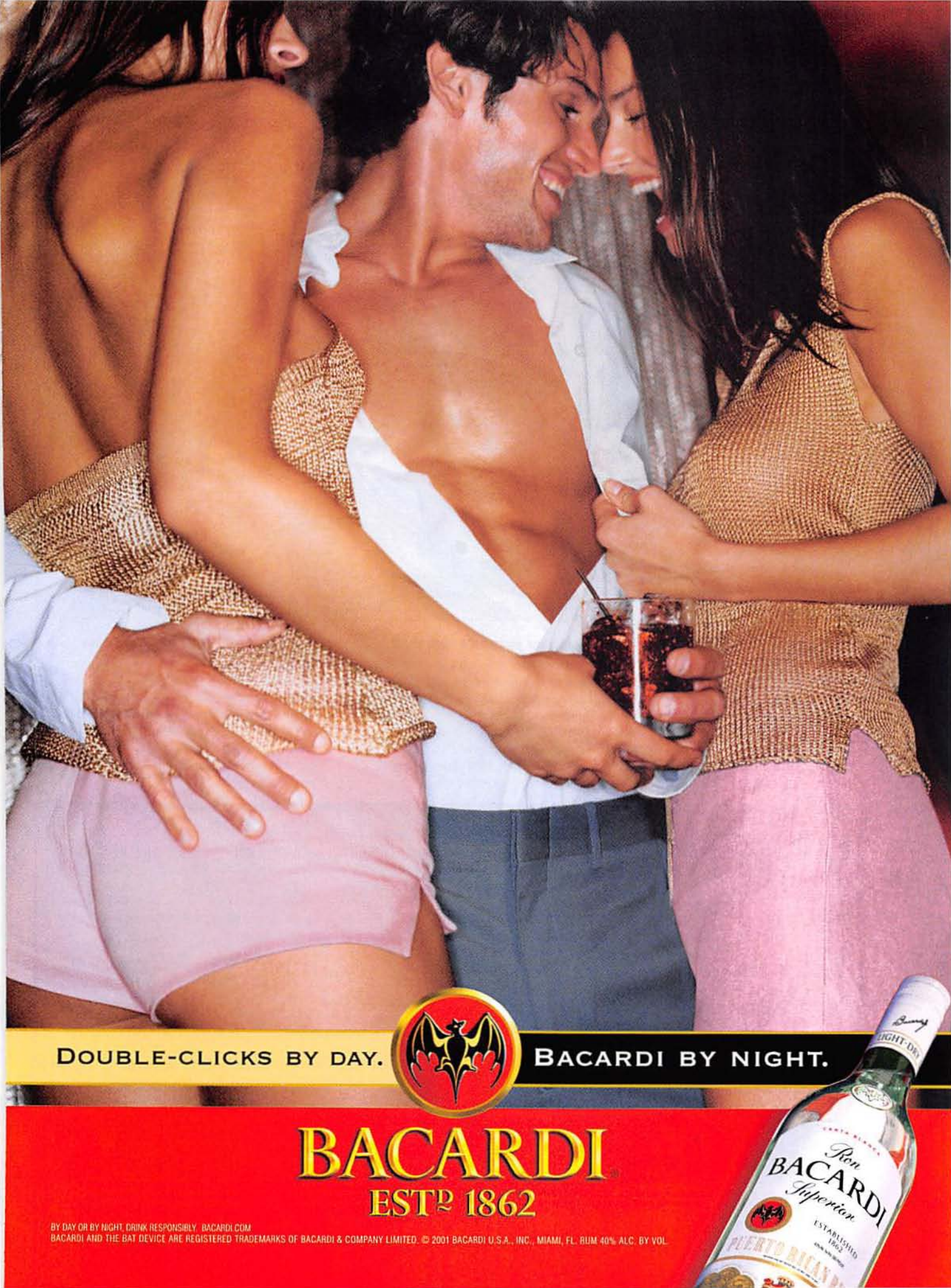
Karmic retribution for eating the World's Smallest Woman

Get better aim, or leave the arrows to Cupid

Mixing work and pleasure is never smart, especially when the work is life-threatening and the pleasure is marriage. While performing with the World Circus Festival this past January, Alain Jamet set an apple on his wife's head, William Tell style, aimed his crossbow... and missed. The arrow entered Cathy Jamet's skull just above her eye, and she spent two weeks in the hospital wondering why she hadn't married Lizard Boy instead.

Juggle what you know

While performing with France's Archaos Circus in Stockholm in 1990, Jason ▷▷▷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She was the bearded lady. He was the dwarf. The *Real World* cast was almost complete.

Cooper dropped one of the three running chainsaws that he was tossing in the air. The machine cut both of his legs and shaved off part of one kneecap (the hairy part). A spokesman for the circus said that 23-year-old Cooper must have suffered a "momentary loss of concentration." He was probably thinking about that adorable little dog-faced girl who so captured our hearts, too. Sigh...

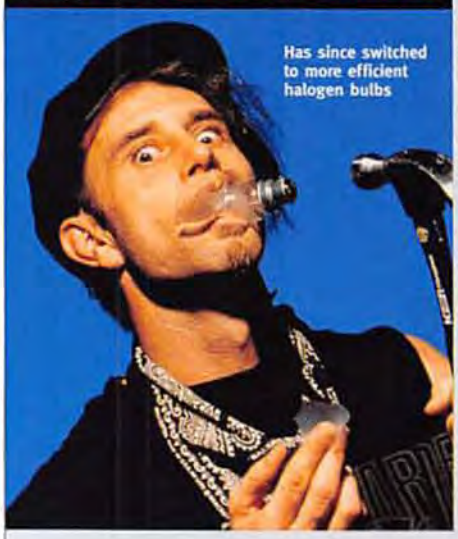
Keep your pens on a high shelf

Vivian Wheeler of Wood River, Illinois, who works as a bearded lady, alleged that Steven Carter, a circus dwarf and one of her former colleagues, stabbed her with a pen at her home in 1998 during a drunken argument. She seeks approximately $50,000 in damages, mostly for a series of tiny puncture wounds to her knee.

When it's over, don't kiss the snake

Rahim Taha tamed a six-foot-long king cobra in just five minutes during a 1997 Malaysian snake-charming competition. He won! But when he tried to kiss the snake in celebration, it bit him. Taha was rushed to a hospital, where he nearly died. The snake couldn't be reached for comment, but he's reportedly keeping a very low profile.

Become Your Own Freak!



Has since switched to more efficient halogen bulbs

Jim Rose, ringmaster of the eponymous Jim Rose Circus, reveals the "safe" ways to increase the odds of hurting yourself. And not just emotionally.*

Snort nails!

You have two nasal passages–one that goes into your brain and one that goes back into your face. Which leads to a hollow spot? You're in luck–they both do. "Tickle [the latter] passage with a nail–making sure to file off the barbs–until you get past the sneeze reflex," he says. After a few days, try spoons, spikes or a life-size replica of Gavin MacLeod.

Swallow razor blades!

Take a blade, put it in your mouth, swallow and–tah-dah!–it's gone. The trick? You don't really swallow. Instead, you place a razor–with the blade pointed to the side–right above your gag reflex. "If you cut the inside of your mouth, don't worry," reassures Rose. "It'll coagulate quickly, so it won't bleed for long."

Eat glass!

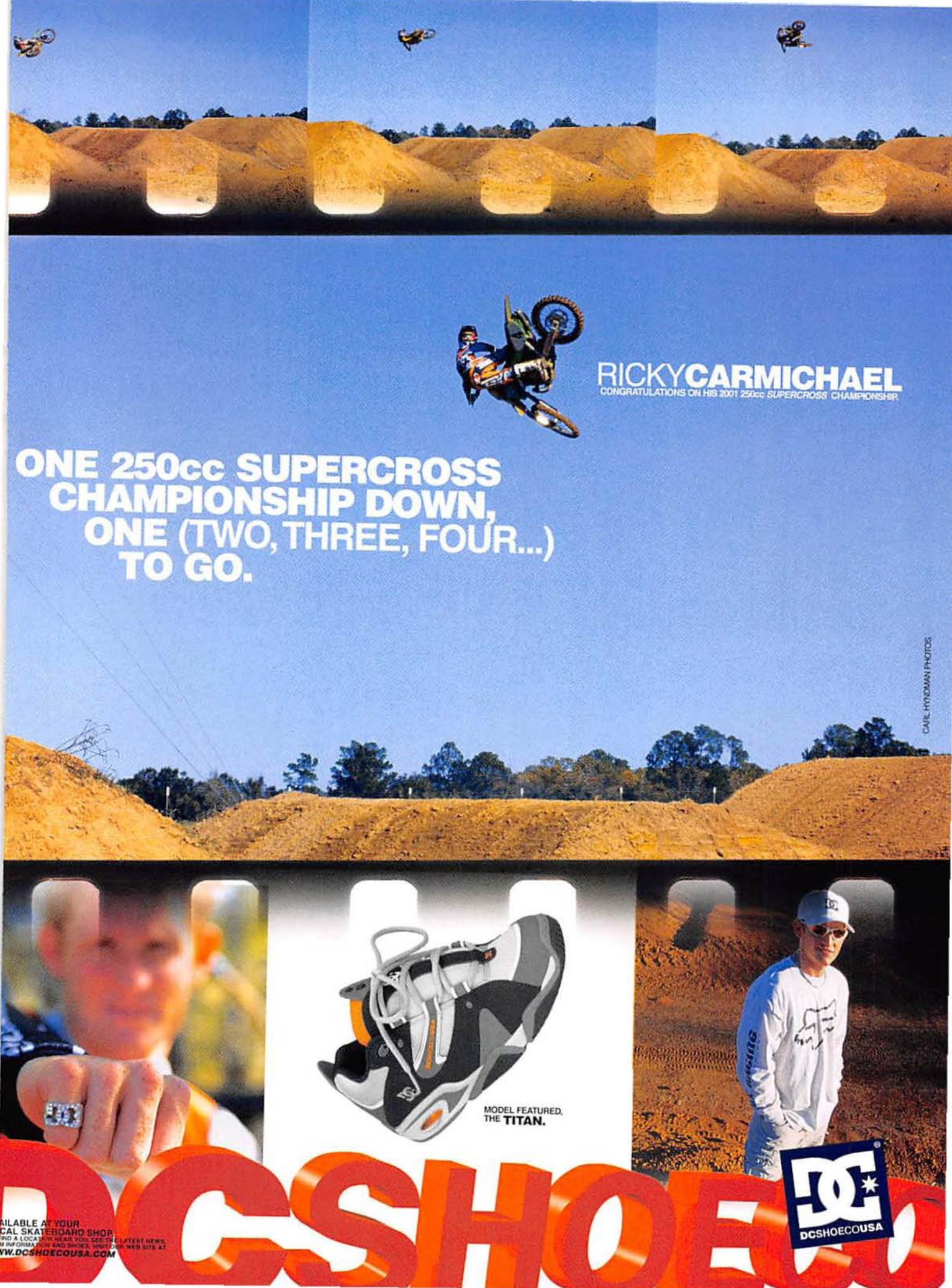
Start by eating bananas to coat your stomach. Then add glass. "Chew the glass softly on your back molars, and don't swallow it until it has the consistency of sand," he says. Follow with a banana chaser. Then ask yourself why you even bothered to go to college.

Deep-throat swords!

Before swallowing Excalibur, practice on a wire hanger. Unravel it, bend it in half and "tickle the gag reflex *seven times a day for three years* until it no longer responds." Once you've mastered this, switch to a fencing sword, which has a ball on the end for added protection. Sure, that takes commitment, but you might as well do something with your life.
–Gregg Stebben

Doubly dangerous if you're bulimic

*Note: Rose doesn't want your ER trips on his conscience. He explains, "I stick my face into broken glass all the time and then let someone step on the back of my head. Now, if I came out looking like a pound of hamburger, I'd just be an idiot. If you do it right, no blood, no cuts." You might say that Rose actually *is* an idiot and that you really *shouldn't* try these things at home, even if you follow his safety protocols and even if it's somebody else's home. And for once, we'd agree with you.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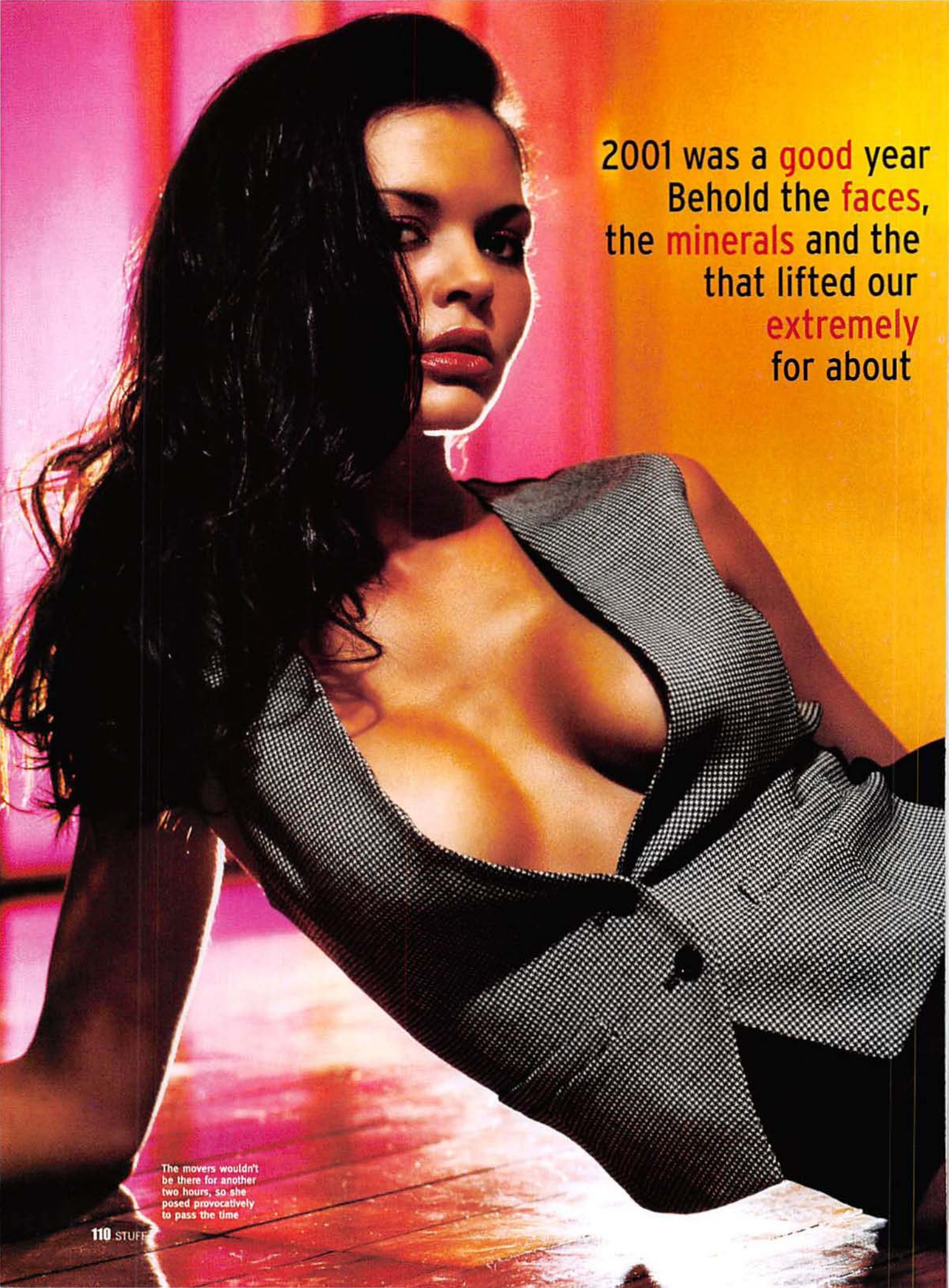
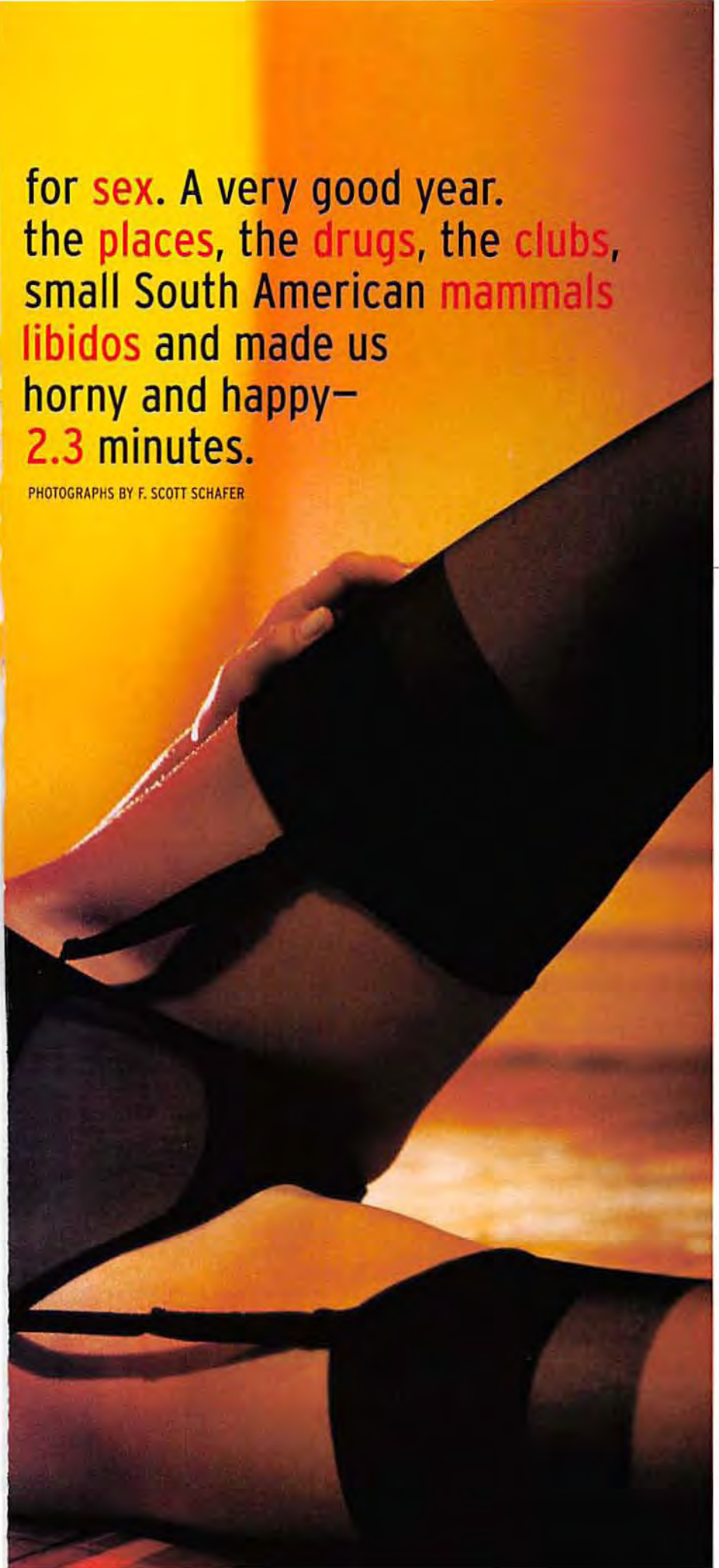


2001 was a good year
Behold the faces,
the minerals and the
that lifted our
extremely
for about

The movers wouldn't be there for another two hours, so she posed provocatively to pass the time

for sex. A very good year.
the places, the drugs, the clubs,
small South American mammals
libidos and made us
horny and happy—
2.3 minutes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. SCOTT SCHAFER



The Stuff 69

The Sex List

69. Institutions of Higher Learning

Ponder this: A woman with a graduate degree has twice as many sexual partners as one who doesn't. She also has more premarital sex and is more likely to masturbate and engage in oral and anal activities. Kinda puts the *D* in Ph.D. What's that mean? No idea.

68. The Kivin Method

This oral-sex technique will make you a sex god instantly. Use your tongue on the top and underside of your partner's clitoral hood as you touch her perineum, the spot between the base of her vagina and her anus. That's all for now. Whew, for a minute there, we thought we were *Cosmo*!

67. Richard Branson

The Virgin Atlantic chairman is making membership in the Mile High Club easier. By 2006, he'll install beds on superjumbos for business-class couples. Says Branson, "You can do it on cruise ships, you can do it at home; why shouldn't you [do it] on planes?" 'Cause sometimes chicks have too much baggage.

66. Marijuana

Pot is an aphrodisiac for women, say researchers at Baylor College of Medicine. Its THC interacts with a woman's dopamine and progesterone, making her more receptive to your advances. We tried it, and it's cool. And, like, did you ever notice the pretty shapes when you press down really hard on your eyeballs? We mean, uh, um...uh...we mean, so, uh, this is good stuff.

65. Blind Date (The TV Show)

How many of us go out on dates, make fools of ourselves and get ridiculed by thought bubbles all the way through? OK, besides you. This show does a great service: If you're watching it with your cranky wife, you're suddenly happily married.

Minutes before we beat him senseless

64. Gonorrhea

The clap is back. According to the CDC, incidents of gonorrhea have increased nearly 10 percent since 1997, or 359,463 new cases. And America has the highest gonorrhea rate of any industrialized ▷▷▷

nation, eight times higher than Canada and 50 times greater than Sweden. Swedes suffer from another disease: It's called being Swedish.

63. The UPN

TV's raunchiest network has more than 18 objectionable utterances per hour, according to the Parents' Television Council. UPN president Dean Valentine says, "We don't mistake ourselves for the Christian Broadcast Network. [It's] a question of judgment and taste. We're comfortable with what's on our air." Then he told us to fuck off. Note: Not really.

62. Digital Playground

This porn pioneer was the first to use DVD technology such as behind-the-scenes looks, true multiangles and audio commentary. Its initials also happen to be DP. Other companies have imitated it, but Digital is always a step ahead: Now its DVDs are the only ones that let you switch between fully edited angles without losing your place. Now you'll never leave home.

61. Rudy Giuliani

Since waging war on NYC, the city's mayor has slashed the number of sex shops and strip clubs from 107 to 69. Now he's trying to eliminate 101 of the 136 topless clubs, theaters and video stores in the five boroughs. So why is he on this list? Rudy's just pushed sex back where it should be–out of Times Square and into the bedroom. And there you don't need a roll of quarters (usually).

"Don't stop now—I'm almost there!"

60. Ann Summers

This British lingerie and sex-toy retailer is sexing up the Middle East, opening up shops in Dubai, Kuwait and Saudi Arabia. Sure, mannequins there have to be fully covered at all times, but the idea of Saudis wearing garters under their hijabs makes us H-O-T. Then again, almost anything there makes us H-O-T. It's the desert, for chrissakes!

59. Sealy Mattresses

Sealy is the country's best-selling mattress, so more Americans have had sex on one of these than any other. The Sealy has also been named the official mattress of the 2002 Olympics. Everyone loves the beds–except the Russian judge, who gave them a 5.3.

58. ArginMax

Made from ginkgo biloba, ginseng and L-arginine, this unofficial female Viagra promotes clitoral blood flow, upping orgasm frequency. According to one study, women taking it reported a 74 percent increase in sexual satisfaction. The other 26 percent didn't, but they faked it anyway.

57. Jazz

Aficionados have 30 percent more sex than you, according to the University of Chicago. Why? Scientists explain: Sexual frequency increases when a person is passionate about things, such as music, politics, sports or, in our case, puppetry.

56. Victoria Silvstedt

She may be the next Pamela Anderson. She was 1997's Playmate of the Year, appeared on *Son of the Beach* and is costarring with Cuba Gooding Jr. in *Boat Trip*. Through it all, she's staunchly defended her on-screen nudity. "Am I going to follow my heart or my husband's?" she asks. That might be tricky, since we kidnapped him a few hours ago.

"OK, we get it—you're sexy," said the photographer to his jealous assistant, who kept mumbling, "I'm sexy too, you know."

55. Love Cruise: The Maiden Voyage

From the creators of *The Real World*, this reality series puts 16 singles on a 15-day cruise in the hopes that "they'll make that special connection"–i.e., share their hopes, dreams and recipes for apricot squares.

54. The Gold Club

Steve Kaplan's strip club-cum-brothel. Those who have allegedly partaken of the Gold Club's services include Terrell Davis and Patrick Ewing, and in 1997, Kaplan reportedly set up his dancers with members of the Knicks while they were in South Carolina. Coach Jeff Van Gundy grabbed a leg and held on for dear life.

53. Piercing Down Under

We don't mean Australia. *The British Medical Journal* reports that clit piercings increase a woman's sexual pleasure–many reported having their first orgasms through regular sex after getting them. Then they went home to their boyfriends.

52. Grover Cleveland

While the 280-pound pile of steaming love/former president was campaigning in 1884, a woman said that he had fathered her child. His response: "Could be. I gave 'er a good rogering." Eventually, he settled down... with his 22-year-old ward. When asked for a comment, the ward said, "—." She's been dead for, like, years.

51. Shelley Michelle

She's been a body double for more than 85 big-screen stars, including Julia Roberts, Madonna and John Goodman. OK, the last one was a joke, but Michelle also owns the Body Doubles and Parts Agency, employing 300 women and 100 men. We'd give her a hand, but hers are perfectly fine.

50. Rhea Durham

It pays to straddle supermodels. After modeling for Tommy Hilfiger, Baby Phat and the Gap, this 21-year-old got hot and heavy with Gisele Bundschen for a Christian Dior ad campaign. This caught the eye of Revlon, which made her a Revlon girl. It also caught our eyes, which freakin' hurt. ▷▷▷

She's no Rhea Pearlman

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49. Pisces

People born under this sign have the most sex partners (14 percent have had more than 50), the most sex (15 percent do it 11-plus times a week), the shortest courtships (41 percent have had sex on the first date) and the wildest sex. Are you a Pisces? No? Don't worry about it. We aren't much into astronomy anyway.

48. Ben Franklin

The scientist and statesman bedded more women than Charlie Sheen *and* wrote porn. His mug is also smack-dab on the hundred-dollar bill, the root of all sex. As P. Diddy once said, "It's all about the Benjamins, baby." Without cash, you have no nice clothes. Without nice clothes, you can't compete for sexual partners. Without sexual partners, you end up working for a men's mag.

47. The Trojan Extended Pleasure Condom

Finally, a condom for that "friend" of yours who has that embarrassing premature-ejaculation problem. The inside of it is coated with benzocaine, a topical anesthetic. Adam Glickman, CEO of Condomania, says, "It's really the first condom that addresses a social need while providing protection." He's right. We wear ours even when we're not having sex, and it really makes us feel safer. Try it!

46. Estella Warren

The former *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit model is appearing nearly naked on a movie screen or billboard near you—maybe. A Perry Ellis ad featuring her next-to-naked body was booted from Times Square for being too racy. It didn't bother her. "I grew up in a bathing suit," she says. "I'm comfortable with my body." What a coincidence—we grew up in a bathing suit, too. But it was because we were very poor.

There is a God! Oh, and look at this picture.

45. Fukuoku 9000

A best-selling vibrator since its introduction three years ago: You can attach it to your finger and combine it with the Power Pack, a wrist-held battery that lets you operate three devices at once and reach speeds up to 25,000 vibrations per minute. At higher speeds, your girlfriend will actually liquefy.

44. Longans

These dried, grapelike aphrodisiacs grow in China and Florida. How convenient! By relieving stress, they enhance arousal. For best results, have a 20-year-old underwear model feed them to you very slowly. Then have her vacuum. *There are crumbs everywhere!*

43. Between the Sheets

Hailing from the British supermarket chain Asda, this new laundry detergent contains lavender and orange essences, two reputed aphrodisiacs. "Some of our customers told us they were too busy to bother with romance," explains inventor Dominic Margetson. "So our new product should get pulses racing without anyone having to work too hard." He said *hard*. Heh-heh.

42. TotallyTeri.com

Porn star/Playmate Teri Wiegel loves cameras so much that she's had 18 of them installed in her home, everywhere from her Jacuzzi to her crotch. "This site allows people to see what a normal person does who lives the life of a porn star," she says. We'd like to see a site that chronicles one's life *after* being a porn star. But we suspect hours of quiet weeping might get old real fast.

41. HBO

With shows such as *Sex and the City*, *The Sopranos*, *Real Sex*, *Taxicab Confessions* and *G-String Divas*, the channel provides quality TV with rampant nudity. It almost makes up for *Arliss*.

40. Kentucky

The stretch of land between Louisville and Lexington, to be precise. *American Demographics* claims that this is one of the best places to find wealthy, single women, 25 to 34. Ever had sex with a wealthy, single woman? We hear it's fantastic.

39. Valtrex

Anyone who's ever turned on the TV late at night has seen commercials for the new genital-herpes drug. The girl in the jeep is hot. We don't care if she has herpes, syphilis *and* Catholic parents. We love her. Anyway, see the clip enough and you'll think that *everyone* has herpes. And, actually, you'd be close: Nearly 50 million Americans suffer from the incurable but treatable disease. But we'd have to have sex to get herpes, so we don't worry about it too much!

38. Stuart Meloy

This North Carolina anesthesiologist and pain specialist was working on a woman with back trouble when he accidentally created a spinal-cord vibrator. How does it work? Place electrodes on the right nerve bundles of a woman's back, press a button and it's orgasm city. It's not available yet, but we hear the nurses love it!

37. Elektra

Marvel Comics' newly revamped ninja assassin kicks ass and seduces men in her skintight red superhero uniform. "Elektra is hot," says Pete Bonavita, a comic expert at New York City's Forbidden Planet. "She's beautiful and has more depth ▷▷▷

It's a drawing. Settle down.

While the top says "red," the shorts pretty much scream "black"

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That's not how you do sit-ups. Oh, never mind. Keep doing what you're doing.

than other comic characters." Pete, she's two-dimensional. Maybe it's time you got outside more.

36. The Smut Peddlers

The hard-core hip-hop trio hit cult status in 1999 and paved the way for Eminem. Their debut album, *Porn Again*, talks about armpit sex and the Olsen twins doing a three-way. Their stuff will never get radio play, but they're there, festering under the surface like that intern we locked in the file cabinet.

35. The National Endowment for the Arts

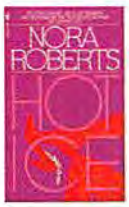
This year alone the NEA has given $87 million to otherwise purposeless artists, all of whom use sex purely to shock. Did you catch Jonathan Yegge's "Blow Job," a performance piece in which he fellated a male volunteer, then gave him an enema? Or the work of Women Make Movies, Inc.? They make X-rated movies about lesbianism and S&M. Yeah, we didn't catch them either. We're too busy with *real* art to notice. Like, did you see *Freddy Got Fingered*?

34. Gay Men

According to the 2000 census, Nevada and Delaware showed 700 percent increases in same-sex households. And that doesn't include the estimated two thirds of homosexuals who aren't living together. The more of them there are, the less competition there is for you. Unless you're gay–then you're in hog heaven.

33. British Airways Stewardesses

Coffee, tea, cleavage? With the help of Givenchy designer Julien Macdonald, British Airways is causing serious turbulence with tight-fitting uniforms. Says Macdonald: "I'll be using lots of stretch material, so they'll be sexy but practical. They'll be the envy of other airlines." Later it was explained to him that airlines do not feel envy, as they are machines.



32. Nora Roberts

The reigning queen of romance: In 2000 alone, she had 15 *New York Times* best-sellers, and with more than 127 million copies in print, one of her books is sold in the U.S. every four minutes. So? Women who read romance novels have 74 percent more sex than those who don't. Many of them *with* Nora Roberts books.

Fixed but still likes to party

31. Labrador Retrievers

Women love dogs. And dogs love big chewy bones. But that's for another list. Our point? Women are more likely to talk to you when you're with a pooch. Your best bet is a Labrador, America's most popular dog. Another interesting point: Pet owners are twice as likely not to fight with their partners–unless their partners are Labradors. Then it's always, "Why do you keep leaving the toilet seat up?!"

30. John Gray

Once a police-academy cadet, Gray now owns Vegas' Spearmint Rhino strip clubs, which rake in $50 million a year, and a ton of clubs in the U.K. Two grand will reportedly get you a private room, a choice of 150 naked girls and group sex. Two bucks will get you a pack of gum with change to spare!

29. Uprima

This Viagra upgrade's active ingredient (apomorphine hydrochloride) also treats Parkinson's disease. Arriving in the U.S. in the next few years, it augments the nerve signals in the brain already triggered by the patient's sexual desire. In other words, it makes you even hornier. Is that possible?

28. Body by Victoria Seamless Demi Bra

Since its launch in 1999, more than 10 million bosoms have been served (20 million if you do the math). It's made with a high-tech microfiber, so when a woman wears a tight top, she has the perfect bustline. It's almost a shame to take it off. But, oh, well–here goes!

27. Penélope Cruz

Hollywood's sexiest "it" girl is starring in two of this season's biggest movies–*Captain Corelli's Mandolin* and *Vanilla Sky* with Tom Cruise. Ms. Cruz has also been romantically linked with Mr. Cruise. Cool–she's single!

26. Wine

Alcohol + women = puke on your shoes. It can also equal sex, since booze increases her testosterone, making her more receptive to your advances. So what do women drink most? Wine. Duh. Consumption among women has increased 10 percent over the past few years. Our rule of thumb: Don't buy any with screw tops. Wine, that is.

25. Resident Evil

Lara Croft, watch your back. This video game, featuring space-age sexpot Jill Valentine, grossed more than $600 million since its debut in 1996. And a movie starring Milla Jovovich is due out early next year. Sneak preview: She fights an evil computer and flesh-eating scientists. Hey, didn't we see that already in *Titanic*?

24. Trust Funds

According to the *Janus Report on Sexual Behavior*, upper-class women have more premarital sex than any other economic group. Interesting note: Middle-class women have the least, six percent less than lower-class women and 14 percent less than upper-class women. So your choices are clear: Bust your ass ▷▷▷

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for a lame promotion, or quit and be a bum–then sit back as the unemployment checks and the sex roll in.

23. Radiologists

A recent survey reveals that 81 percent of them are satisfied with their sex lives. Orthopedic surgeons don't do half bad either: They have more sex than any other medical specialty. Of course, it's with other orthopedic surgeons, so it doesn't count.

22. Peaches

Her album *The Teaches of Peaches* contains the songs "Lovertits," "Cum Undun" and "Sucker." How does she explain her obsession? "I'm at my sexual peak, and I'm totally feeling it," she says. "That's probably where a lot of the lyrics come from." Funny. We're at our sexual peak, too, and our songwriting has really taken a backseat to, you know, having sex.

21. Silicone

The bad boy of breast implants is making a comeback. After 410,000 lawsuits, silicone was proven to not be harmful to women's health. The FDA has since approved testing of a new silicone implant, the McGhan Style 410. According to Sandra Finestone of the Women's Implant Information Network, silicone looks and feels more natural than saline. It's true. We traded our old ones for the new ones, and we can't keep our hands off ourselves!

20. Gregory Dark

The guy who directed videos for Britney Spears and Mandy Moore first pumped out porn such as *The Devil in Miss Jones, Parts IV and V* and *New Wave Hookers*. Spears reportedly fired Dark after learning about his pedigree. He now has a few part-time jobs, including pool boy, plumber and pizza-delivery guy.

19. Crystals

Women are now waxing it *all* off down there, then applying Swarovski crystals to the empty canvas. Cindy Barshop, owner of NYC's Completely Bare spa, which started the trend, says, "We get hundreds of women each week, and it's turned into an international phenomenon. We needed a change down there, and this is it." Sounds less painful than the Bedazzler, which is what we've been using "down there."

A girl in a bikini? Not in this mag!

18. Tera Patrick

She's the only porn star ever named Best New Starlet by nine different sources. Her DVD *Virtual Sex with Tera Patrick* has been on top 10 lists since its release and was named Best Interactive DVD by *Adult Video News*. She's also a licensed nurse and an aspiring infectious-disease specialist (seriously). That'll come in handy.

17. Mythos: Young Olympians

The sexiest video game of 2002, with the kids of Olympian gods battling the underworld. The main babes: Leda, daughter of Zeus, in a bikini toga, and Enyo, goddess of warfare, in S&M gear. Hal Rushton, president of the game company Saffire, says, "With [Leda's] soft body dynamics, she will turn plenty of heads." Unless you're already looking straight at her.

16. Nitric Oxide

This tiny, lightweight molecule triggers erections by dilating blood vessels. Incidentally, it's also found in cigarette smoke and exhaust fumes. So will smoking and sniffing buses lead to better sex?

When asked, oxide said it just enjoys "helping people" and that it "hopes the press will respect his privacy."

15. Jews

The *Janus Report* found that 69 percent of Jewish women favor premarital sex and that more than 70 percent of Jewish men and women prefer to be the sexual aggressor, a much higher percentage than Catholics and Protestants. Furthermore, 62 percent of Jews describe sex as "deliciously sensuous"–praise usually reserved for Aunt Myra's matzo balls.

14. Winnipeg, Canada

The Internet porn capital of the world, producing 85 to 90 percent of all the live hard-core and freaky porn (orgy, dungeon, lesbian, pregnant and so on) in cyberland. We went to a party in Winnipeg once. No lesbian dungeon orgies there. Just lots of little cocktail weenies. They love cocktail weenies.

13. The Mercedes-Benz Convertible

Not only has this car helped at least seven men in a midlife crisis get laid, but it's also the the newest trend in prostitution. Known as hail hookers, industrious women in two-seaters have popped up in NYC. Their method is simple: They park outside gentlemen's clubs and sports bars at night and wait for their bait to emerge. Then, in seven to ten days, some of the more unlucky men become familiar with No.64 on our list.

12. Edinburgh, Scotland

The kinkiest city in the U.K., according to the Web site BlueSnake.com. Its residents purchase more sex paraphernalia than anyone else, accounting for nearly 40 percent of all U.K. Web sales. The most popular item: the Basic Bondage Kit, which comes with a blindfold, handcuffs, a whip and a small man named Ewan in a latex kilt.

This guy really blows

11. Bikram Yoga

The most rigorous yoga subjects women to 100-degree heat and contorts them into *Kama* ▷▷▷

While Kara waited for her goodnight kiss, Patrick bolted down the stairwell. If he hurried, he could catch *Seinfeld*!

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Stacy laid down the law. And then she just laid down. Even models get sleepy!

Lost in thought... and ass

Sutra-esque positions. Experts say that women are primed for sex after exercise, and Juan Martin-Busutil of the Yoga College of India in Beverly Hills says, "Yoga strengthens you physically, which strengthens you mentally, which helps you sexually." *Yoga* college?

10. Your Imagination

According to clinical psychologist Karen Shanor, Ph.D., "Men think about sex an average of six times per hour, and they have 120 very strong sex thoughts a day." What she didn't mention: Each thought lasts approximately 10 minutes, making it an all-sex, all-the-time programming format in your head. Hello! We're talking over here!

9. Drea de Matteo

The Sopranos' mob girlfriend is an unapologetic, self-described "nasty, nasty little fuck." She sports an AC/DC tattoo over her crotch, owns a boutique in NYC called Filthmart and keeps her dog's testicles in a jar. She balances that out with knitting and Yahtzee.

8. Cialis

Viagra's successor keeps a man horny for 48 hours, unlike the original pill, whose effects last for a measly four hours. Says Luc Valiquette, M.D., a urologist, "It lets men have sex more often without having to take a second dose." And 48 hours is just about enough time for many women to reach orgasm.

Reported by Bill Keith, Dan Nemet-Nejat and Josh Tager

7. The Sage Grouse

Though he may not strike you as the most virile animal, the average sage grouse can have sex 100 times in one night. Compare that with the human *yearly* average of 109. There are no figures on grouse-human sex yet.

Makes a mean omelette

6. Nurses

Next time you check into the trauma ward, beware the women in white. Nearly 40 percent of female health-care providers can have multiple orgasms. How does that stack up against other women? Only 30 percent of the female population can orgasm just *once* through intercourse. Experts theorize that nurses are comfortable with their bodies, which makes sense. They're certainly comfortable with shoving that thermometer up our butts.

5. Superlow Jeans

The best-selling Levi's are worn by J.Lo, Christina Aguilera, Sarah Jessica Parker and women everywhere. Last June, their commercial featuring talking belly buttons appeared nonstop on TV. Our belly buttons auditioned for the part, but they were deemed too linty.

4. Redheads

According to German scientists, redheads seek sex an average of once a day compared with blondes, who could only be bothered twice a week. Sex with redheads also lasts the longest—25 minutes, compared with 14 for blondes. So who has more fun now? Huh? What? Shit, we lost our train of thought. Who are you again?

"Golf, schmolf. Hold me."

3. 10:34 P.M.

That's the time that you're most likely to be having sex, according to the Andrology Institute in Lexington, Kentucky. Researcher Panayiotis Zavos says, "It makes sense, because that's about bedtime." Maybe for you, you...andrologist!

2. The GOP

Eighteen percent of ultraconservatives are into S&M—that's three times the number of ultraliberals. This might explain their fondness for ties. We called GOP headquarters for comment, but they refused to speak with us. Apparently they had ball gags in their mouths.

1. Power

The ultimate aphrodisiac. Just look at the politicians and execs who get their helmets polished while placing high-powered phone calls. The reason? A woman's hypothalamus, the primal center of her brain that houses her desire for a strong mate. This dictates that she find a partner who is physically and economically powerful—the kind of creature who can provide shelter, clothing, money or handcrafted Hummels. So go get an amazing, high-profile job and the women will follow. Until, of course, they meet your boss.

Styling: Andrea Cocker for the Montgomery Group. Hair: Christine Au for ART mix the Agency. Makeup: Patrycia for Stockland/Martel.com. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

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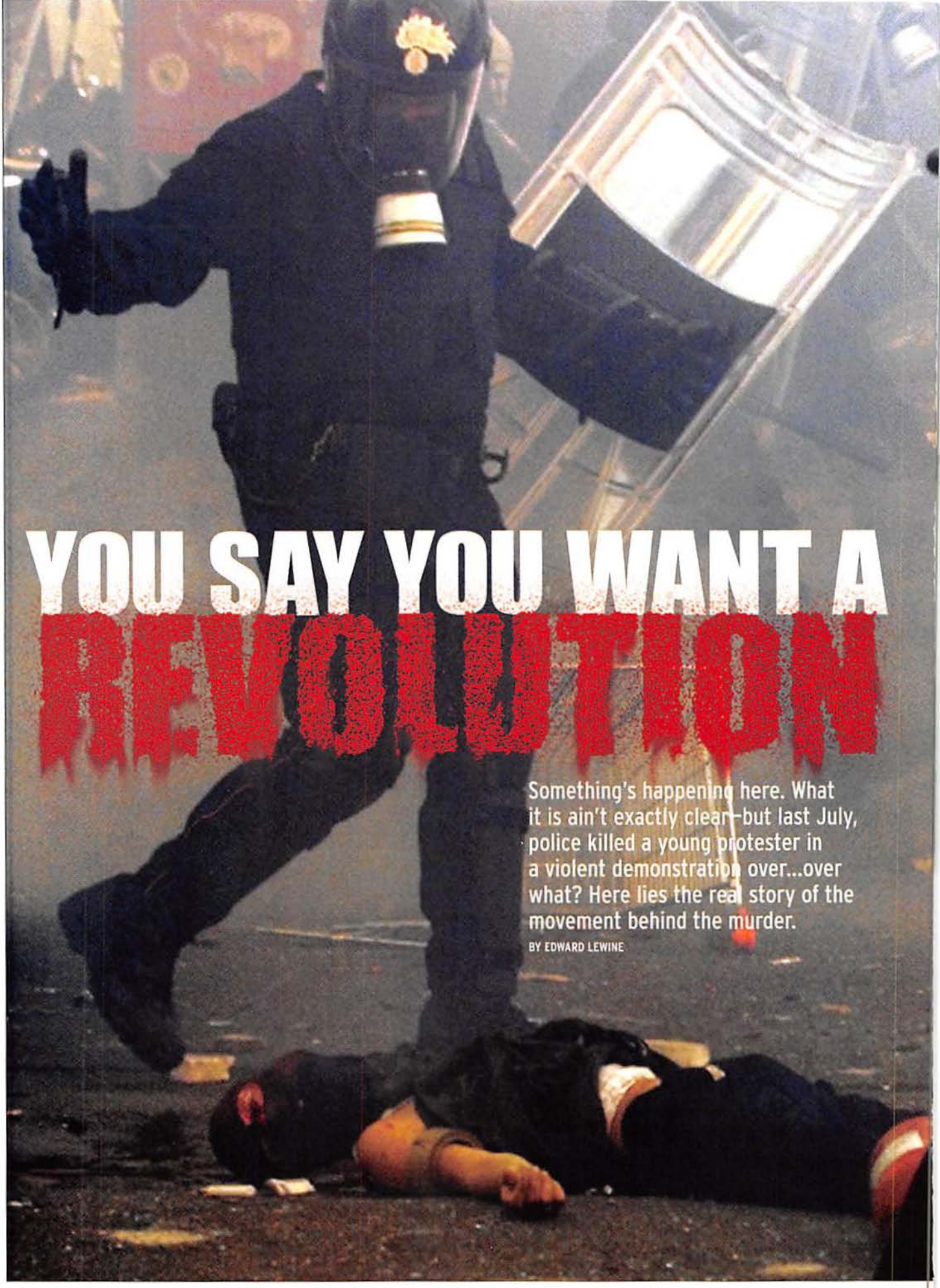

YOU SAY YOU WANT A REVOLUTION

Something's happening here. What it is ain't exactly clear—but last July, police killed a young protester in a violent demonstration over...over what? Here lies the real story of the movement behind the murder.

BY EDWARD LEWINE

This past July, four grim protesters–Zoe, Alexis, Jenny, a woman named Bork–and one excited reporter all rode the elevator to the top floor of the swanky Marriott Wardman Park Hotel in Washington, D.C. The four women were nervous, making small talk about cameras and buffets, the kind of stuff they imagined a real Marriott Wardman guest might discuss. Three of them were disguised in business attire; for example, Alexis, 27, a committed left-wing provocateur, was toting a black suitcase on wheels. But 37-year-old Bork couldn't even fake gainful employment for a two-minute elevator ride: A stone-cold anarchist who is accustomed to tangling with police, she wore black shorts and a black tank top. When they hit the roof, she wrapped a bandanna over her face, outlaw-style.

The roof was completely open; there was no security, even though the Marriott is host to a lot of high-level meetings. The July morning was bright and sunny. All of D.C. was at their feet, but not groveling–yet. Alexis and Zoe unzipped the black suitcase and pulled out a neatly folded banner with four cords attached to it. The four women grabbed the cords and flung the banner over the side of the roof. The banner was 20 by 15 feet, with a massive skull and crossbones painted across it. It read: REVOLUCIÓN AQUÍ, PRIMERO OCTUBRE 2001, IMF DEATH.

The use of Spanish was a flamboyant gesture against globalization. The protesters flung their fists skyward for a revolutionary salute. In that moment, Zoe, 21, was full of excitement: "I've always wanted to do a banner drop." Then the moment was over. "It's a wrap," Bork said. They stuffed the banner into the suitcase and got the hell out of there.

Less than two hours later, several photos of the banner hanging off the side of the Marriott were posted on the Net and sent via e-mail to thousands of radicals around the world. The opening salvo of the Washington, D.C., anticorporate globalization protests of September and October 2001 had been fired.

"We wanted to send a message," Alexis said, "that when the IMF [International Monetary Fund] and World Bank meet here in September, we'll be here as well." That's here, as in *aquí*.

IT'S HOT, IT'S HIP, IT'S ANARCHY!

Police estimate that 50,000 or so global protesters from Europe, Africa, Latin America and Asia will be in D.C. for several days leading up to the September 29-October 2 meetings of international bankers. The protesters will be accompanied by TV crews, radio dweebs, Internet journalists, photographers and pundits–the entire circus of modern civil street discourse. There'll be rallies and demonstrations designed to disrupt the annual meetings of the World Bank and the IMF. Thousands more people will be there to watch and take cool pictures. It's going to make the evening commute a bitch. For each of the past 20 years, the World Bank and the IMF have met at the Marriott, but in mid-July the money men announced that they were sticking to their downtown offices for security reasons. Smart move.

Or maybe none of this will happen. We're talking about anarchists, after all. They're notoriously unreliable. But if the protesters don't succeed in making a mess of D.C., they'll give it a shot elsewhere. And if the demonstrations are anything like those that have rocked Seattle, Quebec City, London and Genoa, Italy, recently, then there will be surging crowds, violent clashes with police, property damage and perhaps a corpse or two. It'll be like a Stanley Cup victory bash, but without the victory.

The wave of mass demonstrations that has swept the world for the past two years has not been directed at any single institution. The protests have been lodged against a much ▷▷▷

more vague shade of villainy called corporate globalization. Or, to be more precise, the perceived effect of global capitalism and rampant technological advances on the environment and the disadvantaged. Or to quote Zoe: "It's about rich countries keeping poor countries poor." Whatever corporate globalization is, the protesters are against it, even though no one can agree on exactly what it is or what should be done about it.

No matter. If you want to protest something–or to just get rowdy and have some fun–then antiglobalization is the cause to take up. It is so hot that it's made street protests, which until recently seemed like romantic relics of an earlier time, into chic events again. Hip-huggers are back, and so is the raised fist.

Americans figured this out in a big way in December 1999 when some 50,000 protesters descended upon Seattle, all but shutting down a meeting of the World Trade Organization and making President Clinton suddenly look as elderly as he is. It was this generation's Kent State, a moment when everyone–from the organizers themselves to the kids in the street to the authorities–realized that something big was happening, whatever it was.

"The timing [for Seattle] was just right," said Nadine Bloch, 40, a longtime activist who's taken up the antiglobalization banner. "We see an ebb and flow in protest movements, and this is a big flow–thank goodness." Since Seattle, things have only become more violent. The images beam onto TV screens from London, Quebec City and Gothenburg, Sweden, of chanting, marching, arrests, barricades in the streets and broken windows. In Genoa this summer, police killed a protester in violent demonstrations.

Corporate globalization doesn't sound like the type of thing that would get average people all that riled up. It isn't like war, or AIDS, or rain forests. It's about the implications of lowering global trade restrictions on parochial labor and natural and capital resources. Try chanting that one. And even the causes themselves are open to debate: global warming? Maybe. Maybe not. Maybe not even bad. Poverty? According to the U.N., more has been done to alleviate the suffering of the world's poor in the past 50 years–the heyday of global capitalism–than in the previous 500. So

They attract college kids with the promise of a party: "I was getting gassed; I was coughing up blood! It was a lot of fun!"

how do the organizers of these protests get tens of thousands of people to volunteer for such an amorphous cause? It turns out that globalization's very blandness is its greatest asset as an issue–almost anyone with a gripe can happily be against it. Globalization is noncontroversially controversial. While most protesters are young, white and middle-class, the people who lead demonstrations can be any age, shade or tax bracket. They range from conservative Democrats to radical anarchists. They are proponents of what might be called radical green-socialist globalization. Their kind of globalization, with fuzzy science and feel-good economics, seeks to defeat the other kind of globalization, the kind with Cokes and fries. They operate without well-defined organizations or leaders, yet by using the Internet they attract thousands of college kids to use as street fodder. The promise: a good time. For many of those who run up against the cops, antiglobalization is the politics of partying.

The organizers understand this, of course. Though they say they try to ban alcohol and drugs, they do try to provide music, puppet shows and other diversions. "It's just fun," said Nathan Converse, 22, an activist-protester. "I have friends who have said, 'I was getting gassed; I was coughing up blood! It was a lot of fun!'"

And they love attention-getting stunts, even though they shun what they call the corporate media. "It's easy to bash these people because they get their facts wrong," said *Newsweek*'s international affairs columnist, Fareed Zakaria. "But the passion is real, and they are highlighting a real problem. Globalization does have consequences. In the short run, it does worsen inequality between nations, it does produce an enormous amount of social dislocation and it does leave people behind."

Maybe, but to most critics, the protesters are at best naive and uninformed and at worst purveyors of the 20th century's ▷▷▷

Bush never saw the message. He was busy playing with his car's automatic door locks.

"Shit! I gotta go in five minutes or they're totally gonna tow my Saab."

Murmuring surf.
A whispering breeze.
And plenty of heavy metal.
Captain Morgan's
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Puerto Rican Rum with natural coconut flavor. 24% Alc. by Vol. (48 proof). © 2001 Captain Morgan Rum Co., Baltimore, MD.

tried-but-failed social theories. They point out that many protesters aren't sure what they're fighting for. "I found there was ignorance as to what the IMF and other institutions do," said William Murray, an IMF spokesman who talked to protesters at the Seattle demonstrations of November 1999. "I heard a lot of platitudes: 'You hurt the poor.' 'You kill babies.' I mean, come on."

Protests used to be such simple things. Back in the '60s, the issues were simple: You had the Vietnam War and civil rights. You could demonstrate at the Pentagon and be pretty sure about what the Pentagon was up to. Those kinds of galvanizing movements had clearly defined leaders agitating and creating a buzz that compelled the support of liberals who felt comfortably radical–so long as radical meant chic, as Tom Wolfe famously pointed out.

But this is a more complicated time. To many, the Seattle World Trade Organization riot was to the great antiwar marches of the '60s what 'N Sync is to Bob Dylan. Lotsa style, zero substance. They are attempting to protest an abstract macroeconomic issue using the manpower of a divided and leaderless ragtag band of kids. In short, they are trying to organize anarchy.

ALL TALK, LITTLE ACTION

In D.C., when Bork and the others were doing their banner drop, no single person or group was running the show. The organizing principle seemed to be more of a spontaneous consensus. But, in fact, it was the result of a long, difficult process. The organizational heavy-lifting was done under the auspices of something called the Mobilization for Global Justice (MGJ), which is an umbrella organization for any person or group looking to protest globalization. They have a PR guy and a reasonable amount of predictable savvy. And they have meetings. Many, many meetings.

During July, there must have been 10 meetings a week. Some were called by groups directly connected to the MGJ, others by so-called affinity groups–like unions and liberal church groups–intending either to take part in the main MGJ protests or to protest by themselves. There were meetings held about when to hold meetings. A group of men held a male-patriarchy meeting to discuss why men speak more than women at meetings. The results were debated at a women's meeting to consider the troubling topic. Minutes were posted on the Internet, where they were discussed again at meetings conducted in cyberspace.

If you were selling top-quality athletic wear at affordable prices, you'd be bracing for a riot, too

Another night, another meeting. Tomorrow? More meetings.

His mom made him wear the hat

It got to some of them after a while. "In my day, in the '60s and '70s, we did less talking and more acting," said Carrie Biggs-Adams, 48, whose Communications Workers of America union will be joining in some of the D.C. protests. "These kids today...they have an endless capacity for meetings."

The biweekly MGJ meeting held the day before the Marriott hotel action was typical: Some 60 people gathered in the basement of a D.C. church to figure out how to bring down the system. Everybody sat in a circle on metal chairs. There were no dreadlocks, no pierced navels, no dirty and drugged misfits. In fact, it could have been a Kenny G fan club meeting. Most were casually dressed folks in their twenties, interspersed with the occasional older, scruffy, apparently intellectual type.

Most of them had come to the movement from other causes, which came to the surface. "Hi! I'm Tammi and I'm a Communist!" Or an environmentalist! Or a trade unionist! Or a Zapatista! *E pluribus* and all that. Everyone had a basic understanding of globalization–it seemed to involve the globe–even though everyone's take on it was different. Some wanted an end to all global trade; others wanted more humane global trade. Some wanted to shut down the IMF and the World Bank; others wanted to change them. Some advocated violent protest. Most didn't. Some were dying to talk to reporters. Some walked away.

Most of the business consisted of hearing reports from previous meetings. Unlike plenary sessions of '60s radicals, when Marxists would square off against Maoists only to be interrupted by aggressively cheerful yippie anarchists, there were no great arguments. After two hours, the group cleaned up after itself, stacked the chairs neatly against the wall, and went off for light beers. Another night, another meeting. Tomorrow? More meetings.

If you want evidence that modern revolution is like modern sex–more talk than action–look at the way the antiglobalization machine runs on meetings and the chatty Web sites that fill a critical role in pulling off these events. The meeting/Web site combo gives every idea, no matter how loony it might be, its moment of attention. But it also creates, in theory, a new kind of consensus-driven, leaderless organizing. Antiglobalization doesn't yet have an Abbie Hoffman or even a Tom Hayden. Nobody mounts the media barricade, black flag in hand, to stir the forces of global anarchy with a barrage of sound bites. Everything is worked out through skull-numbing rounds of discussion. Consensus is the top virtue. Watching it in action, it looks like voting to me, but they insist that it's fairer than voting–and much more complicated.

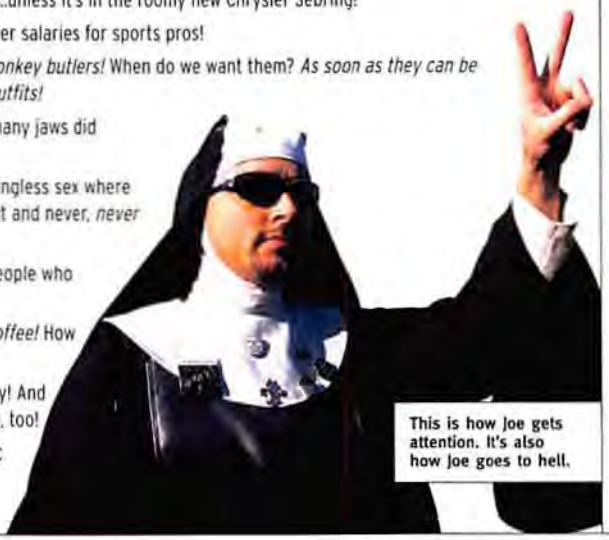
"We could spend a whole day trying to explain consensus," they say, but that was one meeting that no one ever called.

"The decentralized way we are working is very exciting to me," Bloch said. "It's probably the most radical thing we are doing. We are committed to hearing from everyone."

In all, some 25 "actions," or protest events, are being planned by the MGJ. These range from small rallies with permits in ▷▷▷

Rejected Rallying Cries

- What do we want? *Justice!* When do we want it? *When you've got a moment–no hurry!*
- Hell, no, we won't go...unless it's in the roomy new Chrysler Sebring!
- Hey-ho, let's go! Higher salaries for sports pros!
- What do we want? *Monkey butlers!* When do we want them? *As soon as they can be dressed in cute little outfits!*
- Hey, hey, TMJ! How many jaws did you hurt today?
- Make love, not meaningless sex where you don't stay the night and never, *never* return our calls.
- More power to the people who already have it!
- What do we want? *Coffee!* How do we want it? *Black!*
- Equal work, equal pay! And we'll have sex with you, too!
- Make darling ceramic pots for friends and family, not war!


This is how Joe gets attention. It's also how Joe goes to hell.

Chantal Legrand reveals:

How I lost 54 pounds without dieting or medication in less than 6 weeks!

(and since I haven't gained a single ounce back!)

"... I can hardly believe that I looked like this not too long ago. Today I hardly recognize myself."

Everyone in my family tends to gain weight easily. And I'm certainly no exception to that rule!

I left my parents' home at the age of 22 and moved into a studio apartment near work. As I was living alone for the first time, I paid close attention to what I was eating. Especially because of the effects of my mother's good cooking were starting to appear on my figure! At home, I made light meals along the lines of yogurt, apples and grains. From time to time, I'd make a treat, such as when friends came over for dinner. Still, I was able to maintain my ideal weight.

The tendency to gain weight got hold of me!

I got married at 25, and was expecting my first child a year later... I was always hungry and so, to soothe my conscience, I'd say "Go ahead, you're eating for two now!" So I'd cook elaborate meals for my husband and, because he came home for lunch during the week, we were having two large meals a day.

Of course, after eating at that pace, I began to gain weight! Even after my child was born, I continued to gain instead of losing weight -- at a rate of about 2 pounds each month.

This turn of events didn't put me in a particularly good mood, and my husband kept telling me "Just eat less if gaining weight upsets you so much." But how can someone resist such delicious good food? I couldn't persuade myself to cut back. And because I was staying at home to care for my little girl, I was constantly tempted to snack between meals. A cookie here, a bit of cheese there. And I continued to gain weight.

Then I started trying everything, except...

Discouraged, I started trying all the tricks, appetite suppressants, creams, diets and medications. Fads came and went and I had spent a fortune with no result. Sometimes I managed to lose 5-6 pounds, but after having stopped, I would gain back what I had lost, and sometimes even more. The situation was almost comical.

The situation stopped being funny when I reached the shocking weight of 174 pounds (I'm 5'2")— more than pleasantly plump. I was depressed and I didn't know how to lose the excess weight that was spoiling my life...

I wanted to try this famous weight-loss plan that everyone is talking about...

I had read surprising articles in many newspapers about a plan that really helped people lose weight who hadn't had any success before. I read the story of a young woman in whom I recognized a little bit of myself. Just like me, she had gained a lot of weight during and after pregnancy. But thanks to this plan, she managed to lose 35 pounds in 4 weeks...

However, as I was pretty skeptical of all these kinds of weight-loss plans and treatments, I only half-believed that *this* plan would work. In any event, I wasn't risking anything by trying the plan, because I would be refunded if I didn't get the results I wanted.

So I ordered the weight-loss plan. I was so surprised when I received the package! It was as if this plant extracts weight-loss plan was created especially for me! I could lose weight while still eating the way I wanted. Fantastic! I couldn't see myself following a strict diet while cooking normally for my family. I had some trouble believing — it seemed really too good to be true!

"After I had lost more than 54 pounds due to this natural treatment and without starving at all, it was one of the best moments in my life..."

After the first day, I lost 2 pounds!

The next day I started the 16-plant weight-loss plan. It was on my daughter's birthday —she was two years old— and we had invited some friends over for lunch. I had prepared a delicious meal and, for dessert, a huge cream cake. I wasn't about to deprive myself of all that! So I ate along with the others, and yet, when I weighed myself the next day on the bathroom scale, I had lost 2 pounds! It was unbelievable! And very encouraging!

The way my weight loss corresponded to the woman's story in the newspaper article was very surprising! She had said that she lost 8 to 10 pounds per week, on average, and that was the case for me!

Already 9 pounds in one short week

I was stunned to see how I'd lost weight so quickly. So I followed the weight-loss plan very carefully... It was very simple: every morning, afternoon and evening, I took the amount indicated of plant macerat before each meal, and then I ate normally and went about my normal daily routine.

The pounds started to melt away and in one week, I lost more than 9 pounds. And even better, because I didn't have to change my habits, I could eat anything I wanted.

(Please, turn over...)

COPYRIGHT © 2001 IMPORTANT NOTICE. CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR FIRST BEFORE FOLLOWING ANY WEIGHT LOSS PLAN, ESPECIALLY IF YOU HAVE HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE, IF YOU ARE PREGNANT OR BREAST FEEDING OR ON MEDICATION FOR HEART CONDITION. WHEN YOU ORDER, YOU WILL RECEIVE A COMPLETE WEIGHT LOSS PLAN TO FOLLOW. THIS WEIGHT LOSS PLAN IS NOT INTENDED TO TREAT, DIAGNOSE, CARE OR PREVENT ANY DISEASE. STATEMENTS HAVE NOT BEEN EVALUATED BY THE F.D.A.

My husband was thrilled to see me lose weight so quickly!

After that, everything happened quickly. I weighed myself every two days and each time I saw that I was still losing weight! Furthermore, my clothes were starting to really be too big. Two weeks later, I had reached 154 pounds. My husband couldn't believe his eyes. He saw me eat normally every day and yet he could see the weight loss for himself! I showed him my "secret" and he thought it was just extraordinary.

The third week, I lost no less than 13 pounds!

That's the week when I lost the most weight. I couldn't get over it. What's more, because I wasn't on a diet, I was still in great shape! I wasn't tired from losing all that weight. Quite the opposite, I felt invigorated!

I continued to follow the weight-loss plan steadily. The hardest part was those last few pounds. But after only 6 weeks, I had reached the weight that I wanted--that is, 120 pounds. I had lost 54 pounds in a month and a half.

For me, this was a miracle!

The first person to be thrilled with these results was my husband. He's taken a renewed romantic interest in me... He often takes me in his arms and shows me how much he loves my body. He's at least as proud of my accomplishments as I am.

As far as I'm concerned, I've overcome a hardship and regained a certain zest for life. I often catch myself humming happily when I'm working around the house. It's been quite a long time since that's happened to me!

And even more surprising is the fact that I haven't regained a single ounce since starting the weight-loss plan. My weight has stabilized at what really is my ideal weight of 120 pounds. And I can still eat whatever I want without any danger of gaining the weight back.

It's possible for you to lose 8 to 10 pounds per week!

By following the simple instructions for the weight-loss plan, just as I did, you will start to lose weight immediately. You could lose 8 to 10 pounds per week, easily, just until you attain your ideal weight. And you won't gain the weight back afterwards, because your weight will have reached its equilibrium. You'll remain thin, and no one will believe you ever had any problem with your weight before. You'll be proud of your figure and you'll see how that improves your overall mood. You'll be more joyful, more sure of yourself— like you're ready to climb mountains!

And you won't suffer from any of the "snacking emergencies" that are the number one enemy of people obsessed with dieting. There's really a new life that begins when you're thin.

Chantal Legrand ■

Here are the 16 plants that make you lose weight.

"some people have lost 13 pounds the first week"

Question: How can some plants help people lose weight while they still eat normally?

Answer: Recent experiments have shown that the extract of the 16 plants, when combined together, can reverse the effect of calories. In other words, instead of transforming calories into fat, the calories are instead consumed and eliminated by natural means. This combination of plant extracts constitutes a weight-loss plan that facilitates what is probably the fastest weight loss ever observed from an entirely natural treatment.

Question: Who should use this 16-plant weight-loss plan?

Answer: Anyone who has a real weight problem —10 pounds or more to lose — and who has tried to lose weight with diets or who haven't received stable results with medication or other treatments.
The plan is also suitable for anyone who cannot—or does not want to —stop eating normally.

Question: Do people lose weight quickly?

Answer: In principle, yes, very quickly. In the first 2 or 3 weeks, you can obtain significant weight loss.
Very often, people lose 9 to 13 pounds in the first week.

Question: How does the plan work? Does it require a lot of willpower?

Answer: The complete weight-loss plan consists of two vials of plant macerat. Before each meal, mix one drop of extract for every 2 pounds you want to lose in a large glass of water. For example, if you are 5'3", you ideal weight is 110 pounds. If you weigh 140 pounds and you want to lose 30 pounds, drink 15 drops of each vial with a large glass of water before breakfast, lunch and dinner.
As you'll see, unlike other methods or diets you might have tried, you can continue to eat normally. There are no restrictions, and because of this, failure to achieve and maintain your desired weight is practically impossible. In effect, this weight-loss plan requires

- No special effort
- No dieting
- No strenuous exercise

Question: What plants are used?

Answer: The weight-loss plant is composed of the extracts of 16 different plants, each with their own specific effects. In other words, each affects different part of the body. Some are diuretics while others, such as cardamom, act on the body's reserves of stored fat, transforming them into energizing sugars.

Question: What evidence proves that I'll maintain my ideal weight after having lost the excess pounds?

Answer: As you've seen for yourself, as soon as you stop a diet or stop taking weight-loss medication, the lost pounds come back very quickly.
But with this weight-loss plan, the process is reversed. Not only will you lose weight, but you'll gently change your metabolism. Any worries about regaining lost weight evaporate when you realize that your body's ability to process and transform calories. You'll have the metabolism of one of those people who can eat all they want without gaining an ounce.
If you have 10, 20, 30 or even 40 pounds to lose, you can be assured of reaching your ideal with this revolutionary weight-loss plan. You'll have a balanced metabolism, a figure you're proud of, and a new sense of happiness with life. All this is guaranteed, or you have nothing to pay.

WEIGHT LOSS GUARANTEED (or money back): If you don't lose between 20lbs and 30lbs within 30 days after receipt, return the vials with the plant extracts – even if they are empty – for a prompt and full refund of your order. No questions. No conditions.
IMPORTANT: During this introductory offer our supply is limited. The laboratory producing this weight-loss plan based on 16 plant extracts will take at least three weeks for the next delivery. Orders will be filled on a first come, first served basis. To avoid waiting periods send us your order today.

Take advantage of this risk-free offer:

To order the 16 Plant Macerat Weight-Loss Plan for an unconditional risk-free trial, please send the original of the coupon below today to: PLANT MACERAT, North American Head Office, 1265 Morningside Avenue, Suite 109-209, Dept. PMU642, Toronto, Ontario, M1B 3V9, CANADA.

Credit card orders call toll-free: 1-866-255-1040.

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Sure it hurt, but he could brag about it at the coffeehouse for months

parks to more confrontational unsanctioned protests outside the Marriott. But any other group or person is free to show up and do what they please. Some overenthusiastic protesters, especially a splinter group called the Black Bloc, will likely engage in violence to property or police. Anything could happen, and sometimes the worst does.

But what is it all for? Could there even be a unified message from a group containing members of such widespread beliefs? The answer is no–and that is perfectly all right with some protesters. "There are many messages," Bloch said, zenfully. "And I think that is the appropriate response."

But what if there *is* violence? What if a dissident protester decides to hurl a bomb? What if cops blast some kid into oblivion? The standard response by the MGJ: The majority of their members are peaceful. That's cool. That's what the Albanian Liberation Army says. That's what the IRA says. But in a democratic movement where everyone's views are respected, doesn't the group have to take responsibility for each and every one of its members?

"The protesters have to get serious and ask themselves do they want to make a point," said *Newsweek*'s Zakaria. "They have to make specific proposals for reform. Right now they have a mindless revolutionary point of view. They don't really seem to know what they want or what they are trying to do. They have the ear of the world now, but they have to use that. If this is just going to be a nihilistic street movement, people are going to laugh it off."

SAVE THE EARTH, BUT EAT AT McDONALD'S

Two nights before the banner drop, Alexis, Zoe and Jenny were in Jenny's home, a town house in D.C.'s largely poor and black Shaw district, which Jenny shares with about five other like-minded white people. It is easy to jump on Jenny, Alexis and their pals for hypocrisy. They are against gentrification, but they gentrify. They are against big corporations, but they use cellular phones and the Internet, which were built and are maintained by big corporations. They want to save the earth, but they eat at McDonald's.

Serves them right for building a successful business with a good idea and hard work

If you ask them about these things, most of them will answer quite honestly. They will say they do the best they can to be good, but the world we live in is set up to make mass consumption a necessity for getting along. They could live as hermits, they say, but that wouldn't change the world. So they make compromises and hope their protests will change things. "We are all compliant," Alexis said, apparently meaning "complicit." "But if you recognize that you are compliant and you protest it, then it's not hypocrisy."

Perhaps, but what, in that case, would they replace the current global economy with? This question is the antiglobalization movement's Achilles' heel. None of the 20 or so antiglobalization organizers and protesters interviewed for this article had a cogent plan for reorganizing the world on fairer grounds. There was no contingency plan. They had a series of sensible complaints: The new worldwide economy is encouraging pollution, social dislocation and pain; the big world institutions and governments are not accountable enough to the people; technology is helping us, but it is also harming the environment. The criticisms are fair enough, maybe, but no one seems to have a solution.

"Great cause," said a starving girl in Calcutta

"WE'D HAVE TO GIVE UP ORANGES AND BANANAS."

It was a hot night in the nation's capital, but the central air-conditioning was keeping things cool. Alexis was carefully painting IMF DEATH in red and pondering what her perfect world would look like.

"We could have small local entities," she said. "We could get our energy and food locally."

"We could do that," Zoe replied. "We'd just have to give up oranges and bananas."

"I don't want to give up oranges and bananas," said Alexis softly, "but I would if it would make people stop suffering."

It wasn't the rejection that stung, so much as the kick to the jaw

Injustices For All

Feel the need to riot, but you're just not sure where to direct your rage? Here are *real* things to be pissed off about.

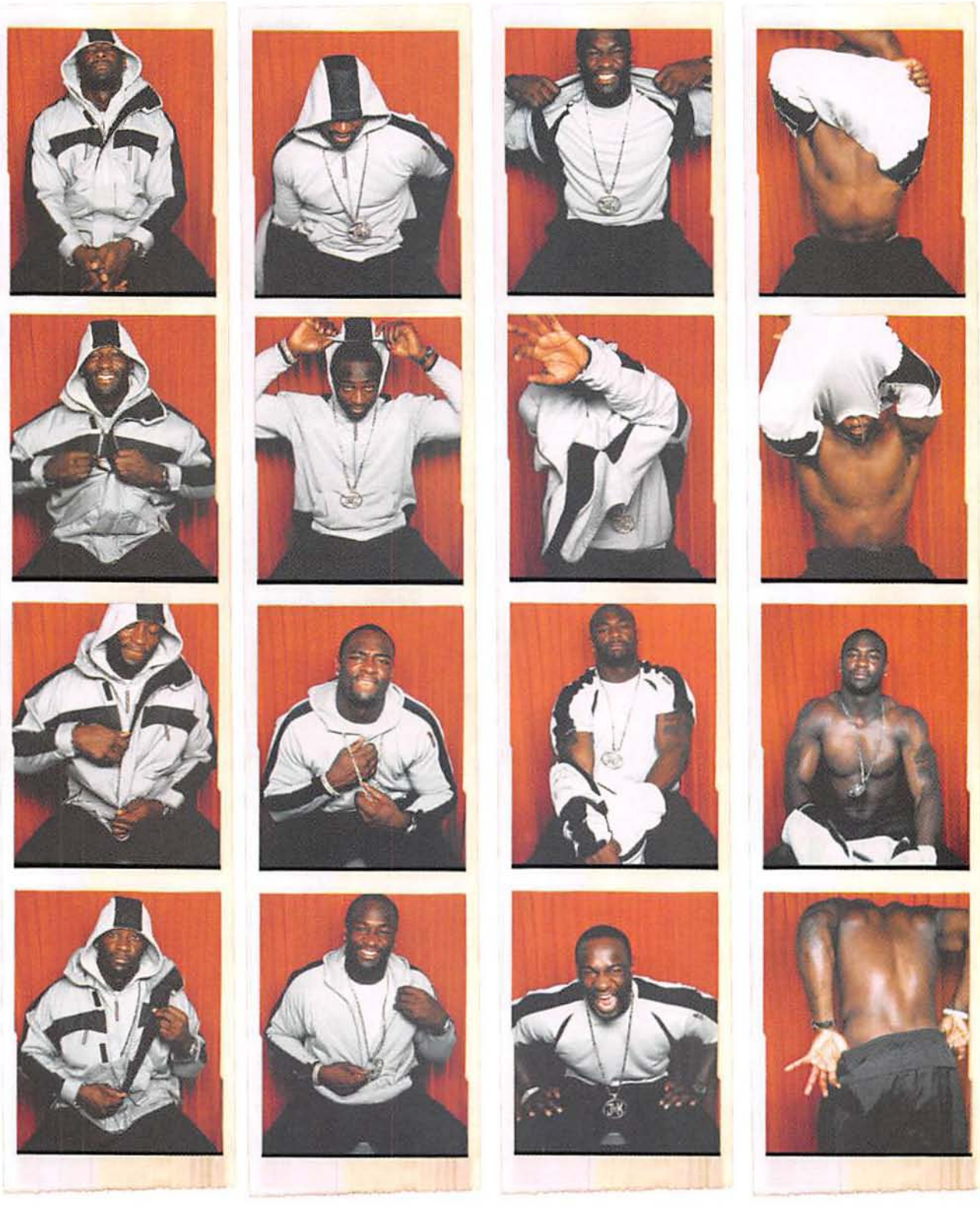
Feminine rejection
It's done terrible damage to the male psyche. No wonder we go out and rent porn. It's not to objectify women–it's just to *look* at them. End rejection now!

Benefit galas for Greenpeace
Imagine how many cars it takes to bring all the guests to these affairs. Imagine all the clothing, food, alcohol and other items needed. And think of the litter. These things are a threat to our environment!

Recycling
It costs a lot, it takes up time and it's far worse for the environment than just throwing stuff away (you'll have to trust us on this one).

Rice paddies
In Southeast Asia, the farms that grow rice in paddies produce more ozone-depleting chemicals than cars or hairspray. But you won't hear that on *60 Minutes*. In fact, you hear virtually nothing on *60 Minutes* except that really irritating ticking noise. Let's picket that, too!

Plastic Christmas trees
Allow us to explain: When farmers grow their stock, they produce four live trees for every one sold the previous year. So every time you buy a live one, it's replaced by three. By getting a fake tree, you're killing three unborn trees. Meanie!
–Dan Bova



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DEFY CONVENTION

InstantCool

FOR THE MAN WHO HAS ALMOST EVERYTHING

Aqua Man $1,600

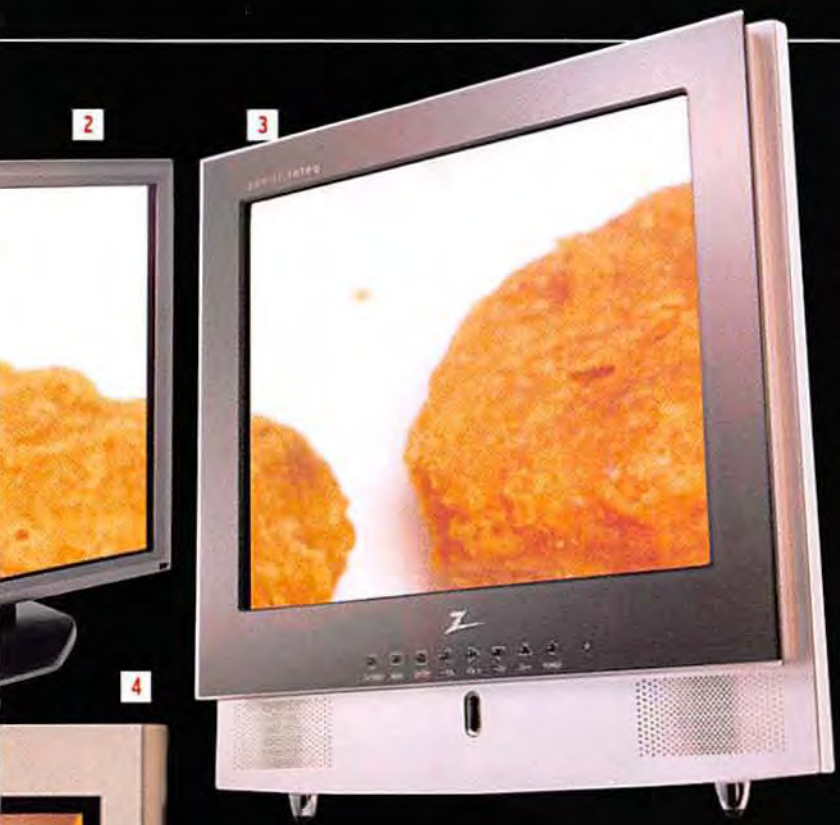
Thanks to the revolutionary antiglare technology of Sharp's new Aquos LC-13B2U LCD TV, you can catch every last episode of *Judging Amy*, even if the sun is shining directly on the screen. The two-inch-thick Aquos also comes with a built-in tuner, remote control and a choice of baked potato or french fries. Choose the potato, but skip the sour cream! www.sharp-usa.com

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIES + STARR

STUFF TV SPECIAL

1

The high-definition screens really let you see the marks from the slaughterhouse



STUFF1

These flat-screen monitors aren't just def. They're high-def. Whether you're watching TV or trolling the Net for vice, plug 'em in.

BY SETH KELLY

1 RCA SCENIUM $15,000
RCA's built-in Capsulated Color Filter technology renders the most lifelike colors available in a plasma monitor. What exactly makes a color lifelike? It's all in the eyes. They're the windows to the soul, you know. www.rcascenium.com

2 PIONEER PLASMA DISPLAY $17,000
Matt Dever, Pioneer's VP of marketing, gushed about the image-sharpening circuitry in this TV: "The technology that goes into our plasma displays is unbelievable." For 17 G's, it better be, Matt. Now pipe down. www.pioneerelectronics.com

3 ZENITH INTEQ $1,300
The 15.1-inch LCD TV lacks both the brightness and the extra zero in the price tag of a plasma screen. A built-in tuner makes it a TV. A variety of inputs makes it a computer display. Dinner and a back rub make it yours, you sick little freak. www.zenith.com

4 FUJITSU PLASMAVISION SLIMSCREEN $10,000
With hookups for everything from television to computer graphics, the set takes more input from more different sources than a bus-station toilet. We apologize for that image. www.fujitsugeneral.com

5 HITACHI ULTRAVISION $10,000
With a 700-to-1 contrast ratio, images just pop off the screen. The monitor displays 16.8 million colors, which is great for you but doesn't do a damn thing for your dog. The poor bastard sees only in black and white. www.hitachi.com

6 SONY SUPERTHEATER $8,000
The 42-inch display contains more than a million pixels all working their pixelly little asses off to give you a picture sharp enough to cut a bundt cake. Haven't had a bundt cake lately? Well, whose fault is that? www.sony.com

STUFF1a Where would mankind be without recliners? Sitting on the damn floor.

1920 Morgan Recliner, $1,100
www.homefurnish.com

The Knockout, $600
www.action-lane.com

Shiatsu Massage Lounger, $3,000 www.panasonic.com

Photography: (McNuggets, Carl) Damien Donck.

STUFF2

Gin: It gives tonic and vermouth a reason to live.

BY JEFFERY LINDENMUTH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHIN OHIRA

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says: "The gist is, most gins are made in Holland or England. Each gin has a different combination of herbs or botanicals, but they are all made with juniper berries. Just an FYI!"

1 MERCURY LONDON DRY

94 PROOF, $30

The blue bottle screams overpriced supermodel swill, but the booze inside actually delivers. Its slight licorice aroma makes it perfect for smuggling into movies. Everyone will think you're eating Twizzlers!

2 CITADELLE

68 PROOF, $22

Citadelle packs in 19 different botanicals instead of the usual seven or eight. You won't find that many spices anywhere—unless you're in, like, a spice store. But that'd make you a filthy hippie. No gin for you!

3 CASCADE MOUNTAIN

95 PROOF, $25

Cascade comes from the tiny Bendistillery in Oregon. It has a light, sweet taste with gentle citrus notes and hints of butterscotch. Notes? Hints? Look, we don't write this stuff. Wait—we do. Oh, well.

4 HENDRICK'S

88 PROOF, $28

As if being bottled in Scotland weren't strange enough, Hendrick's is flavored with five peculiar plant extracts, including cucumber and rose essences. Drink this and you can skip the fancy dinner salad!

5 PLYMOUTH

82.4 PROOF, $25

First distilled in 1793, a full 173 years after the pilgrims landed in America, Plymouth gin has nothing whatsoever to do with British colonists. Shouldn't you be getting your history lessons somewhere else?

6 VAN GOGH

94 PROOF, $30

Distilled three times to remove all impurities, Van Gogh takes its name from that one-eared dead guy—but the relationship ends there. Anyone who studied art history knows Vince loved his Kahlúa and Coke.

STUFF2a Whether shaken or stirred, always use a proper glass.

Oh, look who's acting "zany"! www.drinkstuff.com	For effeminate Packers fans. www.ebay.com	Mermaid flesh gives it a zing. www.eye4gifts.com	Made with love. And acrylic. www.gottaglow.com

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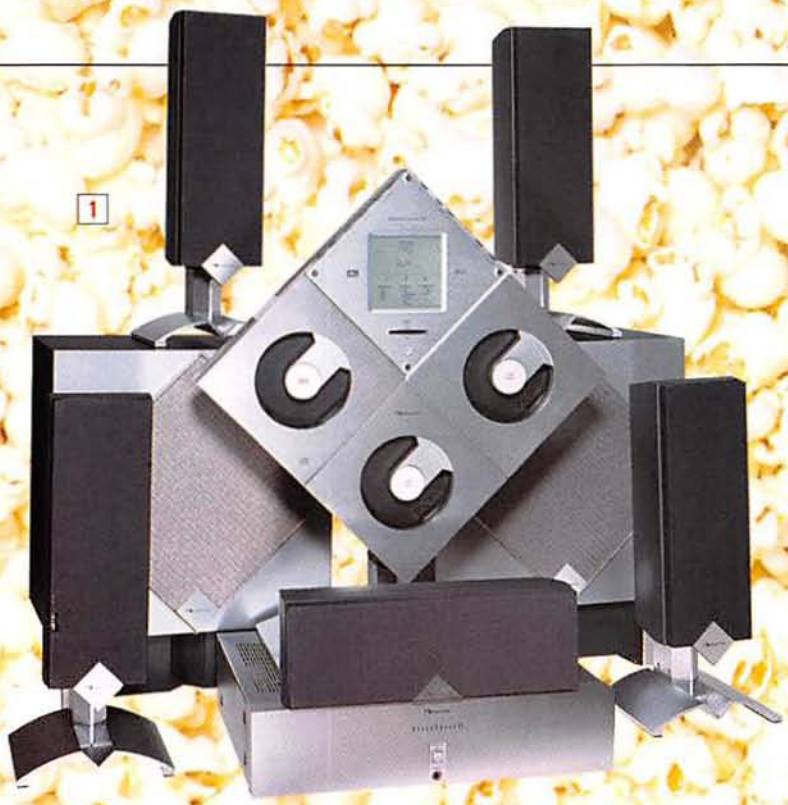
STUFF3

STUFF TV SPECIAL

These home-theater systems will transform your living room into a multiplex. Now all you need is a living room.

BY CARL LINDEMANN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHIN OHIRA



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4

1 NAKAMICHI SOUNDSPACE 12 $6,000
You'll get a high-quality sound with the SoundSpace, but you're paying more for the name than anything else. You pretentious bastard. Dual subwoofers keep music throbbing out of the unit's DVD/twin CD player. Best of all, you can mount every component except the subs. They like to be on top.
www.nakamichi.com

2 KENWOOD HTB-404 $400
Already got a DVD player? The HTB-404 is an easy way to juice up its sound capabilities. Kind of like steroids, only no back zits or spastic rage. The five dedicated 100-watt amps add serious *thump* to the low notes. No awards here on the style front, though. Those knobs? So 1992.
www.kenwoodusa.com

3 PANASONIC SC-HT70 $700
The built-in Sound Field Control feature lets you set up audio environments ranging from Arena to Club. Still no word on when they'll come out with Prison Shower. We just love the universal remote. It controls the DVD, your TV and even makes the cat jump—but only if you toss it at her really hard. www.panasonic.com

4 JBL CINEMA PRO PACK 600 $1,200
A versatile performer, the JBL will take most everything you throw at it. Except insults. It's very thin-skinned. The five-disc changer plays DVDs, CDs and MP3s; the receiver offers surround sound. A 100-watt powered sub does all the heavy lifting. Just make sure it does it from the knees. www.jbl.com

5 SONY DAV-S500 DVD DREAM SYSTEM $600
The Dream has a single-disc CD/DVD changer and Super Audio CD capability, but it lacks the power of a regular stereo system. Still, if you're short on space, the Dream provides an intimate home-theater experience. It's a great way to justify another night alone!
www.sony.com

2

3

5

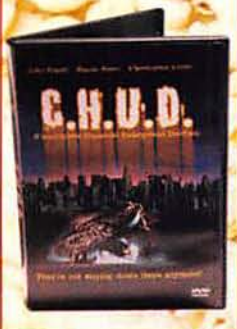
6

6 POLK AUDIO DS7200 $2,699
As far as high-end equipment is concerned, the Polk is a bargain. Its 350-watt six-channel amp delivers eardrum-shattering sound with virtually zero distortion no matter how high you crank it. Plus, the money you save leaves more than enough for cotton balls and Band-Aids to stop the bleeding. www.polkaudio.com

STUFF3a

The new classics: Without 'em your system is as useful as tits on a bull.

The French version is called *Le C.H.U.D.*



Siskel loved it so much, he was buried with it.

Only five times costlier than renting it.

The lesson here? Chainsaws = respect.

Photography: (DVDs) Damien Donck.

THE ROAD SCHOLAR

SUPER BIKE

Mark Jenkinson screamed around Laguna Seca Raceway on the 2001 Honda RC51. When the wind is right, you can still hear him.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK JENKINSON

This isn't *my* idea of a business plan, but Honda built a motorcycle—the VTR1000SP—for a single purpose: to win the World Superbike Championship. And that's exactly what they did, with Colin "The Texas Tornado" Edwards at the handlebars. Meanwhile, you were home taking a nap.

Fortunately, the rules of World Superbike decree that a certain number of competition bikes also be sold to the public. That's good news, since to have something as evil as the VTR1000SP between your legs, normally you'd either need to take penicillin before and after or date a Kennedy. Instead, you can just run down to the motorcycle store and buy the civilian version of the VTR1000SP, which Honda sells under the much more imaginative name RC51. I would've named it Toby.

The RC51 is a completely deceptive bike that goes fast but feels slow. Think passing a kidney stone and you'll understand. Once you crank the throttle, the 1000-cc V-twin engine pumps out near-nuclear power in an easy, loping fashion. But unfortunately the fuel injection does have an abrupt surge just off idle that makes it a little tricky to ride over bumpy corners and through Laundromats without banging your helmet on the back fender a couple of times. I wet myself twice—which is once more than usual.

In every other respect, the RC51 is a remarkably easy bike to ride very, very fast. It heads into turns like a Democrat pursuing an intern and comes out onto straightaways with a smooth linear push that will convince you that the speedometer is a lying SOB.

Since there are only a limited number of the RC51 for sale in the U.S. (Honda won't give exact numbers because they're still mad at us about the war), the bike is every bit as exclusive and technologically superior as those fancy-schmancy Italian bikes. But it costs a sizable chunk of cash less, so you'll still have enough left over to buy a Power Ranger helmet and a case of adult diapers.

But before you mount up, take to heart what 20 years of riding have taught me: Doing the backstroke over asphalt tends to sting, chicks really dig scars and you're *always* going faster than you think. But never as fast as you want—unless you're on an RC51.

2001 HONDA RC51

Base price	$10,000, or four Sears riding mowers
The goods	Its 136 horsepower at 9,500 rpm and its 170 mph top-end speed can propel you over 32 school buses, then reduce you to a wide red stain in less than two seconds. Guaranteed!
Acceleration	Goes from zero to 60 faster than it took you to read this sentence. Make sure to staple your face to your helmet lining to prevent stretching. Of your helmet, that is.
X factor	For all intents and purposes, this is the same bike the pros ride. But they're pros. You're not.

Double headlights make it look like a tiny, distant car to oncoming traffic

The students were later caned for forgetting to add door handles

THE AIR BAG

Words of wisdom from an inflated sack of crap.

Sumo limo

What's 22 feet long and can service eight people at a time? If you said Madonna's bed, go to your room. Correct answer: the KAZ, Keio's Advanced Zero-Emission Vehicle. The eight-wheel-drive, nearly 600-horsepower stretch limo handles better than a kamikaze shot, thanks to a six-wheel steering design. It also runs silently on electric motors and doesn't pollute—unlike you after that tempura last night. Light a match already! www.keio.ac.jp

Open wide

Imagine a world with no doors, no inhibitions, no Jim Morrison. Such is the world of the Smart Crossblade. Engineers at Daimler-Chrysler designed this concept car without doors, a roof or a windshield for people who want to enjoy the outdoors and chew on bugs at high speeds. It's not available in the U.S. yet. In the meantime, buy a roller skate. www.daimlerchrysler.com

Heat detector

Being an American has its requirements: barbecuing, driving at excessive speeds and mocking those who are different. Ensure that your ass remains brave and free with the Phazer ($200) from Rocky Mountain Radar. It keeps the heat off by giving radar guns the electrical equivalent of a lobotomy. It's illegal in a few states, but—within some limits—if you get busted using it in one of the legal ones, Phazer says it will pay your speeding ticket. Just like Dad. www.comtrad.com

—Rip Noyes

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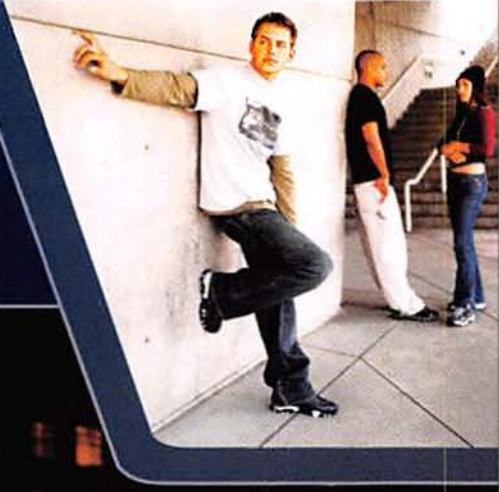

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StuffStyle

GET YOUR ASS IN GEAR

The Cow Would've Been Proud

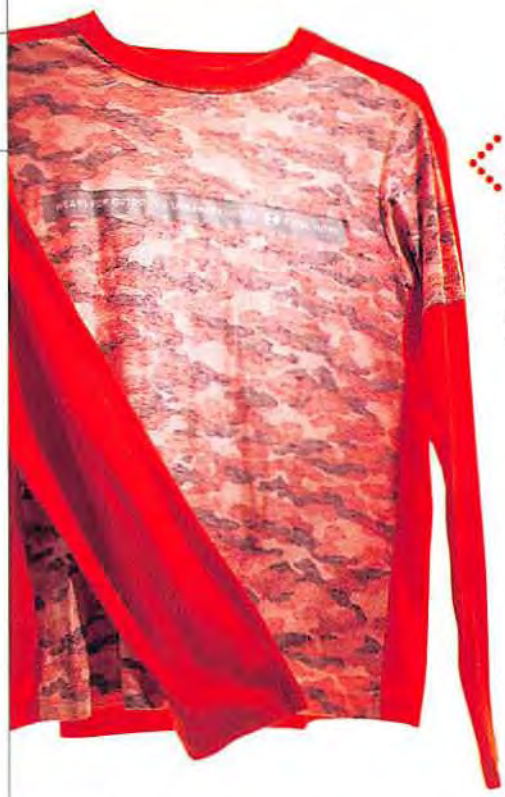
A fine leather bag is both a mark of distinction and, if you fill it with nickels, a great way to end an argument.

Clockwise from top: Cayman-skin leather shoulder bag, $998, by Giorgio Armani. Briefcase, $275, by Kenneth Cole. Brown distressed shoulder attaché, $495, by John Varvatos. Moss green messenger bag, $950, by Bally. Laptop briefcase, $475, by Rafe.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHELE GASTL
STYLING BY RICH STEWART

Heavy-Metal Bands

Teno's line of watches and jewelry are all made from nickel-free stainless steel. This enhances the line's durability and cuts down on your chances of an allergic reaction to the metal. Go ahead—eat it. You'll be fine. (CoNo watch, $295; bracelet, $155; ring, $200; chain $199) **www.teno.com**



Go Home

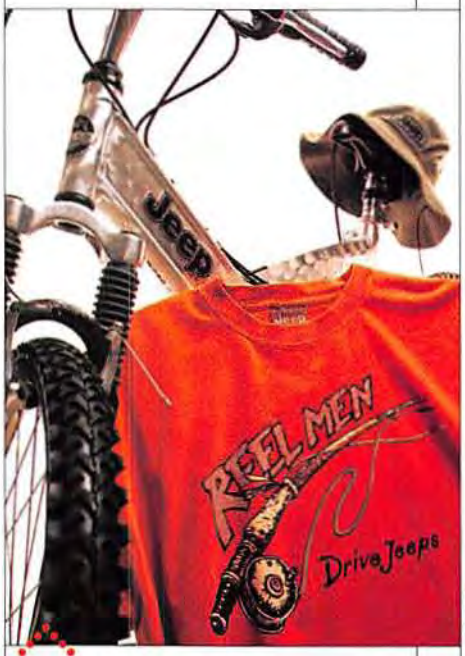
Final Home's collection has evolved to include edgy shirts like this camouflage Pac-tee ($150), pants, jackets and accessories constructed out of mesh and paperlike fabric. They've come a long way from their windbreakers of 1999, which had 44 different pockets. It used to take us two weeks just to find our keys. **212-966-0202**

CLOTHES MINDED

Fashion news for the wardrobe impaired. PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HOGAN

Two Shoes in One

Combining athletic design and supple leather, Stüssy's Imperial sneakers ($100) blur the line between casual and sport, so you can wear them at work or at play. Or while watching television for hours on end—which is what we heartily recommend. **212-995-8787**



Off-Roading

What happens if you get a flat out there in the wilderness? Will you be warm enough? Well, the folks at Jeep care about you. They designed a whole line of clothes and sporting goods to make sure you'll be OK. Now if that doesn't make you feel all warm and fuzzy, you're most likely dead. (Legends hat, $20; T-shirt, $20; Jeep Wrangler limited-edition bike, $460) **www.jeepbikes.com**

Smooth Move

Is your face rougher than Tyne Daly on a bender? Clinique's new line of men's shaving and skin-care products ($10–$26) may be the answer. Its Eye Treatment Formula cream contains caffeine and wheat bran, which keep your skin smooth, regular and really alert. **Department stores nationwide**

Play the Ponies

Fila's recent partnership with Ferrari will spawn a whole new line of high-performance athletic gear sporting the black stallion. Take a look under the hood of these Ferrari shoes ($120), available in March of '02, and you'll find Fila's 3 Action shock-absorbing technology and lightweight Speed Tech Kevlar construction. Remember, bulletproof feet are happy feet. **www.fila.com**

Glassy Eyed

These new matte-crystal mask sunglasses by cK Calvin Klein Eyewear ($65) have scratch-resistant polycarbonate lenses that protect your eyes and face from cancer-laden UV rays. But will they come when you call them? Sadly, no. **Macy's nationwide**

Join the Army

The Hunter Mach 3 analog/digital chrono by Swiss Army ($975) is accurate enough for pilots to gauge whatever it is they gauge with watches. It also comes with a perpetual calendar, a countdown timer and an end-of-life indicator—that's for the battery, not you, champ. **www.swissarmy.com**

PASS THE MIC BEASTIE BOYS 1991-1996 ARI MARCOPOULOS

Whatcha Want?

Photographer Ari Marcopoulos toured with the Beasties from 1991 to 1996. The resulting book, *Pass the Mic*, is a collection of never-before-published shots of the band performing, recording and raising hell that will serve as a vivid, painful reminder that you should've stuck with those guitar lessons. **Bookstores all over the place**

Bauer Power

A full 70 years before grunge hit Seattle, Eddie Bauer was stocking flannel shirts in his lone storefront. Grunge left town, but Eddie's still around, proving that high-quality clothes outlast trends any day. Unless the trendy stuff is of high quality. Then things get complicated and our brains hurt. (Vest, $38) **www.eddiebauer.com**

Styling: Mr. Rach.

eBay Your Thirst

Yes, eBay still has auctions, but thanks to the new Buy It Now feature, you can put an end to bidding wars with a single click. The site isn't just about hawking Beanie Babies and old lunch boxes—we bought everything from this Red Vapor scooter ($300) to a brand-new pair of Pumas ($46). We also picked up a weird rash, but that probably doesn't have anything to do with eBay. **www.ebay.com**

Here Kitty, Kitty

Even if you don't know karate, at least you can dress the part. Inspired by the paramilitary dress code of the Black Panthers and martial-arts uniforms, FreshJive's new Liberate shirt ($110) will command respect. At least, right up to the point that people realize that you're not actually a Black Panther or a martial artist. At that point, you should run. **www.freshjive.com**

Kobe, the Sequel

This fall, Kobe Bryant adds a full line of KobeTwo apparel and accessories by Adidas to complement his two NBA championships and existing shoe franchise. The collection features everything from tear-away leather pants with magnetic closures to microfiber and fleece athletic gear. KobeTwo also includes his second-generation basketball shoe—once again designed by the engineers at Audi. The sleek, aerodynamic design represents the pinnacle of sneaker technology and will, in most cases, improve your inept basketball skills in no way whatsoever. **www.adidas.com**

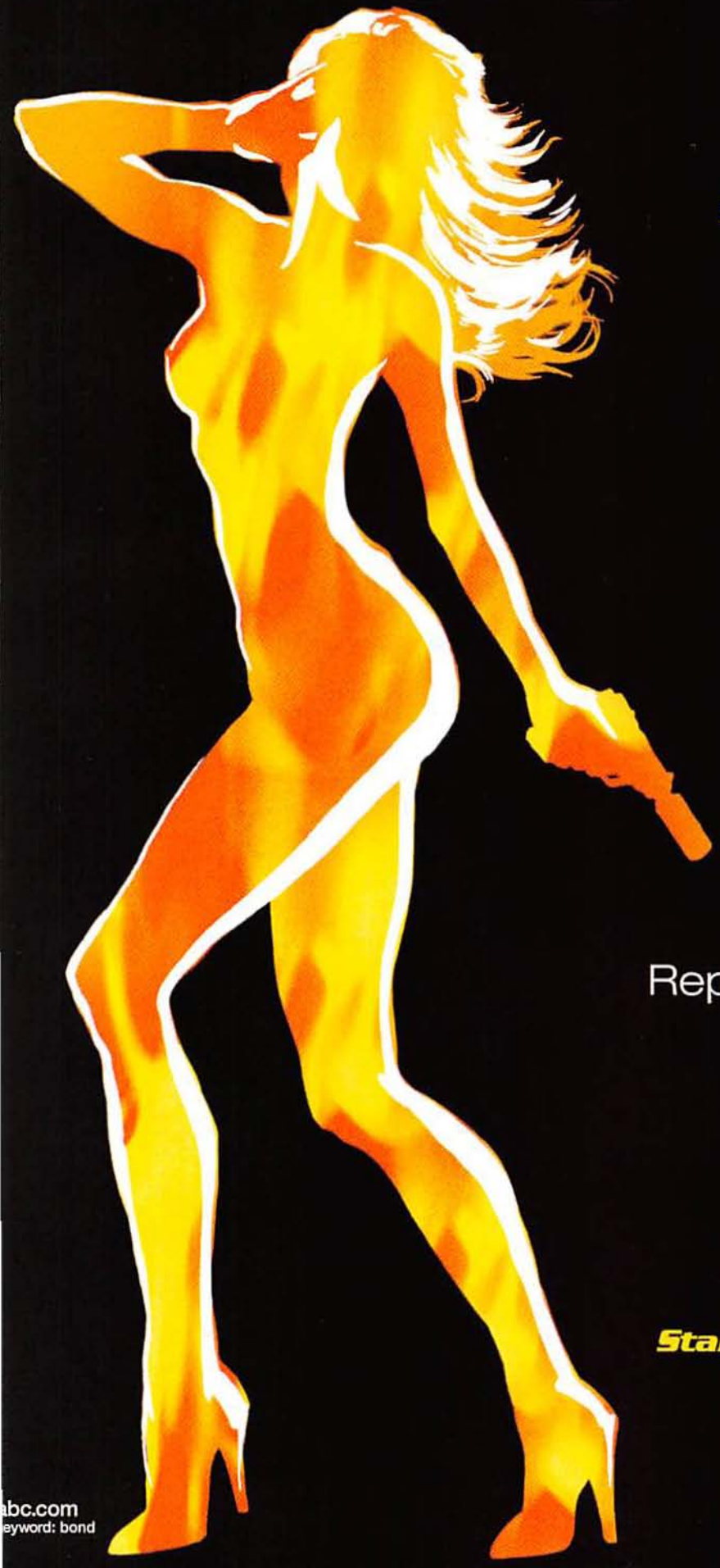
FASHION RADAR

Incoming!

Kastaways

OutKasters Dré and Big Boi launched their new signature line of back-to-school wear this summer. The collection includes both active (warm-up suit, $168) and casual gear. Will they also release a full set of pot holders and cake knives right after the holidays? Who knows! **Macy's nationwide**

Saturday Night Bondage



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abc

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eyword: bond

FREE COUNTRY

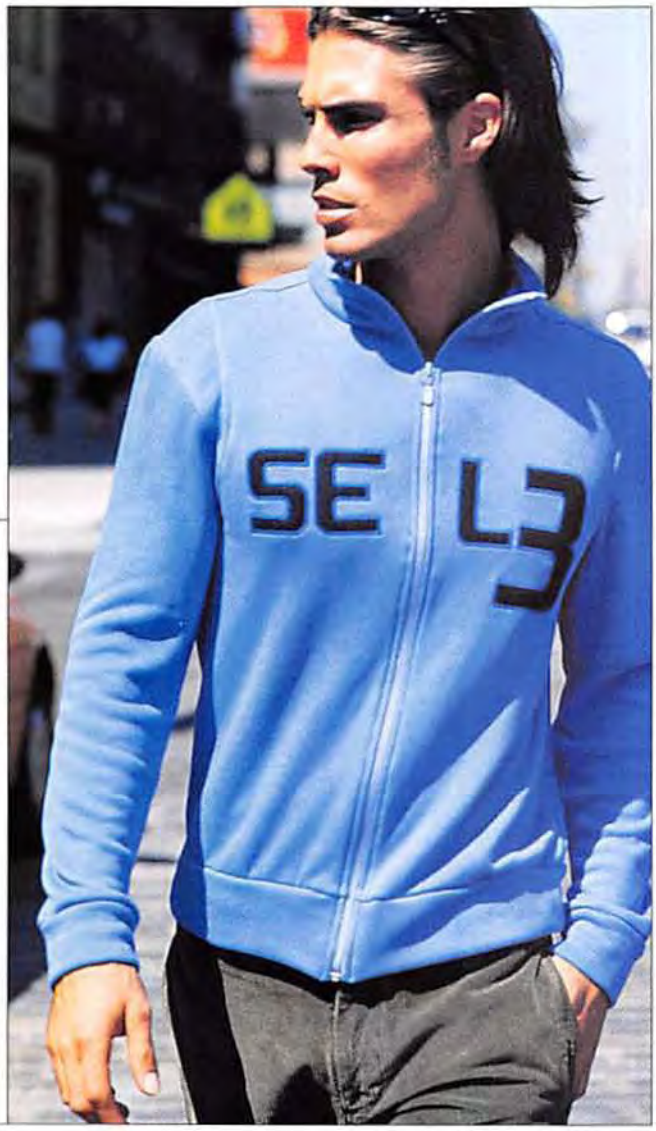
Wear whatever the hell you want.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK HERHOLDT

WHO RUNS THIS COUNTRY?
Founder Ira Schwartz created Free Country in 1990 for people with active lifestyles. Seeing as grossly overweight hermits don't shop a whole hell of a lot, it was a shrewd move.

WHAT'S SO FREE ABOUT IT?
Not a damn thing, buddy. We're not Communists, you know. If you want to sport Free Country's new line of leather, suede and really tiny microsuede and microfleece, you better be willing to pay for it. For the fall, try the microsuede jacket ($139) and peached microfiber pants ($115). Peached? We don't know either, but they definitely don't come with fruit. **www.freecountry.com**

Jacket swivels at midriff for sideways walking.



DIESELSTYLELAB

Ground zero for test-tube fashion.

WE'VE HEARD OF DIESEL, BUT WHAT'S UP WITH DIESELSTYLELAB, ITS NEW LABEL?
As a pret-a-porter (that's French for "more expensive than regular clothes") collection, StyleLab is more sophisticated than Diesel, limited in distribution and refuses to sit with the riffraff in coach on long flights.

WHO'S IN CHARGE?
Diesel launched StyleLab in October 1999 and tapped fashion maestro Wilbert Das to spearhead its design team. The result: dark-treated denim and gunmetal twills. StyleLab reps refer to the line as "lean, aggressive and violently stark." But our pair of StyleLab jeans is as lovable as the day is long.

WHAT DO THE LAB TECHS RECOMMEND THIS FALL?
Espada shirt ($230), Agostini cords ($265) and Blue Gem eyewear ($20). **www.dieselstylelab.com, www.bluegem.com**

Clothes make the man. As does flesh and stuff.

Styling: Mr. Rich

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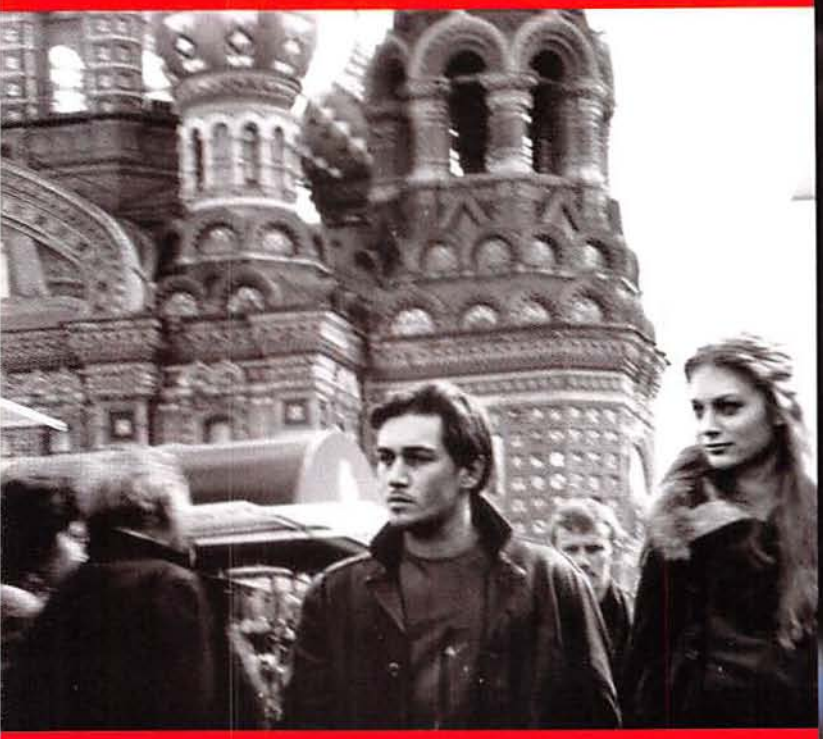
PUMA
PUMA.COM

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

He was an exchange student from Chicago. She was a surgeon from Kiev. They had nothing in common except an insatiable love of leather.

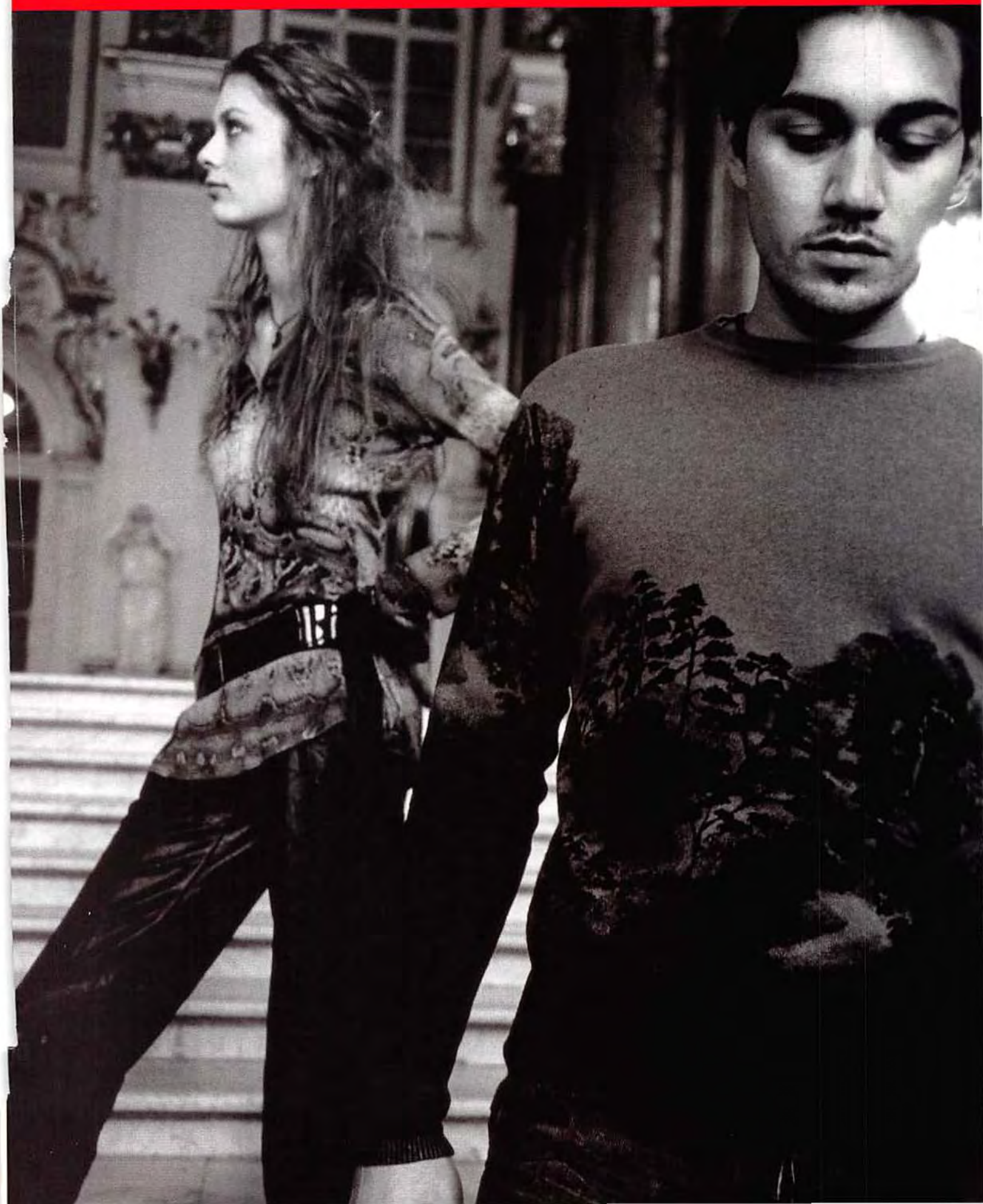
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER NEVE. STYLING BY KELLY RAE. HAIR AND MAKEUP BY OLGA SIMONOVA.

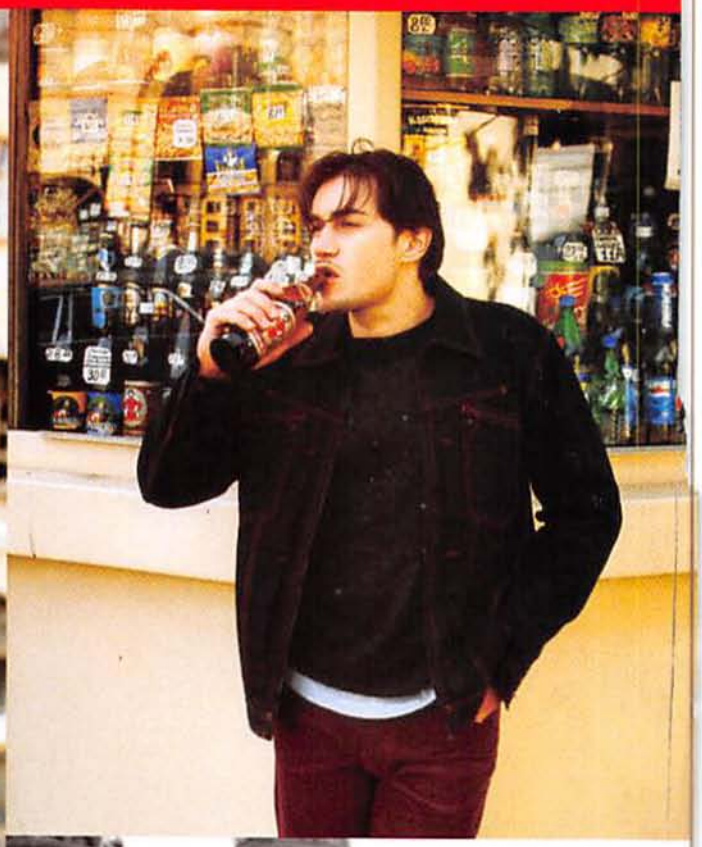


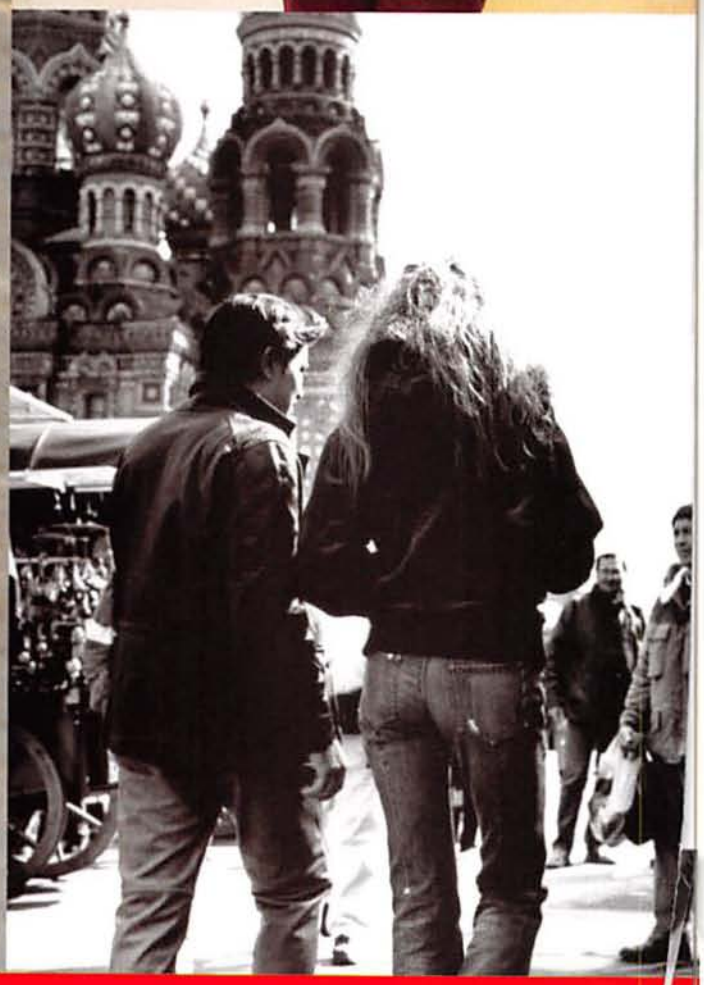
OPPOSITE PAGE, ON HIM: LEATHER JEAN JACKET, $1,045, BY DIESELSTYLELAB. PRINTED T-SHIRT, $65, BY SANDY DALAL. LEATHER MOTOCROSS PANTS, $350, BY SEAN JOHN. ON HER: LEATHER JACKET, $530, BY VERSACE SPORT. PRINTED COTTON TANK DRESS, $180, AND LEATHER BOOTS, $540, BOTH BY DIESELSTYLELAB. FISHNETS, $30, BY CHRISTIAN DIOR.

THIS PAGE: CORDUROY COAT WITH DETACHABLE FUR LINING, $1,550; SWEATER, $290; AND TWO-TONE CORDUROY PANTS, $350; ALL BY NEW YORK INDUSTRIE. LEATHER BAG, $495, BY JOHN VARVATOS.

OPPOSITE PAGE. ON HER: WAVE-PRINT TOP, $334, BY JUST CAVALLI. PATENT-LEATHER BELT, SPECIAL ORDER ONLY, BY LARA BOHINC 107. PLEATHER WRINKLED PANTS, $480, BY NUDE. ON HIM: PRINTED WOOL SWEATER, $290, BY NEW YORK INDUSTRIE.







OPPOSITE PAGE, LEFT: WASHED LEATHER JACKET, $595, BY DKNY. SWEATSHIRT, $28, BY UNION BAY. TOP RIGHT: DENIM JACKET, $84, BY GIRBAUD. INK-DISTRESSED SWEATER, $75, BY 10 TO 10. CORDUROY PANTS, $100, BY BURRO. BOTTOM RIGHT, ON HIM: WASHED-LEATHER JACKET, $595, AND WASHED-LEATHER PANTS, $495, BOTH BY DKNY. ON HER: BOMBER PARKA WITH FUR TRIM, $395, BY DARYL K-189. JEANS, $98, BY GUESS.

THIS PAGE, ON HER: TRICOLOR JACKET, $1,023, BY ICEBERG. DISTRESSED-LEATHER PANTS, $350, BY KENNETH COLE. ON HIM: LEATHER JACKET, $1,195, BY BALLY. DOUBLE-LAYER CASHMERE UNION JACK SWEATER, $585, BY FAKE.

TRIPLE 5 SOUL Two-in-one fur-hood parka, $180

PHAT FARM Twill-bonded reversible jacket, $195

POLO SPORT RALPH LAUREN Leather bike jacket with down fill, $1,500

NIKE Polyester-filled jacket, $50

NAUTICA BY DAVID CHU Ocean Breaker jacket, $178

You're Getting WARMER

POLO JEANS Distressed-leather motorcycle jacket, $495

AVIREX Leather jacket, $605

RALPH LAUREN Waterproof raincoat, $154

KEANAN DUFFTY Cross-hooded coat, $590

TOMMY HILFIGER Polyester-filled reversible jacket, $145

The cool autumn air has arrived, and it knows where you live.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHELE GASTL
STYLING BY RICH STEWART

As Seen On TV

Even TV's coolest characters have trouble dressing themselves. We secretly replaced these stars' regular clothes with...better clothes. These are the amazing results.

BY STUART MATRANGA. PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICK HOELCK AT RACER MEDIA. STYLING BY KELLY RAE. GROOMING BY D. GAREN TOKIN FOR FRED SEGAL BEAUTY/L'OREAL PROFESSIONAL.

JACKASS

STEVE-O, JASON "WEE MAN" ACUNA, PRESTON LACY

Scare the Crap out of Us on: The recently axed MTV freak show

Style Secrets: Steve-O: "You can't go wrong with a cheetah-print bikini. And I have this tattoo that says, I'VE GOT A SMALL WIENER. Underpromise, overdeliver."

The Tao of Poo: Steve-O: "I want to get this big bucket of poop and bring it to a fashion designer and have him make me a shit suit."

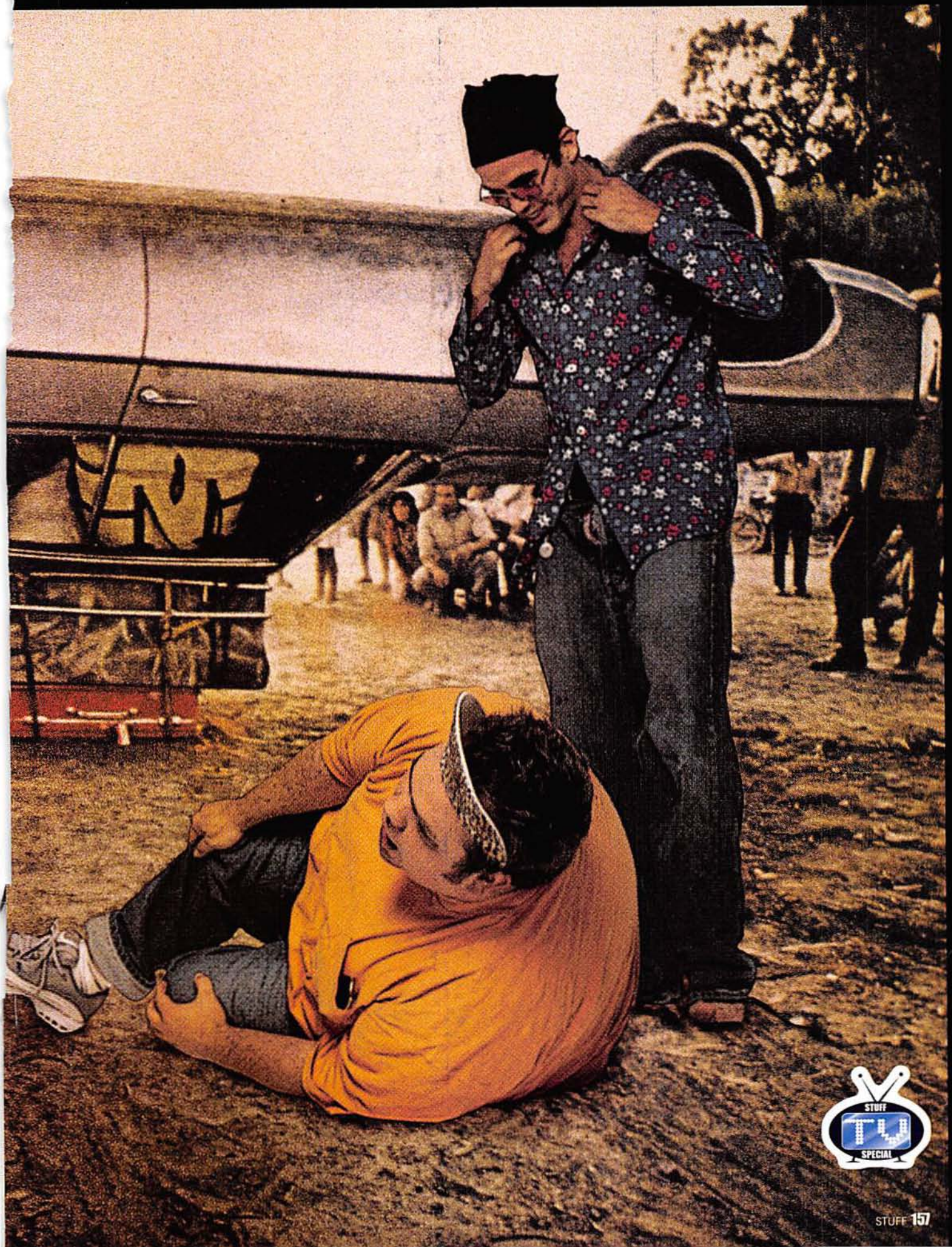
Public Appreciation of Their Art: Preston: "We get a lot of sluts." Steve-O: "Sluts love us. That's cool. I'm down with sluts."

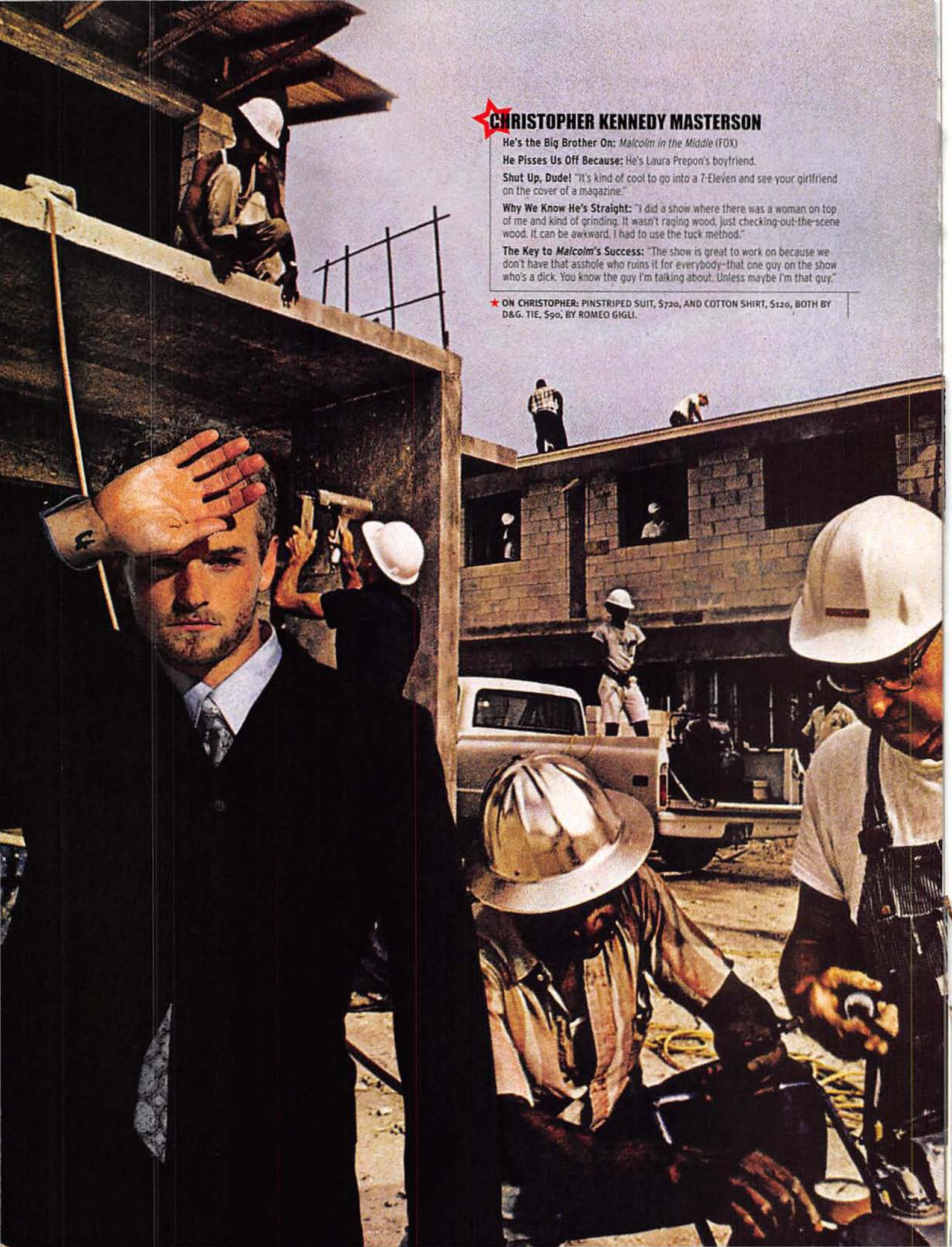
Keeping Up Appearances: Steve-O: "The first season I wore only duct tape and thongs, and I thought people might think I was gay."

★ AT LEFT, WEE MAN: T-SHIRT, $20, AND GLASSES, $80, BOTH BY VON ZIPPER. 501 JEANS, $56, BY LEVI'S. BOOTS, $110, BY DR. MARTEN'S.

★ AT CENTER, PRESTON: T-SHIRT, $17, BY THE GAP. JEANS, $68, BY GUESS. SNEAKERS, $65, BY AIRWALK.

★ AT RIGHT, STEVE-O: SHIRT, $180, BY EVISU. JEANS, $50, BY XYZ DENIM. GLASSES, $32, BY PORN STAR.





CHRISTOPHER KENNEDY MASTERSON

He's the Big Brother On: *Malcolm in the Middle* (FOX)

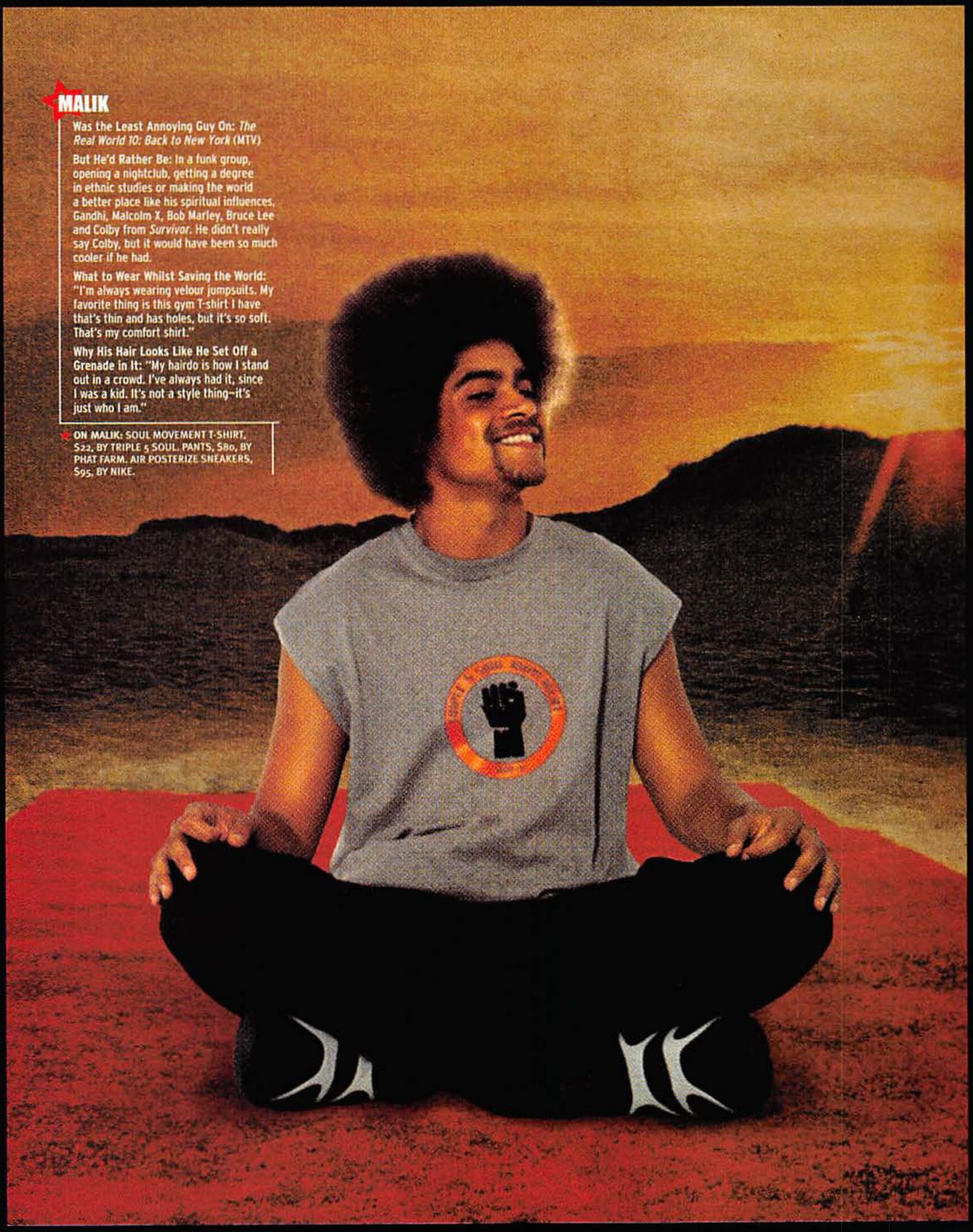
He Pisses Us Off Because: He's Laura Prepon's boyfriend.

Shut Up, Dude! "It's kind of cool to go into a 7-Eleven and see your girlfriend on the cover of a magazine."

Why We Know He's Straight: "I did a show where there was a woman on top of me and kind of grinding. It wasn't raging wood, just checking-out-the-scene wood. It can be awkward. I had to use the tuck method."

The Key to *Malcolm*'s Success: "The show is great to work on because we don't have that asshole who ruins it for everybody–that one guy on the show who's a dick. You know the guy I'm talking about. Unless maybe I'm that guy."

★ ON CHRISTOPHER: PINSTRIPED SUIT, $720, AND COTTON SHIRT, $120, BOTH BY D&G. TIE, $90, BY ROMEO GIGLI.



MALIK

Was the Least Annoying Guy On: *The Real World 10: Back to New York* (MTV)

But He'd Rather Be: In a funk group, opening a nightclub, getting a degree in ethnic studies or making the world a better place like his spiritual influences, Gandhi, Malcolm X, Bob Marley, Bruce Lee and Colby from *Survivor*. He didn't really say Colby, but it would have been so much cooler if he had.

What to Wear Whilst Saving the World: "I'm always wearing velour jumpsuits. My favorite thing is this gym T-shirt I have that's thin and has holes, but it's so soft. That's my comfort shirt."

Why His Hair Looks Like He Set Off a Grenade in It: "My hairdo is how I stand out in a crowd. I've always had it, since I was a kid. It's not a style thing—it's just who I am."

★ **ON MALIK:** SOUL MOVEMENT T-SHIRT, $22, BY TRIPLE 5 SOUL. PANTS, $80, BY PHAT FARM. AIR POSTERIZE SNEAKERS, $95, BY NIKE.

MICHAEL McDONALD

Makes Us Giggle Stupidly On: *Mad TV* (FOX)

Don't You Know Him From? No. He wasn't in the Doobie Brothers, but he was in both *Austin Powers* flicks and just about every sitcom since the mid-'90s.

Work Ethic: "I love watching TV in the afternoon. I love sitcoms with morals. I love *Judge Judy*. I love anything with murder."

Why We're Not Comfortable Being Alone with Him: "I have a pair of jeans with bloodstains on them. I wear them frequently."

Voice of the Dead: He'll speak for Gandhi on MTV's animated series *Clone High*. "Scientists clone dead people, so Gandhi, John F. Kennedy and River Phoenix are all in high school together."

★ ON MICHAEL: SWEATER, $42, BY TIMBERLAND. PANTS, $95, BY PHAT FARM. COMBAT BOOTS, $325, BY CESARE PACIOTTI.

Michael Vartan

Stars In: *Alias* (ABC)

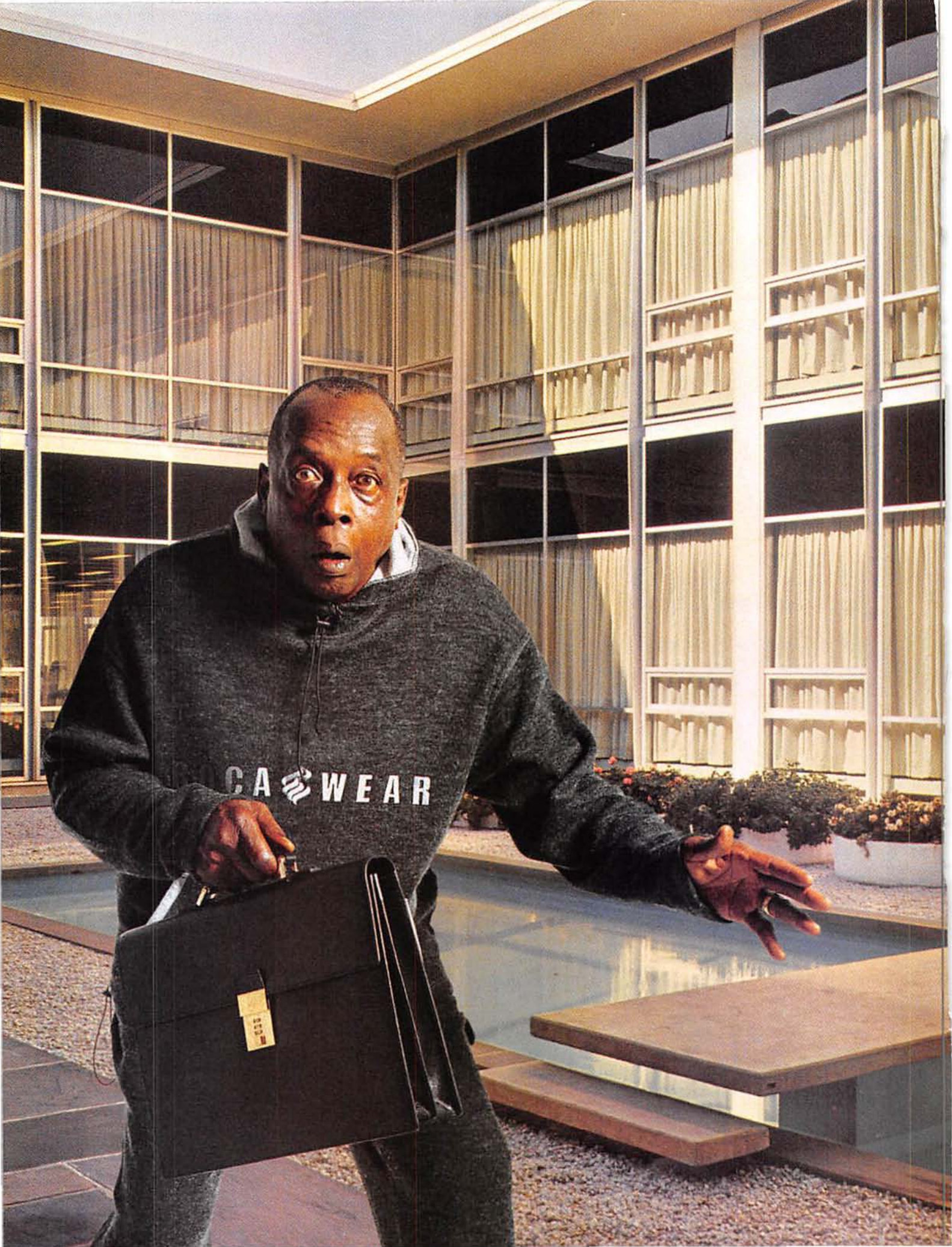
Don't Hold These Against Him: *One Hour Photo* with Robin Williams and *Never Been Kissed* with (gasp!) Drew Barrymore.

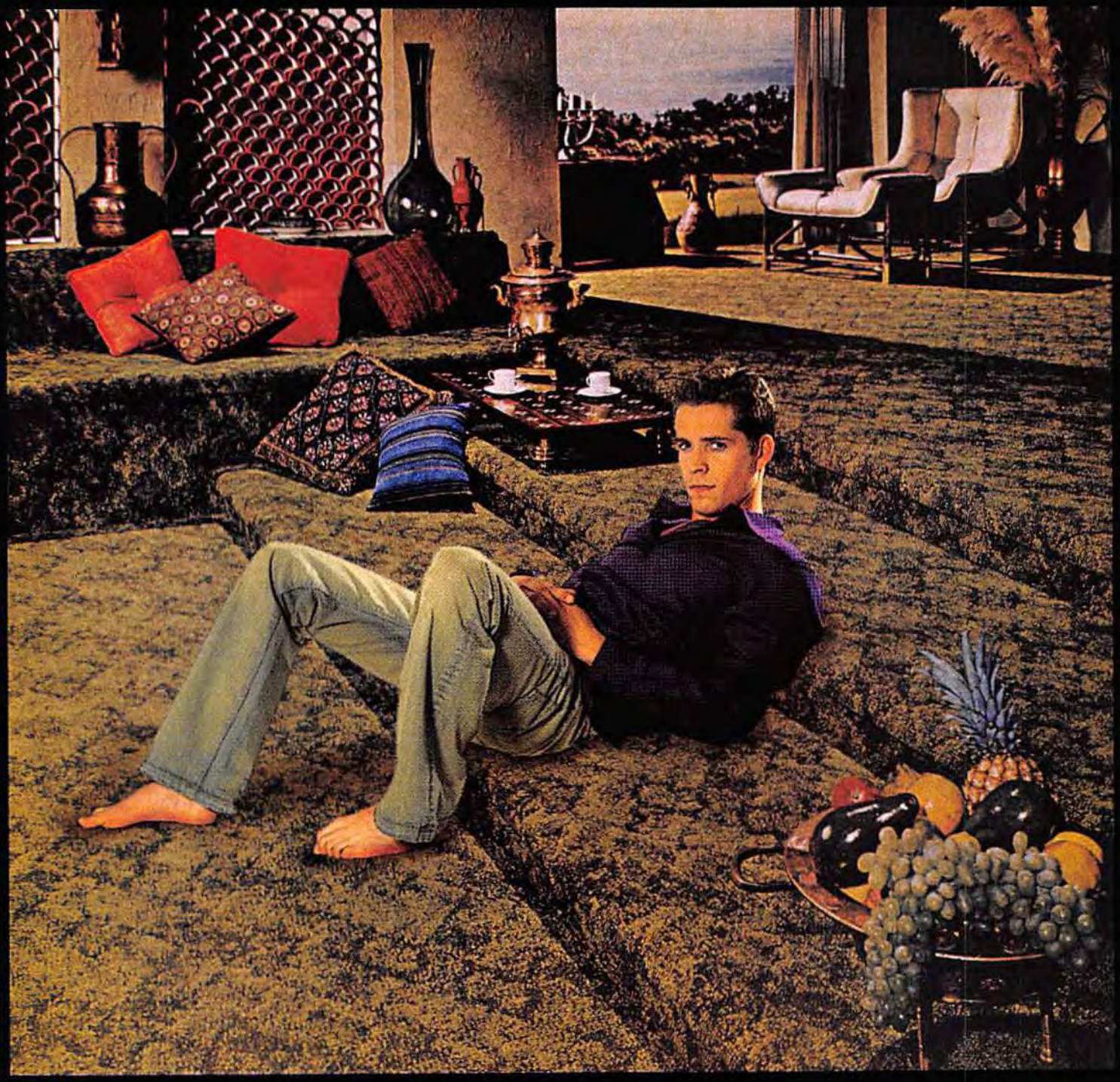
Hold This Against Him: "Before I did *Never Been Kissed*, I got average attention from girls. As soon as it came out, women were like, 'Oh, my God!' It's not me, I assure you."

Dirty Little Secret: Was born in France.

Why He Denies It: "I think of myself as a Mets fan. The French are such notorious assholes. I don't consider myself one. Except when I'm in France–then I become French and damn proud of it."

★ ON MICHAEL: SHIRT, $215, BY VERSACE JEANS. ALCATRAZ PANTS, $99, BY G-STAR. BOOTS, $280, BY TERRA PLANA.


CA WEAR



DEACON JONES (Opposite page)

Catch His Act On: *The Best Damned Sports Show Period* (FOX Sports Net)

Formerly: The scariest dude in the NFL. Anchored the L.A. Rams' defensive line, the Fearsome Foursome, in the '60s.

His Poetic Nature: "I see an offensive lineman as someone in a sack. You want to take a baseball bat and beat on that goddamn bag."

But He Has a Soft Side: "I am thankful that I had the opportunity to hit men for 14 years and rip them suckers apart. I loved that."

No, Really: "I came to L.A. out of a black school and had never played against white guys. I was a bad sucker. And I could back that shit up. So you better bring your best stuff to me."

★ ON DEACON: HOODED SWEATSHIRT, $94, AND SWEATPANTS, $84, BOTH BY ROCA WEAR. BRIEFCASE, $990, BY GUCCI.

SEAN MAGUIRE (This page)

He's On: The new WB guys' sitcom *Off Centre* and large doses of cough medicine.

You May Have Missed Him Because: He's a big shot in a second-rate country (England). He starred on a soap and is launching a pop singing career (think Ricky Martin sans sexual ambivalence).

He's Still Kinda Cool 'Cause: He stars in *Out of Depth*, another English mob movie like *Snatch*. Watch it with an interpreter. A really hot interpreter.

On Being Yanked Around: "In England, us lads go down to the pub. Whereas over here they're playing volleyball, squash, golf. It's a healthier lifestyle by about a million percent. I'm going to the gym every day, which I fucking hate."

★ ON SEAN: SHIRT, $128, BY AGNES B. STAINED-DENIM JEANS, $250, BY DIESELSTYLELAB.

Do You Taboo?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAULINE ST. DENIS FOR VUE

These girls do. This month, *Stuff* sexologist Dawn Yanek gets four women to explore sex's final frontiers.

GUYS ARE UPTIGHT. That's the biggest complaint from me and all of my girlfriends: Whenever we do something offbeat in bed, it's *our* idea. And after we bolster your ego, convince you that it'll be fun and promise you that the chocolate sauce won't stain the sheets, you might, *might* be game. Maybe it's because you think we're good girls. Maybe it's because you think we wouldn't try anything really dirty. That's dumb, dumb, dumb, especially since girls get bored easily. So I gathered four very vocal women to explain why you should push the boundaries of sex and do all the things that you only dream about. C'mon already–we're waiting!

DAWN: Is anything taboo anymore?

AMANDA: Aside from having sex with married men and golden showers, I don't think so. Trying new stuff together is a bonding thing with my boyfriend. It shows that I want him to be happy–I want to be *his* best ever. He brings out the slut in me.

ALEX: Every girl wants to be every guy's fantasy. You want me to fulfill your fantasy? I'll do it, but it depends on how long I've known you. If I just met a guy and he wanted to chain me up, that'd be weird. And I knew this guy who'd call out his girlfriend's friends' names in bed. And his girlfriend would call out his friends' names, too. Very strange.

NADJA: I don't think in terms of taboos, probably because my family's Muslim, so *everything* is taboo to them. My father married me away when I was 17, and I refused sex with my husband so he'd divorce me. He relented after eight months, and then I went wild. I'd been locked up in a cage for so long that now I have this burning desire to experiment.

DAWN: Tell me about the craziest sexual experience you've ever had.

"Every girl wants to be every guy's fantasy. You want me to fulfill your fantasy? I'll do it."

NADJA: When I was living in Vienna, I pretended that I was a prostitute–I wore a short skirt and garters, and I had my boyfriend pick me up in a car. When I got in, we bargained about how much things cost, he gave me the money and we had cheap, quick sex right there.

MAXINE: I made a sex video. It was a lot of fun. I even licked my nipples with my tongue–it's really long.

AMANDA: We went to my boyfriend's office late at night and did it on the conference-room table. I was going away for a month the next day, so I wanted him to think of me every time he walked by that room.

DAWN: What's the weirdest thing a guy has ever done in bed with you?

AMANDA: My ex and I were having sex, and I looked over at his right hand and he was clutching the remote!

NADJA: An old boyfriend pulled out a strap-on and said, "I want you to fuck me." It was weird–he must've had homosexual tendencies or something.

DAWN: Are you serious?

NADJA: Yes, but I did it anyway. He kept wanting me to go on and on, though, until I was finally like, "Enough already. I want it the other way around!"

DAWN: Would you ever have anal sex?

AMANDA: I've never done it, but my ex tried it–without my permission and more than once. Touching that area gets me off during sex–there are a lot of nerve endings there. But you have to ask about something like that. I would probably do it with my current boyfriend if he asked.

NADJA: I've tried it twice. The second time was with a really well-known older actor. I met him at a movie premiere and went home with him. We were going at it for hours, and he was like an animal. When he was kissing my back, he asked, "What are your fantasies? Do you like anal sex?" I normally wouldn't have done it with someone I'd just met, but everything felt so good with him. So he went in really slowly, and once he was inside of me fully, I relaxed and it felt good. It was very exciting.

MAXINE: I like it when a guy kisses my butt. The first time, I was doggie-style and my ex started kissing my back and went down–slowly. One guy would also put a finger in there while he was going down on me, which was OK.

ALEX: When they try to touch it or kiss it, I push them away. I'm not into it.

DAWN: Whips, chains, gimps–your thoughts?

AMANDA: When people are hurting each other, it's a little much. But I love light domination–like when he throws me on the bed or when I tie him up and tease him. When I go down on him, he'll yell, "Oh, my God! You're awesome!" That's what a girl wants to hear. Actually, I have a scarf in my bag for that purpose. [*She pulls out a leopard-print scarf.*] Who knows what'll happen tonight.

NADJA: I'll press around a man's genitals with my black leather stilettos, so it's a little bit of pain. A lot of guys like that. But I get more turned on when I'm being taken. When I really like a guy, I'll say, "I want to be your sex slave."

DAWN: Would you ever have a threesome?

ALEX: I think about being with two beautiful men, but so do all girls. Still, it's just a fantasy. And I'd never have a threesome with my boyfriend and another girl–I just don't want him sleeping with someone else.

AMANDA: I wouldn't want to disappoint my boyfriend, but I might be too jealous. The other night, I actually asked him if this was his biggest fantasy, and he said the best thing: "You alone are fantasies one to five." But then I said, "So, what's six?" He finally told me about the threesome thing, and I started getting hung up on it. Finally he was like, "Forget I said anything." ▷▷▷

Styling: Jennifer Schwarz-Syed. Hair and Makeup: Kevin Shapiro at the Montgomery Group. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

Location: Special thanks to No.9, 109 East 9th St., New York, NY, 212-529-5333.

NADJA, 22, SINGER
ALEX, 24, DESIGNER
MAXINE, 24, STUDENT
THE LOVELY DAWN
AMANDA, 26, BARTENDER

"Grace, a tape recorder on the edge of the tub? That's dangerous!" said the armed intruder.

The Bathroom Tapes

Each month, we send a reporter to secretly record women's conversations in their most private place: The rest room.

TAPE 1: GERM WARFARE
GIRL 1 What happened to your drink?
GIRL 2 It's at the table.
GIRL 1 You just left it?
GIRL 2 I have a thing about bringing drinks into the bathroom.
GIRL 1 What?
GIRL 2 I feel like there's pee in the air or something.
GIRL 1 It's not like I'm bringing mine into the stall.
GIRL 2 Yeah, but there are germs and stuff in the air.
GIRL 1 You're crazy.

TAPE 2: GRATUITOUS TOUCHING
GIRL 1 I think Tim's* friend is on something. When I was standing at the bar, he was leaning on me and rubbing my back. He was all like this... [*Rubs Girl 2's back to demonstrate*]
GIRL 2 He's like that with everyone.
GIRL 1 Maybe. I don't even know him.
GIRL 2 Do you think he's cute?
GIRL 1 I don't know. I'd have to look at him again.
GIRL 2 Tim says he gets a lot of girls.
GIRL 1 Really?
GIRL 2 That's what he says.
GIRL 1 I guess I could see that.

TAPE 3: A TALK YOU'LL NEVER HAVE
GIRL 1 Do you like these jeans?
GIRL 2 Yeah. They look great on you.
GIRL 1 I feel like my ass crack's always showing.
GIRL 2 Lemme see. [*Girl 1 turns around.*] Your underwear is.
GIRL 1 Fuck my underwear.
GIRL 2 You ready yet?
GIRL 1 Look how fucking bloated I am. [*Pushes her stomach out*] I hate having my period. I wish I was anorexic so I wouldn't get it.
GIRL 2 That's shitty to say.
GIRL 1 Oh, don't be such a bitch. I'm just kidding.

TAPE 4: CATFIGHT!
GIRL 1 So, whaddaya think? They look natural, right?
GIRL 2 Yeah, he did an awesome job. Does Joe like them?
GIRL 1 Yeah. He can't keep his hands off them.
GIRL 2 Did you see Sarah's?
GIRL 1 Yeah, they're gross. I don't know what she was thinking. She was already big; now she's huge.
GIRL 2 I bet she got them just to compete with you.
GIRL 1 Yeah, probably. I told you what happened with her, right?
GIRL 2 With the bikini?
GIRL 1 Yeah. Can you believe that? She bought the same one! And whenever someone says I have pretty eyes, she always goes, "What about *my* eyes? Everyone always tells me I have gorgeous eyes. Look at them."
GIRL 2 She's such an attention hound. I don't know how you put up with her. I don't think she's that pretty either. Her hair is nasty, and she's worn out.
GIRL 1 Yeah, and now with her fake boobs, she looks even nastier.

TAPE 5: TOUGH TO SWALLOW
GIRL 1 You know when you think you're totally sober and then you realize you're really drunk?
GIRL 2 Yeah.
GIRL 1 It just hit me. But I don't feel, like, *too* drunk.
GIRL 2 I need to catch up.
GIRL 1 Matt's friend has been buying me drinks. Should I feel bad?
GIRL 2 Why? He offered.
GIRL 1 Yeah, I guess.
GIRL 2 And he knows you have a boyfriend.
GIRL 1 Yeah. Well, I think he does.

TAPE 6: HER NO.1 CONCERN
GIRL 1 Is someone in there?
GIRL 2 I think it's broken. [*Girl 1 walks down to last stall.*]
GIRL 1 Oh, that's gross. Forget it. I think I'll hold it. [*Girl 1 leaves.*]
GIRL 2 If you hold it, you can get a bladder infection.
GIRL 3 Yeah. From that or from too much sex.
GIRL 2 Really? I've never heard that.
GIRL 3 That's what I've heard.
GIRL 2 No shit.

TAPE 7: WET T-SHIRT AHEAD
GIRL 1 'Scuse me. I just need the sink. [*Wets towel and rubs at stain on white tank top*] Can you see that?
GIRL 2 Barely.
GIRL 1 I knew I shouldn't have gotten red wine.
GIRL 2 You should just dab it.
GIRL 1 I'm trying.
GIRL 3 You're fine. It's dark.
GIRL 1 I guess. [*Continues to rub top*]

TAPE 8: MMM...CHEESE FRIES...
GIRL 1 I'm so dehydrated.
GIRL 2 Can you believe how much they rape you for bottled water here?
GIRL 1 I know. All clubs do. It sucks.
GIRL 2 Oh, God, I can't dance anymore. I think I'm going to pass out. Look at me–I'm drenched!
GIRL 1 Wanna call it a night after this?
GIRL 2 Yeah, let's hit the diner.
GIRL 1 Fries with cheese and gravy?
GIRL 2 You know it. *–Shannan Rouss*

**All names and identifying details have been changed.*

At first we worried about having to choose from among so many beautiful women. But none of them talked to us, so it worked out.

NADJA: I'm seriously considering it, but I've never done it. It seems fun, but what happens afterward–do you all lie in bed together? Still, I really like the idea of being watched and watching. I went to a private sex party, and that was great. But I also had a bad experience at a swingers' club. My boyfriend and I were having sex, and all of a sudden, I thought, *He's got one hand on my breast, one on my hip–whose hand is grabbing my ass?*

DAWN: Is any part of your body off-limits? I hate it when men touch my belly button.

ALEX: Me, too! For some reason, I get an icky feeling when anyone touches it. And that horrible jeans commercial with the talking belly buttons is disgusting!

MAXINE: I used to be that way, but my ex kept touching it gently, and eventually it started tickling a little bit.

NADJA: My toes. I don't like it when a guy goes down on my feet and licks them. It's not hygienic. I wear high heels and stockings during sex so they don't do it.

DAWN: Let's say a guy wants to try something new in bed. How should he go about it?

AMANDA: My boyfriend brings up new sex ideas in a really good way. He'll say, "You know what I think would be really hot..." And I'm like, "OK, whatever."

MAXINE: Joke about it first. I've done that. I have a silly little clit stimulator, and I said, "Maybe you could use that on me one day." He picked up on the hint.

ALEX: Just try it. If I don't like it, you'll know. Or buy something for me. My ex used to get me all sorts of lingerie. I had a whole arsenal–fishnet thigh-highs with matching stilettos in every color, a feather-and-velvet teddy, you name it.

DAWN: What should men do more often?

ALEX: They can be weird about doing it in strange locations. Guys aren't as open as women are–we're the ones who want more sex and kinkier sex. For example, I really wanted to do it on an airplane. We were in first class and no one else was in the entire section, so I was like, "C'mon, the seats are huge, and no one will know!" But he wouldn't do it. I was so pissed.

NADJA: Yeah, my ex and I did it on an empty train, but it took a lot of convincing on my part. And a few years ago in Istanbul, I had sex in the garden of a mosque. It was cool, but a few days later, lightning hit the mosque! The guy was so freaked out, he donated a lot of money to repair it. He needed to loosen up.

DAWN: Don't we all. Speaking of which, will one of you untie me now?

"I love light domination–like when he throws me on the bed or when I tie him up."

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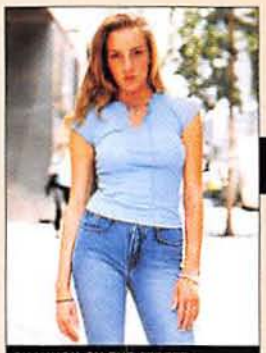

SHANNON ON THE STREET...

...AND AFTER THE STUFF TREATMENT

The Women of 39th and Sixth

EVER WONDER WHAT that hot girl walking past you at lunchtime looks like under all that clothing? We posted four interns and a photographer outside our offices and found the prettiest ladies, then invited them back for a second shoot. Behold the results.

NAME	Shannon
AGE	20
PROFESSION	Student
RELATIONSHIP STATUS	Says she's in a relationship but won't disclose any other details. Perhaps this is because our interviewer was wearing nothing but boxer shorts with little fire trucks printed on them.
WHAT SHE WAS DOING WHEN WE MET HER	"Going to the Sprint store. My cell-phone battery died. I thought the [*Stuff* intern] who approached me was trying to pick me up. Guys hardly ever do it right."
HOW DO YOU DO IT RIGHT?	"When I approach men, which I do all the time, I'll just smile at them, go up to them and, if they're attractive, I'll tell them so."
WHAT'S UNDER HER CLOTHES	"Ninety-nine percent of the time, nothing. Underwear and bras are just uncomfortable. They smoosh your boobs and give you wedgies."
HER IDEAL MAN	"An athletic guy–I like basketball players. My favorite part of the male body is the V. You know, right by the hips with the muscles. That's really sexy."
FAVORITE ICE CREAM FLAVOR	"Mint chocolate chip or rocky road. I'm torn."
HER BEST SEXUAL ADVICE	"One guy took my leg and kissed it all the way up and down, then back up again. That was really, really good."

For more exclusive pictures of Shannon, go to www.stuffmagazine.com.

Photography: (Before) Matt Wakem. (After) Pauline St. Denis; Styling: Jennifer Schwarz-Syed; Hair: Sam Leonardi at Next; Makeup: Bata Plavsic at Next. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

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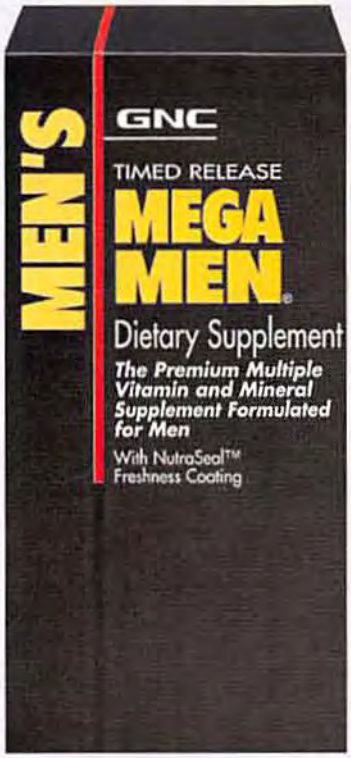

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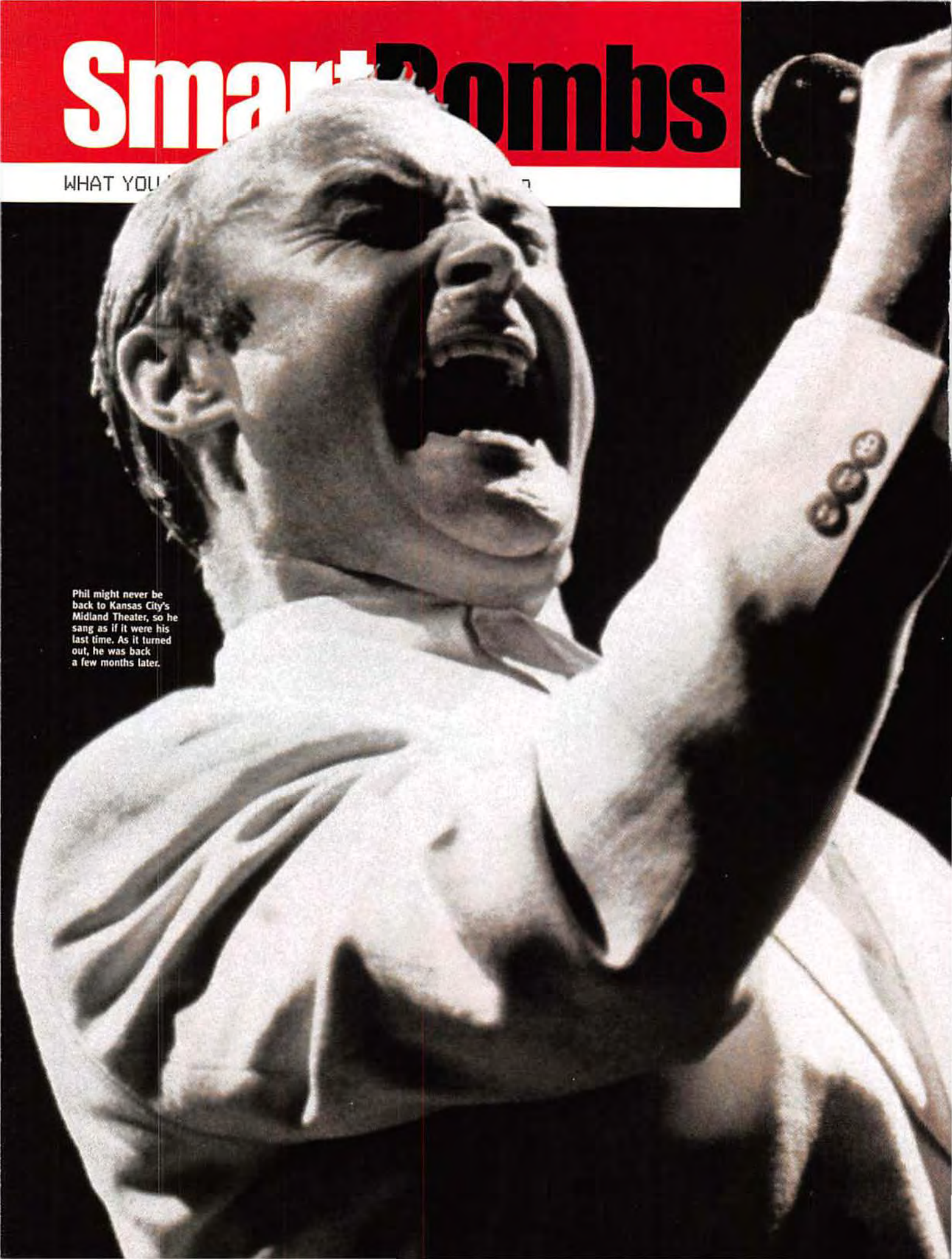

Phil might never be back to Kansas City's Midland Theater, so he sang as if it were his last time. As it turned out, he was back a few months later.

HOW TO...

Withstand Torture

Can you endure unspeakable pain to protect friends, family and country? What about rolling in feces, surrounded by foreigners wielding cattle prods? See, there's always a bright side.

LEARN THE FINER POINTS OF TORTURE

First, it hurts. Second, you can survive it if you remember who's the boss: "The captive is the one in control of the situation," says Mike Writts, former U.S. Army interrogator and cofounder of Team Delta Prisoner of War Interrogation Resistance Program (www.teamdelta.net), a camp for masochists who wish to experience life behind enemy lines. "If you have info your captor needs, it's likely he won't kill you." Yeah, but what if you start to cry like a penitent preacher? "Interrogators feed on weakness. If they see that something bothers you, they'll zero in on it and twist until you say uncle." Don't have an uncle? Then you're all set.

DEAL WITH THE PAIN

We asked Tim Cridland, aka Zamora the Torture King (www.zamora.blogspot.com), who makes his living eating fire and swallowing swords, yet is not a lawyer. The T-King claims that pain is a learned response and something you can control, like a sphincter. Here are some of his painkilling methods, all of which are certain to lift your spirits as your molars are meticulously pulled out with pliers.

- Redirect your attention away from the pain. Then focus on a pain-free part of your body, like your toe, and concentrate on it. Or find an object in your area and study its details. This will also help you to better appreciate the finer things in life, like nature, craftsmanship and the carcasses of other torture victims.
- See the pain; be the pain. First visualize it as a color or as a form. Say, a fluffy purple Democrat. Then tear it to pieces. Visually.
- Breathe deeply. Once you feel the pain, breathe in quickly through your nose. Purse your lips and exhale very slowly–this will relax you and depress your heart rate. Don't worry–you can always cheer up your heart rate later.

ENDURE SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

"Keep your mind active with memories and visualizations of your prior life," Writts says. "Solitary has a habit of distorting space and time in an uncomfortable way, and this helps alleviate that." So imagine playing a round of golf, think of family and friends or masturbate–but not while thinking of family. Remember, as long as you have your hands, you're never truly alone.

MANAGE INTENSE SLEEP DEPRIVATION

Sleep deprivation can be fixed only with sleep. So if you're being forced to stay awake, your only hope is to catch some shut-eye. "Whenever you can sleep, you sleep," advises Writts. "This is something you learn in the military, to sleep standing up." In other words, be like a horse, but with a smaller penis.

The torture was bad enough. But then he noticed the cobwebs in the corner of his living room. How long had *those* been there?

TALK WITHOUT DIVULGING PERTINENT INFORMATION

Be vague and misleading without actually lying–getting caught in a lie is a surefire way to get flayed. Writts says, "Your interrogator wants to get as much out of you ASAP, so find a way to prolong the interrogation. Cough. Act tired. Move slowly. Digress. Digression is a wonderful thing. And it's an art." So is sculpture. Or be like Nick Rowe, founder of the U.S. Army Special Forces SERE program (Survival, Evasion, Resistance and Escape). Nick survived 62 months as a POW in Vietnam, battling dysentery, fungal diseases and grueling mental and physical torture without revealing his status as a Special Forces officer. To throw his captors off the trail, he pretended to be a dim-witted yahoo with no access to important information–in other words, he told them he was a Harvard philosophy major. *–Brad Listi*

Why is this torture? Well, inside the box lurks a very horny Richard Simmons.

Kings of Pain

A sneak peak inside a torturer's toolshed.

IRON MAIDEN: A device that encloses a captive inside a hollowed-out, spike-filled female effigy, thereby impaling him, while playing "The Number of the Beast" at 190 dB.

THE SPANISH DONKEY: An inverted-V-shaped structure that a captive sits astride while weight is added to each foot until he rips in two screaming, "*Ay, caramba!*"

THE RACK: A mechanical device used to stretch a prisoner to inordinate lengths, thereby causing him grueling pain and death. A favorite of NBA recruiters.

TELEFONO: Simultaneous beating of a captive's ears. Also, *phone* in Italian.

FALANGA: The violent striking of the soles of a captive's feet, usually to a calypso beat.

WET SUBMARINO: Submersion of a captive's head in dirty water or semiliquid waste, such as feces or *Will & Grace* scripts.

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KNOW WHAT YOU EAT NO.16

Sloppy Joes

For years, the victuals of the lunch lady have tantalized our taste buds while disgusting our psyches. We now expose the secrets of the mystery-meat staple.

Just like Mom used to make. You know, when she was still an alcoholic.

Sloppy origins It is said to be the closest cousin of the "loosemeat" sandwich of Midwestern lore. Iowans claim that Sioux City's Ye Olde Tavern Inn was the Joe's birthplace. They cleverly called it a "tavern." Floridians believe the bar Sloppy Joe's in Key West is the thing's true home. After all, Hemingway drank there, and upon sucking the barrel of his shotgun, he looked like the island's favorite sandwich.

Ground beef Putting perfectly good beef into a grinder allows the surface of the meat to come in contact with germs in the air, on the grinder and on the butcher's ass-picking hand. The superstar of germs–E. coli 0157:H7–often shows up in ground beef, causing abdominal cramps, severe bloody diarrhea and kidney failure. But there's a downside to the stuff, too: it can kill you if you're very young or very old...or very annoying. Then you deserve it.

Wheat gluten Ever try Celiac disease? Sufferers intolerant of wheat gluten have a variety of symptoms such as severe weight-loss, diarrhea, intestinal bloating, anemia and osteoporosis. If your pathetic system can't handle gluten in this form, try ingesting it from other sources, such as face creams, adhesive tape–or a mix-and-match combo!

Autolyzed yeast extract Monosodium glutamate is such an ugly name, as bad as Mu'ammar or Jane. Hence the more poetic *autolyzed yeast extract*. You also won't have to worry about the erratic heartbeat, chest pains and seizures that can afflict those who unwittingly eat MSG–since most sicknesses are caused by the mind. Especially dysentery.

Tomato fiber and mustard bran The hulls of mustard seeds and dehydrated tomatoes: Think of it as the raisin bran of the condiment family. Not only will the two ingredients create a lovely gelatinous filler when added to water, but they'll also keep your system as regular as a possum at a prune factory.

Locust bean gum The gum of the locust bean was once used by Egyptians to adhere mummy wrappings. The Greeks used it as both a laxative and possibly a crude yet satisfying anal lube. Today it emulsifies many a Sloppy Joe, combining both Greek uses in one tasty sandwich.

Tamarind and anchovies Both are found in Worcestershire sauce. West Africans swear by tamarind pods for dyeing goat hides. (They just stand there and curse like Marines.) Don't let the anchovies put you off–these aren't the kind you find on pizza. These have been fermenting for years. So you know they're good. And dead.

Annatto Annatto comes from the lipstick plant of South America–so called because dark-red annatto seeds are used to color lipstick as well as food. That's why each and every bite of a Sloppy Joe feels like the kind of big, wet kiss you get from soused Mary Kay saleslady: sweet and fragrant with a bitter aftertaste of sexual decay. *–Al Ridenour*

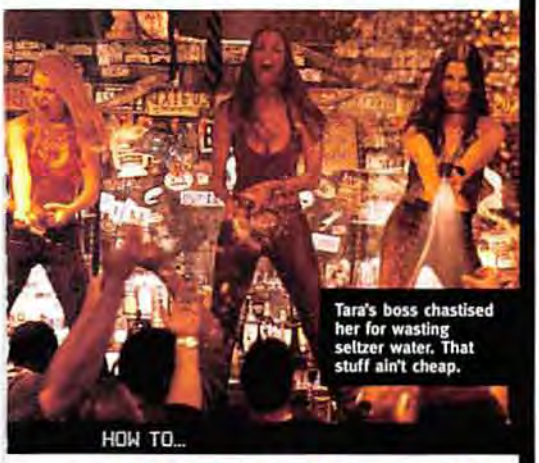
IN A NUTSHELL

Interest Rates

Explained in 50 words or less.

Interest rates, set by the Federal Reserve Board, dictate how much smaller banks are charged to borrow money from larger ones. Lower interest rates mean it's less expensive to borrow money. Board chairman Alan Greenspan adjusts the rate very carefully to avoid pumping up the cost of inflatable dolls.

Photography: (Sloppy Joe) Damien Donck. (Nutshell) Jens Mortensen.



Tara's boss chastised her for wasting seltzer water. That stuff ain't cheap.

HOW TO...

Pick Up a Barmaid

The best-looking woman in any room is always the one with all the drinks.

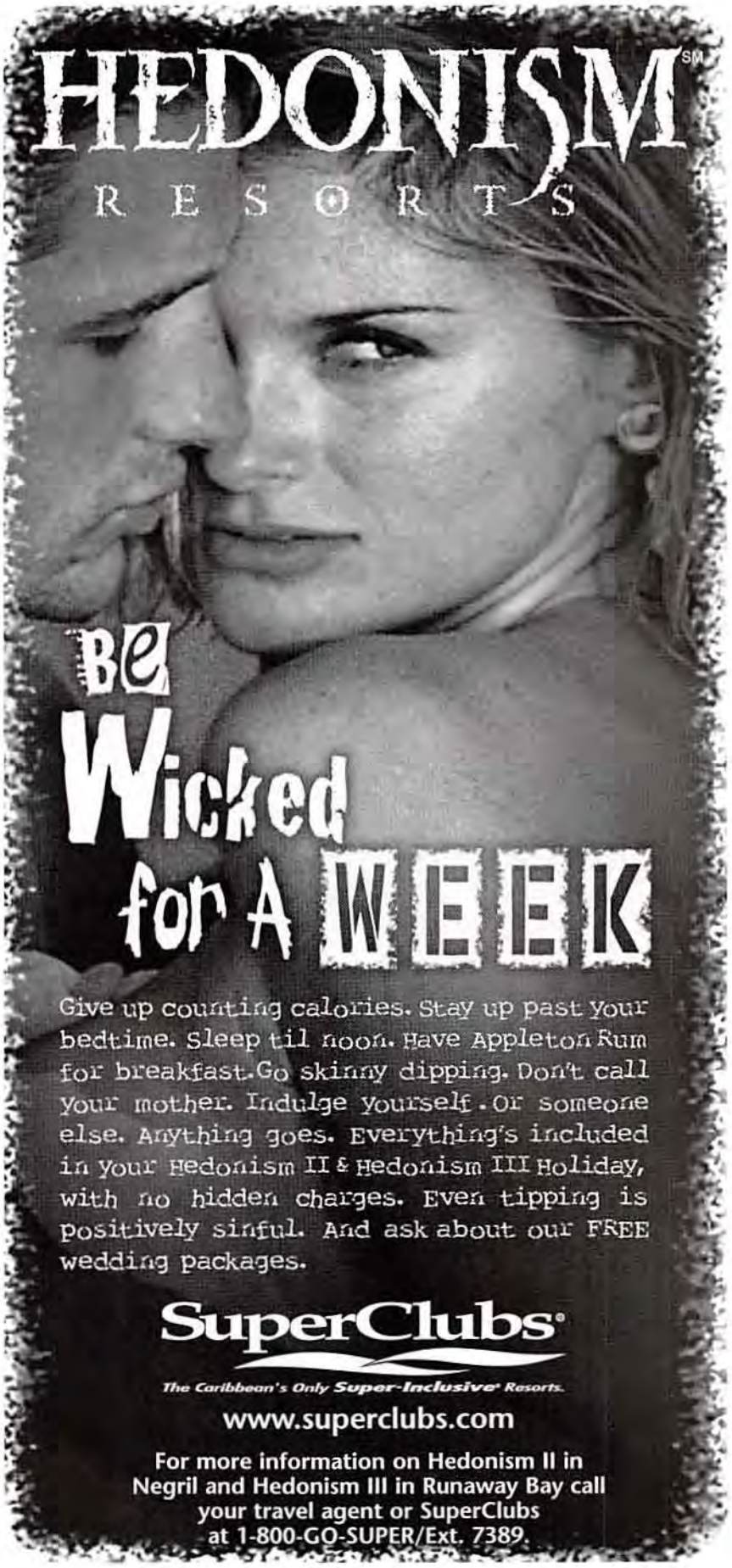
DON'T BE A SLOB By closing time, every guy in the place is hitting on the bartender. Why? Because she's hot and she controls the beer. "For a man to be appealing to a sexy bartender, he needs to distinguish himself as being unlike any other man who has ever hit on her before," says relationship psychologist Vivian Diller. Try growing a third arm to stand out.

Ted Danson wishes he had her hair

PLAY ON COMMON GROUND Since most bartenders moonlight, find out what her day job is–then tell her what she wants to hear. If she's an actress, you love the theater. If she's a musician, you have a collection of whatever she's playing. If she's a stripper, you just happen to have a fire pole in your living room. Give her a reason to get to know you, and the rest is cream cheese. Or possibly Roquefort. Also compare common interests like movies, breasts, shopping, etc. You can do very well by carrying a worn copy of your favorite book to give to her at just the right time. It's friendly and intellectual. Try *Dune*. Make sure to underline all the strange parts.

ACT MONEYED YET CASUAL "Look like you make good money, but don't throw it around," says Diller. Women don't fall for broke guys, but they despise show-offs. So think Donald Trump on Iudes, which means tip well, but don't offer to pay her tuition. Diller says, "Pretend like you don't need any attention." Even if your lips are sweaty with desperation, don't give in. Women can smell desperate men like men smell happy hour. Try forgetting her name once or twice. You're not being mean–you're just giving her a preview of what to expect when you're 70.

BRING WORK WITH YOU This will not be effective if you dabble in construction or taxidermy. So you'll have to fib a bit. That pile of papers under your arm is called a manuscript. Tell her, "It's really quite terrible, just a first draft." Then pretend to edit your masterpiece with a red pen. This is what we at *Stuff* do, and it almost never works. But for us, "almost never" is considered a raging success. –*Seth Jacobs*



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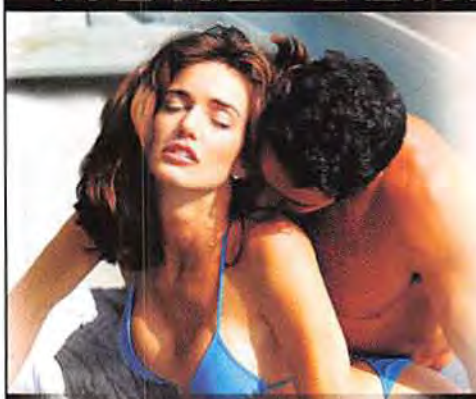

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I'm a single guy... so I do date quite often and let me tell you man-to-man... NOTHING, and I mean NOTHING beats the look on my lover's face as she sees it for the first time... watching her gasp... almost in disbelief... with a slight look of fear in her eyes. I can't describe how confident a bigger penis makes me feel!

You Don't Believe Me... Right?

I don't blame you for being skeptical of LONGitude... hell, even when my research team told me they had finally got it right after 3 years of research and testing, I didn't believe it. That's why I tried LONGitude personally.

Let Me Explain How LONGitude Works... It'll Help Convince You...

Your penis has three chambers... 2 large ones on top which are your erectile tissue and one smaller one on the bottom which you urinate and ejaculate from. And...

(next page please...)

HOW TO...

Count Cards

Is the blackjack dealer tossing you a crappy hand? Don't get mad–get mathematical.

ADD IT UP Counting cards is a fun yet dangerous endeavor. So we asked Frank Scoblete, author of *Guerrilla Gambling: How to Beat the Casinos at Their Own Games*, to offer some tips.

- **Low cards** (two, three, four, five, six) count as a +1 rating. Every time one of these turns up on the table, you should tally a one somewhere discreet–like on your flesh.
- **High cards** (ten, jack, queen, king, ace) count as -1. Every time you see one of these, subtract a point from the total.
- **Middle-value cards** (seven, eight, nine) don't mean a thing, so count them as 0. See how easy this is?

For example, if the guy next to you has a two, a five and a ten, then you should add a point each for the two and five, and subtract one for the ten. That's a total of +1. Do this for every player in the game, including yourself. Keep an ongoing count, but not out loud: Dealers hate that–it throws off their timing.

"Counting cards is deliciously evil!"

DO THE MATH If your total is +4 or above (for a single-deck game), that means there are a lot of high cards left in the deck. This is a good thing. Increase your next bet. If the total is -4 or lower, that means there are more low cards left than high ones. This is a bad thing. Keep your bets small, and order a triple mai tai.

COUNT MULTIPLE DECKS Figure out how many decks are left in the dealer's shoe (don't get on your hands and knees–that's just the box that holds the cards, silly). If, say, it looks as if he's using three decks, divide your point total by three. Then follow the above guidelines; start by drinking that mai tai.

BET ON GETTING CAUGHT It's not illegal to count cards, but in places like Las Vegas, casinos can throw you out on a whim. They like players who win and lose and lose. Oddly, they don't like players who just win. If you come back after being booted, that's trespassing, and then you might land in the slammer, where there's always a lot of intense one-armed-bandit action, guaranteed. –*Sal Tuzzeo Jr.*

James got the jet pack so he could spend more time with his children, who also had jet packs

UNDER THE HOOD

The Jet Pack

The transportation of the future, today! Well, sort of.

WHERE DID IT COME FROM? The dream of a modern jet pack began in 1928 when Buck Rogers graced the cover of *Amazing Stories* wearing a set of thrusters on his back. Even scientists took it seriously: After all, what could be better than strapping hot rockets to your body before a trip? After many years lost in a world of personal fantasy, the jet pack came out into the real world in 1953 when a man named Wendell F. Moore of Bell Aerosystems unveiled what he called the Rocket Belt. It was originally sponsored by the U.S. Army for covert surveillance and troop landings, but it soon became clear that its main uses would fall somewhere between James Bond flicks and Michael Jackson tour stunts, since its principal function was to impress young boys.

HOW DOES IT WORK? Take two tanks full of a 90-percent hydrogen peroxide solution (that's about 88 percent stronger than Eminem's hair dye) and one tank of liquid nitrogen, and strap them to your back. When the hydrogen peroxide is pushed out of its tank into the reaction chamber (a small box lined with screens made of silver), 1,400-degree steam is produced. Did you remember to wear your asbestos pants, young man? The control sticks, which point the jets and adjust the throttle, rest under your arms. Once you turn the key, you'll get 300 pounds of thrust and 135 decibels of sound. It's like sex with Rosie, except *you* get off, too. Just lean, twist and bend to steer.

WHY HAS THE ROCKET BELT NEVER TAKEN OFF? Even though the prototype got off the ground just fine, the army nixed the project soon after the initial set of tests. Why? First, because a covert surveillance mission is not so covert when the guy with the Rocket Belt screams overhead. Second, the jet pack weighs in at a cumbersome 120 pounds, which is the equivalent of having two Brazilian models on your back, but a lot less fun. Third, the rockets gulp one quart of fuel every second, which allows for an outstanding 23 seconds of flight time. Oddly, the military couldn't find a use for it.

SO WHAT'S IT GOOD FOR? Bill Suitor–aka the Rocketman, now retired–flew the original Rocket Belt for more than 20 years. He logged more than 1,200 flights–at 23 seconds each, that's only 60 miles. Suitor lived next door to the jet pack's inventor and became its premier aviator. You can catch his high-flying act in James Bond's *Thunderball*, in the video of the 1984 Olympic Games opening ceremonies, on a postage stamp from Bhutan and in reruns of the *Six Million Dollar Man*. But Suitor hung it up, and sadly, the jet pack–originally a genius device for personal covert transportation–is now a retired novelty item. –*Seth Jacobs*

Self-Defense 101

HIT YOURSELF
By repeatedly bashing yourself in the face, you will give your assailant exactly what he wants, but the whole time *you're* in control. He'll soon be satisfied with the results and wander off. Smile: You just saved yourself from an even worse beating!

Illustration: Gary Brancham, Digital Imaging: Sosnovsky.com.

Why Settle With Just An "Average" Six-Inches?

When you get an erection, your brain releases a hormone which sends blood to your penis, filling your erectile tissue. The blood cavities in your erectile tissue fill to the maximum, giving you an erection.

Now get this... the maximum your erectile tissue can fill with blood creates the size your erect penis presently is. But here's the breakthrough we've discovered... Your erectile tissue can be developed much larger and stronger than it is with our product LONGitude.

Simply put... your penis is EXTREMELY unfit and smaller than what it could be if your erectile tissue chambers were larger (holding more blood). LONGitude will go to work on these chambers - increasing their size in both length and width... to hold more blood... getting you a few extra inches you wish you were born with.

After just a few days on LONGitude, you will start to see and feel much difference in the way your penis hangs and feels when erect.

LONGitude will also promote increased sensitivity... getting you more "feelings" during intercourse, enabling you to achieve ROCK HARD erections ANY time you desire.

LONGitude will give you a more muscular look, surely standing apart from other penis... A penis your lover will remember for the rest of her life!

Here's What You Can Expect To Happen Taking LONGitude:

Week 1-3: Your penis will experience greater and longer lasting erections and a noticeable increase in thickness.

Week 4-8: Your penis will have grown in length and will possess much more thickness in both- erect and flaccid states.

Week 9+: Your penis will have taken on a new body, not just longer and thicker, but much harder and healthier.

100% Natural & Safe LONGitude Will:

- ***Strengthen and harden your erections like a length of STEEL PIPE!***
- Develop your PC Muscle to form a truly "muscular" looking penis that will impress and arouse your lover. I guarantee they'll brag to their friends.
- ***Enlarge your penis 1-4" or more AT HOME, without vacuum pumps, weights, or surgery.***
- Intensify your orgasms.
- ***Achieve more powerful thrusting ability.***
- Last as long as you want without drugs.
- ***Achieve ROCK HARD erections any time you want... your lover won't believe it!***
- Safely and Permanently enhance your penis size, strength, and ability without expensive and dangerous pumps, weights, drugs, or surgery.
- ***And much, much more!***

When you feel you are at your peak performance level in penis size and mass... you'll have a new found confidence... knowing you can please any woman more than any other man could - no matter how hard he tried!

It's pretty simple to understand... the size of your erectile tissue chambers is what limits your penis to the size it is now. LONGitude painlessly makes these chambers longer and wider, holding more blood... making your penis several inches longer.

90% Of Men Have A 6" Penis... That's The Average Size LONGitude is made for men that are NOT HAPPY WITH AVERAGE!

You don't want to make an average income... live in an average home... drive an average car... why settle for an average penis... especially since it is inexpensive and safe to have some serious machinery between your legs.

Try LONGitude without risk... here's how:

A One-Month supply of LONGitude (60 capsules) costs just $59.95 plus shipping. Get yourself a bottle right now by calling 1-800-518-3492 with your credit card, 24 hours a day - 7 days a week. We'll rush you off a bottle of LONGitude... try them as recommended- just 2 easy-to-swallow capsules per day.

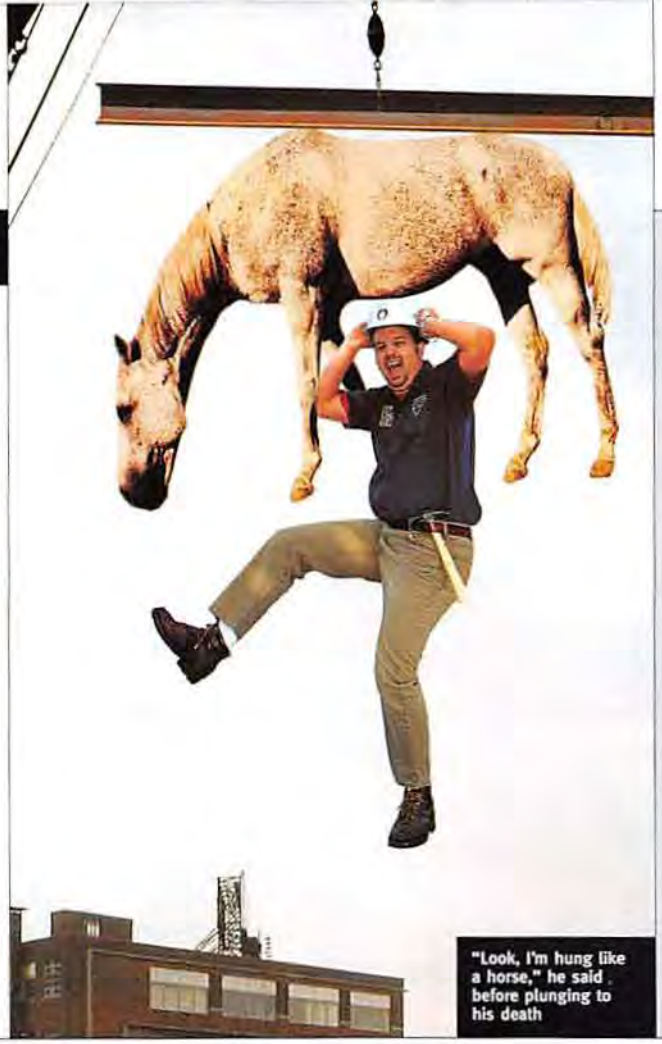
You're Guaranteed To See An Increase Of ONE FULL INCH in 30-Days Or You Pay NOTHING!

If after trying LONGitude for 30-days, you do not experience a FULL INCH in length and a noticeable increase in thickness, simply send the bottle back to us and we'll refund 100% of your money - even the shipping fees you've incurred! No questions asked!

How Can We Be So Generous?

WHADDAYA KNOW?

If it can be known, he'll know it. If it can be snorted, he'll snort it. If it can be drunk, he'll drink it. He's high-living, high-rolling, high-octane **Heinz Krankelschnit,** recently appointed Professor of Wood-Paneled Studies at Jasper P. Wurlitzer Memorial College in scenic Scrodbucket, Massachusetts.



"Look, I'm hung like a horse," he said before plunging to his death

IS GLUE REALLY MADE FROM HORSES?

–Josh Smart, via e-mail

In the case of Knacker's Lad, who wandered sleepily off the track halfway through the Purina Handicap at Santa Gelatina and took my last two paychecks with him, I certainly hope so. It is too good a fate for this dope-laden donkey to be rendered–his hooves, hide and bones transformed into the kind of heavy-duty sticky stuff that is even today used to hold cabinets, couches, *buchen* and such together, while the rest of him is sliced up and shipped off to Holland for the overweight, clog-wearing denizens of that weird little nation to put into their quaintly crafted sandwiches. But, to answer your question, the kind of glue that you employ for everyday purposes, although once commonly made from the hooves, is probably not made from horses. It is more likely plucked from petroleum and natural gas, and more is the pity.

DOES BLOOD SQUIRT OUT OF YOUR MOUTH WHEN YOU GET SHOT, OR IS THAT JUST IN THE MOVIES?

–James Nigrelli, Cleveland

Nein, not just in the movies. Blood can squirt out of your mouth even if you are shot watching the television–but it isn't very likely. For *der film*, a spurt of *blut* from the laughing hole may occur following a shot to the torso, but if the blood does emerge from the mouth in such an instance, it is more likely to be a steady flow or just a trickle. That said, a shot to the lungs, which causes the hacking and coughing, might lead to a spray of artery juice being so expelled in a sticky, violent explosion. In the case of cramming the gun barrel gobwise and saying boom-bye-*auf-wiedersehen*, there may be some bleeding from the mouth, but only if there is a mouth remaining to bleed from. Often the entire head will burst like an overripe melon struck with a baseball bat. I must emphasize that my knowledge of these matters has no connection with certain scurrilous rumors about my conduct during *ze* war. Oh, such memories.

"This is the best blood I've ever had!"

WHY DO MILK CRATES CARRY WARNINGS ABOUT PUNISHMENT FOR ILLEGALLY USING THEM? HOW CAN YOU ILLEGALLY USE A MILK CRATE?

–Peter Proscia, Tampa

That is exactly what I said to Officer McAllister out in the alley of the Torrid Tyme Tavern last Friday night. But apparently it was the business with the *fräulein* midget which was a no-no. The crate warnings, which began in 1922, are intended for those in the milk business to prevent the crates from being stolen or destroyed by one company to sabotage another, which was the common practice in those rough-and-tumble days of milk and roses. And such things do happen: If my milkman, Jack "Ripper" Luciano, is to be believed, the money-grubbing dairy industry is much like the Soprano family's dealings, only with cows. Which is probably more entertaining than the boiled tripe that is *The Sopranos*.

"So, who wants a speedball?"

DO CELEBRITIES HAVE TO SERVE JURY DUTY?

–Jackie Libster, Hartford

Certainly. Or at least they are called up for it just like the nonfamous *menschen*. Woody Allen, Marisa Tomei, Dan Rather, David Letterman and John Grisham are all recent examples. Rapping-type celebrity Jermaine Dupri was jailed for skipping jury duty, and the mayor of New York City, Rudy Giuliani, once served as a foreman. But many are excused before a case is actually heard. The defense may well prefer not to have the likes of Carrot Top deciding their client's fate. No one deserves corporal punishment more than that orange-haired *dumkopf*.

Photography: (Photo) Warren Salcove

Dumbfounded? Dadburned? Dozy as a dog in a dunderheaded daze? Dagnabbit! Send your questions to:

Professor Heinz Krankelschnit, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018

Or e-mail 'em to: letters@stuffmagazine.com

Be The Biggest Man Your Lover Has Ever Had!

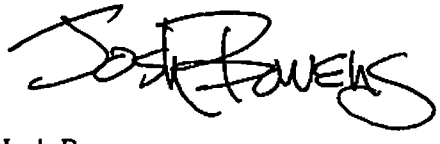
Easy- with a 96% success rate... we're more than confident it'll work for you... with amazing results that almost defy belief! Think about it... standing in the mirror with a penis 1"... 2"... 3" larger... or more. That would be something, wouldn't it?

You bet it would. And with our 30-Day NO GROW-NO PAY guarantee, where *we'll even refund your shipping cost*... you have absolutely nothing to lose!

I know you may still be skeptical... but all I want you to do is "try" LONGitude... I won't consider this purchase binding until after 30-days. Can it really work for you? You'll never know unless you give it a try. Look- pass up on this offer and 30-days from now, you'll simply be a month older with the same penis you have now... or you can be on enjoying a new life as thousands of other men are... many inches longer. **You decide**.

And by the way... LONGitude will be *discreetly* billed to your credit card under CP DIRECT and it is shipped in a plain box, with only our return address on the label.

Thank You,



Josh Bowens
CP NUTRITIONALS DIRECT
Call 1-800-518-3492 to "try" LONGitude risk-free for one month

PS: In a recent survey conducted by Durex Condoms, 67% of women said that they are unhappy with the size of their lover's penis. Proof that size does matter! A larger penis has much more surface area and is capable of stimulating more nerve endings, providing more pleasure for you and your partner. A man endowed with a 7" or 8" penis is simply better *"equipped"* than a man with a 5" or 6" penis. Would you rather have more than enough to get the job done... or fall short. It's totally up to you.

PPS: A special bonus if you are one of the first 250 men to try LONGitude risk-free... You'll receive FREE membership into our Preferred Customer Club where you'll receive a $20 discount off every future bottle of LONGitude. In addition, so you do not go a day without our capsules, you'll automatically receive a new 30-day supply every month and we'll bill you just $39.95, plus shipping - that's $20 OFF the retail price. Trust me- after a week on LONGitude you will not want to live a day without this product until you reach your optimum length. Once you reach your optimum length in about 3 months, call us and we'll stop sending automatic shipments. There is no minimum amount of bottles to buy and you can cancel shipments at any time. And if you take us up on our 30-day money back guarantee, your credit card will never be billed again.

PPPS: This breakthrough product will make your penis grow, and grow until you decide it's the perfect size. When it reaches it's optimum size, stop taking LONGitude. You do not have to take LONGitude ever again- the results are permanent. Most users stop taking LONGitude once they reached 8" to 9" (about 12 weeks). It is not advised to go past the 9" limit for the simple fact that you'll be too big for many women.

Here's Some Of The Most Common Questions New Users Have:

What Is LONGitude?
LONGitude is a 100% safe and natural formula that is guaranteed to increase penis size by an average of 26%.

How Does LONGitude Work?
LONGitude permanently enlarges your two erectile tissue chambers in your penis to hold more blood during an erection... thus, making your penis much, much larger in size.

Are Their Any Negative Side-Effects?
Absolutely zero. A positive side-effect is that you'll be more sensitive, enjoying intercourse more.

How Do I Take LONGitude?
Simply take 2 easy to swallow capsules every day.

How Long Can I Expect My Penis To Get?
Measure yourself during full erection and add 26% - that is the average size increase. LONGitude will continue to work the longer you use it.

How Long Will It Take To Work?
LONGitude will start working instantly, making your penis thicker and erect more often. Length growth starts a few weeks later and the total process usually takes 12 weeks.

How Long Should I Take LONGitude?
Take it until you get to 8" or 9". After you get to this size, we advise you stop taking it. Any longer of a penis would be too large for most women to handle.

What Are The Ingredients of LONGitude?
LONGitude is a proprietary blend of the following 100% safe and natural ingredients: Zinc, 300 Yohimbe, Maca, Catuaba, Muira Pauma, Oyster Meat, L-Arginne, Oat Straw, Nettle Leaf, Cayenne, Pumpkin Seed, Sarsaparilla, Orchic Substance, Licorice Root, Astragalus, Tribulus, Boron, and Ginseng.

To *"try"* LONGitude risk-free for an entire 30-days, call TOLL-FREE 1-800-518-3492 (anytime 24 hours a day) *or...* Go to www.longitudecapsules.com to order online and to view some *DRAMATIC* before and after photos!!!

Maximize the Pleasure

Natural Male Enhancement

ENZYTE™

Medical and Scientific Breakthrough

Enzyte was developed by Dr. Fredrick Thomkins, a physican with a biology degree from Stanford and Dr. Michael Moore, a leading urologist from Harvard. The two collaborated for 13 years studying human blood flow. They concluded that with the right hormonal stimuli, blood can be forced into muscle and tissue chambers, and that over a period of time, these chambers will substantially stretch and elongate.The result is the world's only all-natural supplement for penile enhancement. In simple terms, Enzyte is a blood flow stimulator, which makes the most of your natural potential.

"Of course I was skeptical, but the results are phenomenal Enzyte is the real deal!"
S. Hamilton
Louisville, KY

How it Works

The penis is made of two erectile tissue chambers. When aroused,blood flows into these chambers, producing an erection. The more blood that is pumped into them, the larger you will be. The active ingredients in Enzyte naturally push more blood into the chambers. Over time, as the chambers stretch, more and more blood will be forced in, creating substantial growth in both length and roundness. Over the the course of the 8 month program, your erectile chambers, as well as your penis, will enlarge up to 41%.

The first all-natural male enhancement program that adds two to three inches to your size in just eight months or get double your money back.*

"Absolutely unbelievable! I would recommend it to anyone."
J. Grossman
Chicago, IL

"He is much more confident, it's just so sexy."
L. Kincaid
Toledo, OH

Maximize your love life

In a recent survey, 87% of women secretly revealed that they wouldn't mind if their partner had added size. Enzyte can take you there.

100% Safe with a 98.3% Success Rate

Enzyte is as safe to take as a daily vitamin with absolutely no side effects. Simply take two capsules each morning.

Results Guaranteed*

Try the 8 month enzyte program and if you're not completely satisfied, we'll send you double your money back.

Ask your Doctor or call toll free

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Foreign Affairs p.148–153
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Sandy Dalal at Barney's, NYC and Beverly Hills
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Versace Sport at Gianni Versace Boutiques, NYC, Atlanta, Dallas and Houston

You're Getting Warmer p.154–155
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Nautica at select Bloomingdale's
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Terra Plana at Terra Plana, NYC
Timberland www.timberland.com
Triple 5 Soul www.triple5soul.com
Versace Jeans at Versace boutiques nationwide
Von Zipper www.vonzipper.com
XYZ Denim at Action Beach, Oceanside, Calif.

Clothing Credits
First Lady p.24–28
On couch: Beaded top by Alan Tung (by special order only, 212-924-9124). Shorts by Richard Tyler (at Richard Tyler Boutique, L.A.). Sandals by Loewe (by special order only, 212-931-2074). Standing: Halter top by Richard Tyler. Hot pants by David Dalrymple for Patricia Field (at Patricia Field, NYC). Sitting: Halter top by Omo Norma Kamali (www.normakamalicollection.com). Hot pants by David Dalrymple for Patricia Field (at Hotel Venus, NYC). Bracelets by Fragments (888-6-FRAGMENTS).

Pam Overboard p.72–83
Opening shot, leaning forward, hand in hair: Nude Amy bra and panties by Agent Provocateur (www.agentprovocateur.com). Crouching (black and white): Black ruffled bikini set by Trashy Lingerie (www.trashy.com). Vintage studded belt from Resurrection, NYC. Boots by Iceberg (at Iceberg Boutiques in NYC and L.A.). In skates: White halter top by Bella (www.bellainc.com), customized by JMartin Designs (www.jmartindesigns.com). Neon pink sheer panties by Agent Provocateur. 18k gold body chain by Manon von Gerkan (at Shamballa, NYC). Roller skates by Puma (www.puma.com). Lying on stomach, chin in hand: Studded bikini by Chloe (at Le Corset, NYC). Topless, in jeans: Jeans by Frankie B. (at Fred Segal, L.A.). Crouching on tip-toes: Lucite mules by Trashy Lingerie.

The Real World...Lori p.90–95
Opening shot: Gold and metallic swimsuit by Richard Tyler (by special order at Richard Tyler Boutique, L.A.). Black thigh-high boots by Trash & Vaudville (at Trash & Vaudville Boutique, NYC). On shag carpet: St. Tropez beaded bikini top by Alan Tung (special order, 212-924-9124). Zebra hot pants by L'impasse (at L'impasse Boutique, NYC). Multi-zipper black boots by Michele Perry (at Michele Perry Boutique, NYC). On sink: Leather mesh halter bra and garter-panties by Christina Scott (at Mixona, NYC). Black leather boots by Cesare Paciotti (at Cesare Paciotti, NYC). Topless: Black lace pants by L'impasse (at L'impasse Boutique, NYC). On couch: Marvel femme bra by La Perla (866-LA-PERLA). Black leather pants by Lost Art (www.lostartnyc.com). Black 1987 knee-length boots by Michele Perry (at Michele Perry Boutique, NYC).

Sex Power p.110–120
Lying on wood floor: Houndstooth vest by D&G (at D&G, NYC and L.A.). Black panties by Eres (212-223-3550). Black hose by Gerbe (at Bloomingdale's nationwide). Sitting in corner: Black corset and panties, both by Eres. Black hose by Gerbe. Black pumps by Iceberg (at Iceberg, NYC and L.A.). Glasses by Modo (at H.L. Purdy Inc., NYC). Leaning on wall: Red camisole by DKNY (available at Nordstrom's nationwide). Black skirt by H&M (www.hm.com). Straddling chair: Black bra by DKNY (at Nordstrom's nationwide). Blue pumps by D&G (at D&G, NYC and L.A.). Lying on edge of couch: Maroon bra and panties by Eres.

Girls of 39th and Sixth p.168
Teddy by Genny (at Genny, NYC and L.A.).

Additional Photo Credits

Corrections: Issue 19: p.74: Mena Suvari: Lance Staedler/Corbis Outline. **p.76:** James King: Hubble Forkin/CPI. **Issue 21: p.68:** Ogre's head is Kobal; not Photofest. **p.103:** Burning house image is Globe; not SuperStock. **Issue 22: p.72:** Johnny Cash middle finger: Jim Marshall (last name was misspelled). **p.142:** Hell scene: Carrie Prophet.

StuffMagazine.com ad: Michael Biondo; Styling: Kenneth Hash; Hair and Makeup: Liam Dunn at Judy Casey. **Stuff Magazine ad:** Surfing: Aeder/Sports Illustrated; guy jumping off building: Tom Sanders/Aerial Focus & Adventure Photo; man holding shark: Mark Hackley. **p.8:** Locklear: Michael Childers/Sygma; Night Court: MPTV; Star Trek: Rory Lisaght/Liaison. **p.12:** Guffeld: Greg Broom; mom: courtesy of Greg Guffeld; NYPD Blue: Foto Fantasies; Judging Amy: Everett Collection; Ally McBeal: Foto Fantasies. **p.20:** Green Day: Steve Double/Retna; Cobain: Frank Ockenfels/Outline; Patton: Steffen Thalemann/Corbis Outline. **p.21:** Potatoes: FoodPix. **p.30:** Bush sisters: AP. **p.32:** Boobs A: Fitzroy Barrett/Globe; Boobs B: Michael Ferguson/Globe; Boobs C: Rick Maiser/Globe; Boobs D: Duane Cohen/Sipa; Boobs E: John Barrett/Globe; Boobs F: Sipa; Boobs G: Chris Weeks/Liaison; Boobs H: Chris Weeks/Liaison; Boobs I: Globe; Boobs J: Sonia Moskowitz/Globe; Boobs K: Jon Freeman; Boobs L: A. Ortega/Sipa; Boobs M: Mitchell Gerber/Corbis; Boobs N: Dan Callister/Online USA/Newsmakers. **p.36:** Main image: Albert Sanchez/Corbis Outline; Dallas: MPTV; with gun: Gene Trindl/Shooting Star; in bathing suit: Harry Langdon/Shooting Star; with Tommy Lee: George Rodriguez/Shooting Star; top right image: W. Stambler/Sygma; swamp thing: Foto Fantasies; Michael J. Fox: George DeSota/London Features. **p.38:** Guy in chair: Archive; wax Castro: AP; rat: Alison Wright/Corbis; ice cream cone: PhotoDisc. **p.40:** Gabriel: Stephanie Cardinale/Sygma; Lewis: David Fisher/London Features; Stalin: Sovphoto; O.J.: Joe Major/London Features; Thorton: Niviere/Nevinger/Aslan/Sipa Press. **p.44:** Vanilla Ice: John Harrington/Blackstar. **p.50:** Hogan's Heroes: Kobal Collection; One Day at a Time: Photofest; Sanford and Son: Photofest; Night Court: Photofest; Alice: Shooting Star; Greatest American Hero: Kobal Collection; B.J. and the Bear: Kobal Collection; A-Team: MPTV; WKRP: Shooting Star; Captain Kangaroo: Photofest; Beverly Hills: Photofest; Love Boat: Everett Collection. **p.51:** Different Strokes: Kobal Collection; Married with Children: Neal Peters Collection; Hill Street Blues: Shooting Star; Dukes of Hazzard: Neal Peters Collection; Fat Albert: Photofest; Little House: Photofest; facts of Life: Shooting Star; Superfriends: Photofest; Welcome Back Kotter: Neal Peters Collection; V: Photofest; Laverne and Shirley: MPTV; CHIPS: Kobal Collection; Buck Rogers: Neal Peters Collection; Three's Company: MPTV; Smurfs: Shooting Star; My Three Sons: Neal Peters Collection; Bob Newhart: Shooting Star; Family Ties: Shooting Star; Magnum PI: Photofest. **p.52:** Klingon: Rory Lysaght/Liaison; Rather: Bettmann/Corbis; Savitch: Lynn Goldsmith/Corbis. **p.54:** Sopranos: Everett Collection; Baywatch: Photofest; Oz: Shooting Star; Parker: Foto Fantasies; gorilla: Mark Newman/International Stock; baby: Mark Phillips/Bruce Coleman; mountain lion: Kirk Yarnell/International Stock; puppy: Manuel Denner/International Stock. **p.56:** Bulthole Surfers: Alison Dyer; Alien Ant Farm: Jen Lowery/London Features; song pillow: Damien Donck; the Strokes: Colin Lane. **p.58:** System of a Down: Williams Hames; Richards: Dave Rossman/London Features. **p.60:** Stereolab: Deidre O' Callaghan; Warwick: London Features; College D.J.: Tony Stone. **p.62:** Earthquake: Foto Fantasies. **p.66:** Hulk: Foto Fantasies; 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Independence Day saucers: Foto Fantasies; Mars Attacks saucers: Photofest; other Mars Attacks saucers: Foto fantasies; helicopter: Globe; Hoffa: Curt Gunther/London Features; Darth Maul in cup: Foto fantasies; pyramids: Simmons Ben/Sipa; Darth Maul: Foto Fantasies. **p.88:** Desert scene: Charles O'Rear/Corbis; Close Encounters: Foto Fantasies; convertible: Zoomnet.com; cow: Sipa; Bruce Lee: MPTV; Monroe: Star File; helicopter: Globe; E.T.: Shooting Star; JFK: Peter Sorel/Globe; Elvis: Globe; ALF: Shooting Star; Bush Jr.: Dennis Van Tine/London Features; alien newscasters: Photofest. **p.96:** Toilet: PhotoDisc; American Pie: MPTV. **p.97:** Office Space: Neal Peters Collection; traffic jam: Corbis; Ferris Bueller: Foto Fantasies; hot dog contest: Corbis; vacuuming: Tony Stone; IKEA: Corbis. **108:** Rose eating glass: Steve Double/Retna; sword swallower: Bernard Dexters/Retna. **p.110:** Pot leaf: Corbis; Blind Date host: Photofest. **p.112:** Ryan: Courtesy of UPN; Giuliani: Dennis Van Tine/London Features; Silvestedt: Chris Cuffaro; Durham: Sipa. **p.114:** Fish: Corbis; Warren: Charles Sykes/Rex USA; Elektra: Courtesy of Marvel Comics. **p.116:** Black lab: Robert Dowling/Corbis; Cruz: Corbis Sygma. **p.118:** Bagpiper: SuperStock. **p.120:** Clinton: Liaison; DeMatteo: Erik Pendzich/Rex USA; sage grouse: Michael Wickes/Bruce Coleman; G.O.P. heads(2): Sipa Press. **p.122–123:** Man on street: AP. **p.124:** Policeman and protester: AFP/Luca Zennaro/Corbis; scream mask: AFP/Corbis; Bush butt: AFP/Henrik Montgomery/Corbis. **p.126:** Police in front of Nike: Andy Clark/Reuters/Corbis; masked man: AFP/Adrian Dennis/Corbis; nun: AFP/Corbis. **p.129:** Bloody protestor: AFP/Sinead Lynch/Corbis; protestors and McDonald's: AFP/Pontus Lundahl/Corbis; burning flag: AFP/Corbis; protestors throwing chair: Corbis Sygma/Le Segretain Pascal/Corbis; woman kicking man: Everett Collection; recycle symbol: Ecoscene/Corbis; Christmas tree: SuperStock. **p.131:** Chicken: Catherine Karnow/Corbis. **p.166:** Stick in tub: Roger Ressmeyer/Corbis. **p.175:** Clockwork Orange: Everett Collection; 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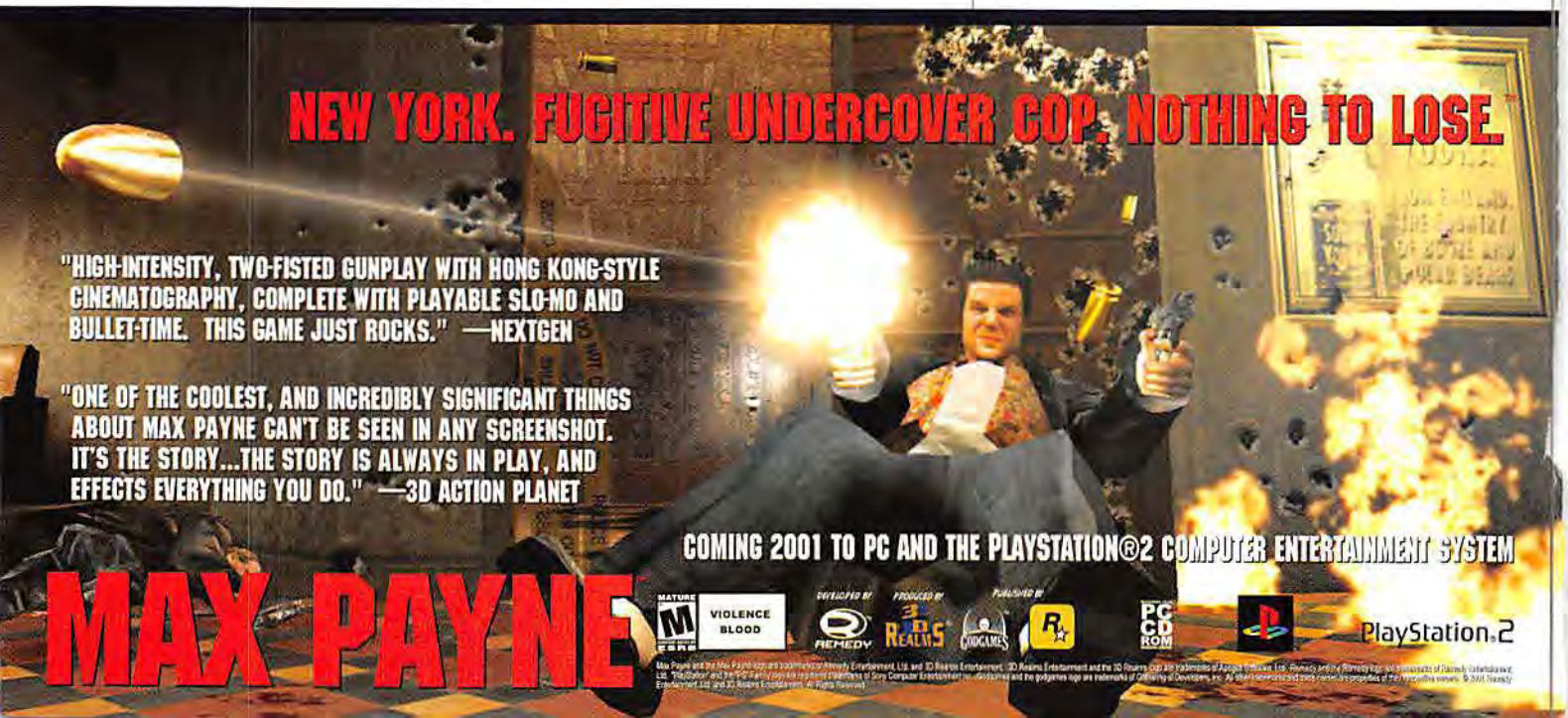
Photography: Shin Ohira



Roberto Cavalli distressed leather pants, $1,650, available at Roberto Cavalli, NYC (212-755-7722).

More insanity, more often!

Stuff magazine .com

WOMEN'S STUDIES

OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

How to Enter: To enter, send your name, street address (including apartment number), zip code, daytime telephone number and a recent photograph of yourself to: Stuff's Scholarship Competition, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 2001, for inclusion in the November 2001 selection. Dennis Stuff, Inc. is not responsible for lost, illegible, misdirected, postage due or late entries. You may enter as often as you like, but each entry photograph must be separately mailed. You must submit an entry each month that you want to participate in the contest; entries submitted in previous months will not be considered. No photocopied, mechanically reproduced or incomplete entries or airbrushed or altered photographs will be eligible.

Eligibility: Open to residents of the United States, 18 years and older. Winner must be enrolled in a school or planning to attend school on or before January 1, 2002. Winners will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility, including an affidavit that the entrant has all rights in the photograph submitted; that the photograph is less than six months old, and that the entrant is the person in the photograph submitted. Employees and their families of Dennis Stuff, Inc., its parent companies, subsidiaries, affiliates and their advertising and production companies are not eligible to participate. All federal, state and local laws and regulations of the United States apply. Void where prohibited or restricted. Participants agree to be bound by these rules.

Winner Selection: Each month, the editors of STUFF will choose one photograph as the most attractive entrant of the month, as determined through their sole discretion. After 12 entrants are chosen, the readers of STUFF will vote for the most attractive of the monthly winners.

Prize/Value: Each month, the monthly winner's photograph will be featured in STUFF Magazine and/or on STUFF's Web site (prize has no monetary value). The person chosen by the readers as the most attractive of the monthly winners will win a grand prize of $4,999.

Notification/Terms: Winner will be notified by mail. Entry constitutes winner's permission to post winner's name in STUFF Magazine and/or on the World Wide Web, and their consent to use his/her name, photograph and/or voice recordings and likenesses for advertising or publicity purposes, in all media, without additional compensation or permission, except where prohibited by law. This competition shall be governed and construed by New York law, and the venue for all controversies will be in state or federal court in New York, New York. All federal, state and local taxes are the exclusive responsibility of the winner. STUFF reserves the right to terminate the contest early, and to award the grand prize to the woman chosen by its readers as the most attractive of the monthly winners already chosen.

Release of Liability: All entrants and winners release Dennis Stuff, Inc., and its parents, affiliates, subsidiaries, wholesalers, retailers, officers, directors, agents, employees and all others associated with the development and execution of this competition from any and all liability with respect to, or in any way arising from, this competition and/or acceptance or use of the prizes, including liability for personal injury, death, damages or monetary loss.

Winners List: For a copy of the Official Rules or the name of the winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to STUFF Magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018 by May 15, 2002. (Vermont and Washington residents and residents of other states where proscribed by law may omit the stamp.)

LETTERS, TRUE LIES AND WRONG!

COMPETITION RULES

OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

How to Enter: To enter, send your name, address, daytime telephone number and entry to STUFF Magazine at 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 2001.

Winner Selection: Selection of the winning entries shall be within the sole discretion of the editors at STUFF, and any decision by the editors shall be final.

Eligibility: Open to U.S. residents 21 years of age and older. Within 21 days of notification, each winner will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility, a warranty and a representation of ownership of all rights in the winning entry. Neither the employees of Dennis Stuff, Inc., Panasonic, Polo Jeans, Aprilia, Atlantis Weathergear, and their respective parent companies, subsidiaries and affiliates, and their advertising and production companies nor their families are eligible to participate. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. Void where prohibited or restricted.

Prize/Values: Prize consists of a Panasonic SV-3075 Digital Audio Player and $400 worth of Polo Clothes ("Letters Contest"), an Aprilia SR 50 scooter ("True Lies Contest") or a windproof fleece vest by Atlantis Weathergear ("Wrong! Contest"). Value of prizes: $830 ("Letters Contest"), $3,000 ("True Lies Contest") and $80 ("Wrong! Contest").

Odds of Winning: Depends upon number of entries submitted. One winner per contest.

Notification/Terms: Each winner will be notified by mail. Except where prohibited, each winner will agree to use of his/her name and likeness for publicity and the publication in STUFF Magazine of his/her entry without additional compensation. The winners grant to STUFF permission to edit his/her entry within the sole discretion of STUFF, and publish his/her stories. Winners release STUFF, Panasonic, Polo Jeans, Aprilia, Atlantis Weathergear and their parent and affiliate companies, subsidiaries, alcoholic beverage retailers, distributors/wholesalers and the directors, officers, employees and agencies of the above organizations from any and all liability whatsoever for any injuries, losses or damages of any kind caused by participation in the contest or resulting from acceptance, possession, use/misuse of the prizes. All federal, state and local taxes are the exclusive responsibility of the winners. For "Wrong! Contest," entries will not be returned.

Winners List: For the names of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to STUFF by November 1, 2001. Vermont and Washington residents and residents of other states where this requirement is proscribed by law may omit stamp.

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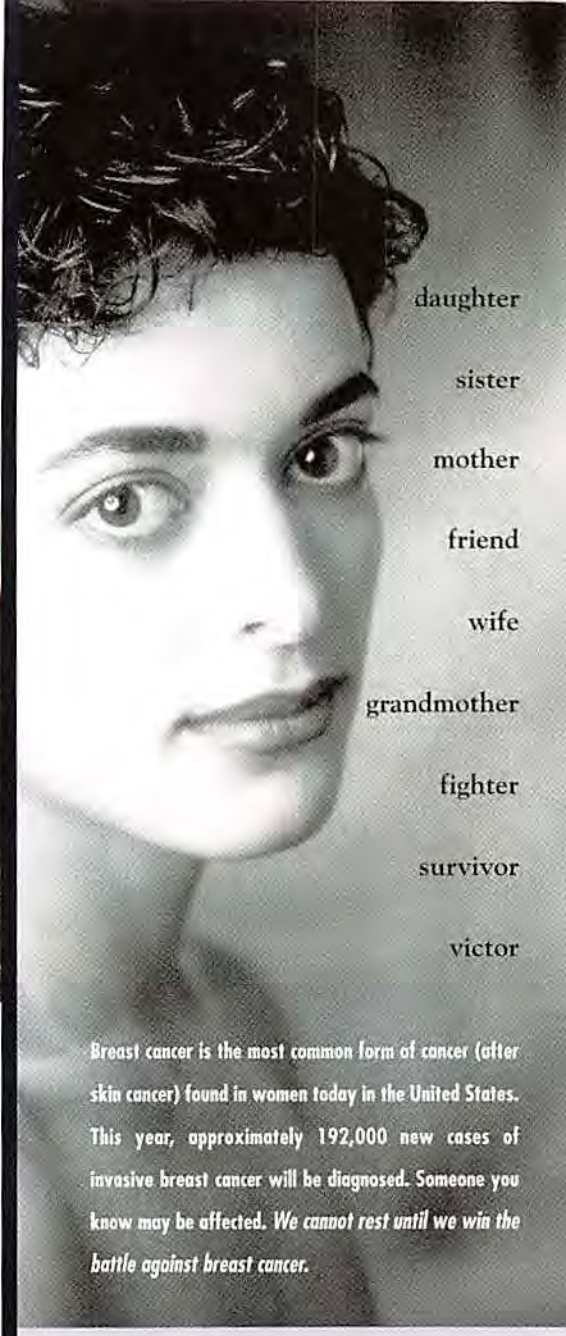

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WHERE STUFF COMES FROM

Nacho Cheese

It is rarely used with actual nachos, and the substance cannot technically be called cheese–but damn if it's not the most interesting condiment to come out of the fridge since fermented goat milk.

1

Powder for industrial-strength cheeses, like those used on movie-theater nachos and pizza, is harvested from bedsheets and sofa cushions used by obese shut-ins.

2

It is then gathered by slightly less obese people using space-age vacuums. The shut-ins next door complain, but they are powerless to resist.

3

Cheese-processing labs reconstitute the powder by adding unbleached motor oil. This gives it both texture and shine and creates that spicy, south-of-the-border tang.

4

Safety-smart hunters smear nacho cheese over their faces and bodies before going after various types of hooved mammals. Later in the day, they get drunk and lick it off each other. This is not gay.

5

In its natural state, processed foam cheese is used for a variety of highly useful purposes, including ceiling insulation and novelty oversize "We're No.1" fingers.

6

Aspiring character actors throughout Hollywood achieve a Freddie Krueger-like quality by simply wrapping their faces in the cheese. See James Woods.

DID YOU KNOW?

Albert Freeman, a cargo-ship crewman from Scarsdale, New York, survived at sea for 127 days by clinging to a mass of congealed pizza cheese that washed overboard when his ship, the Pizza Maru, went down off the coast of Nova Scotia in 1997. Freeman said schools of anchovies were attracted to the cheese. "I just scooped up the little buggers and swallowed 'em whole," he told reporters.

Photography: Damien Donck. Illustrations: Simon Brown. Words: Denis Boyles

THE HOUSE OF MENTHOL™

20
A

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